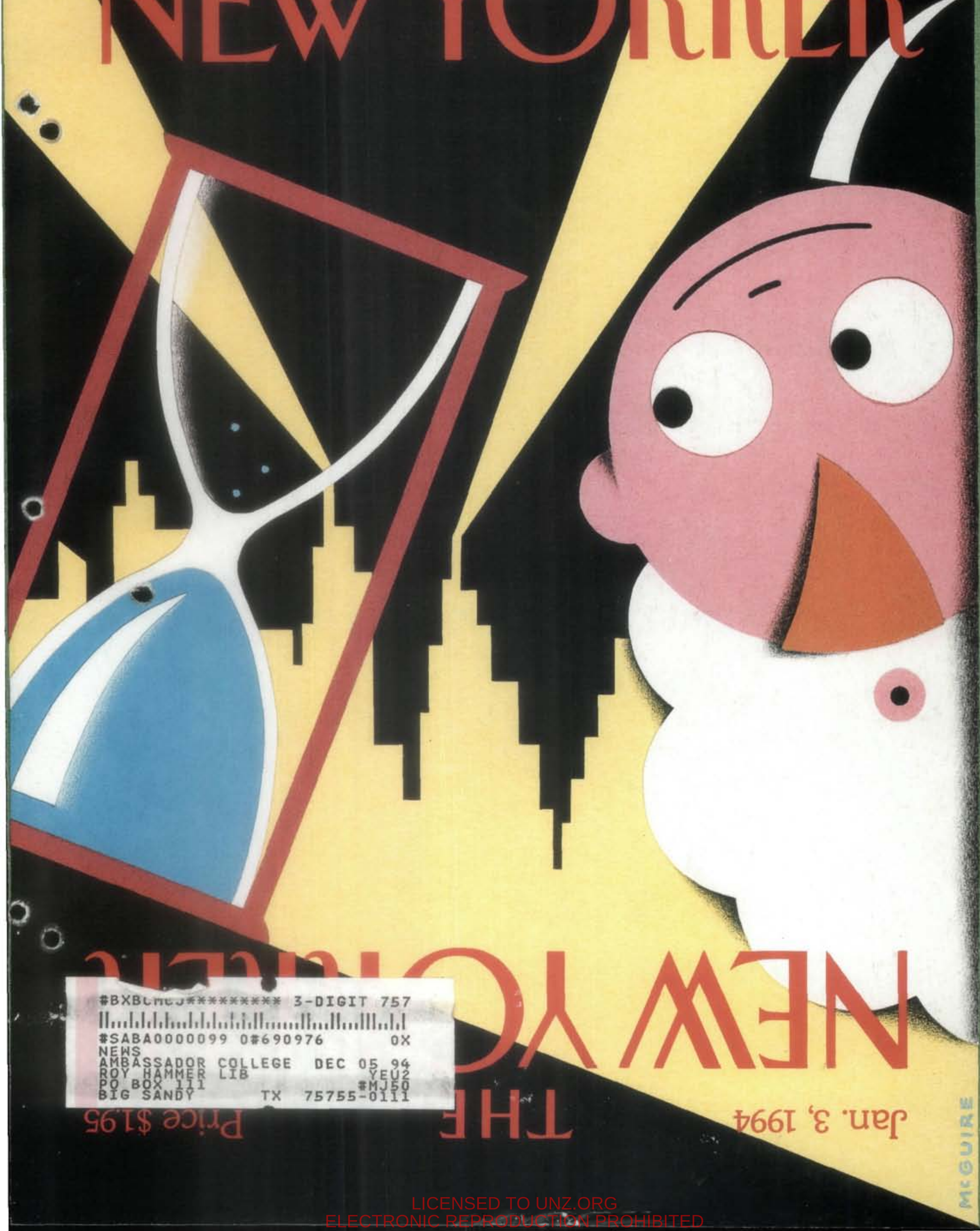
Dec. 27, 1993

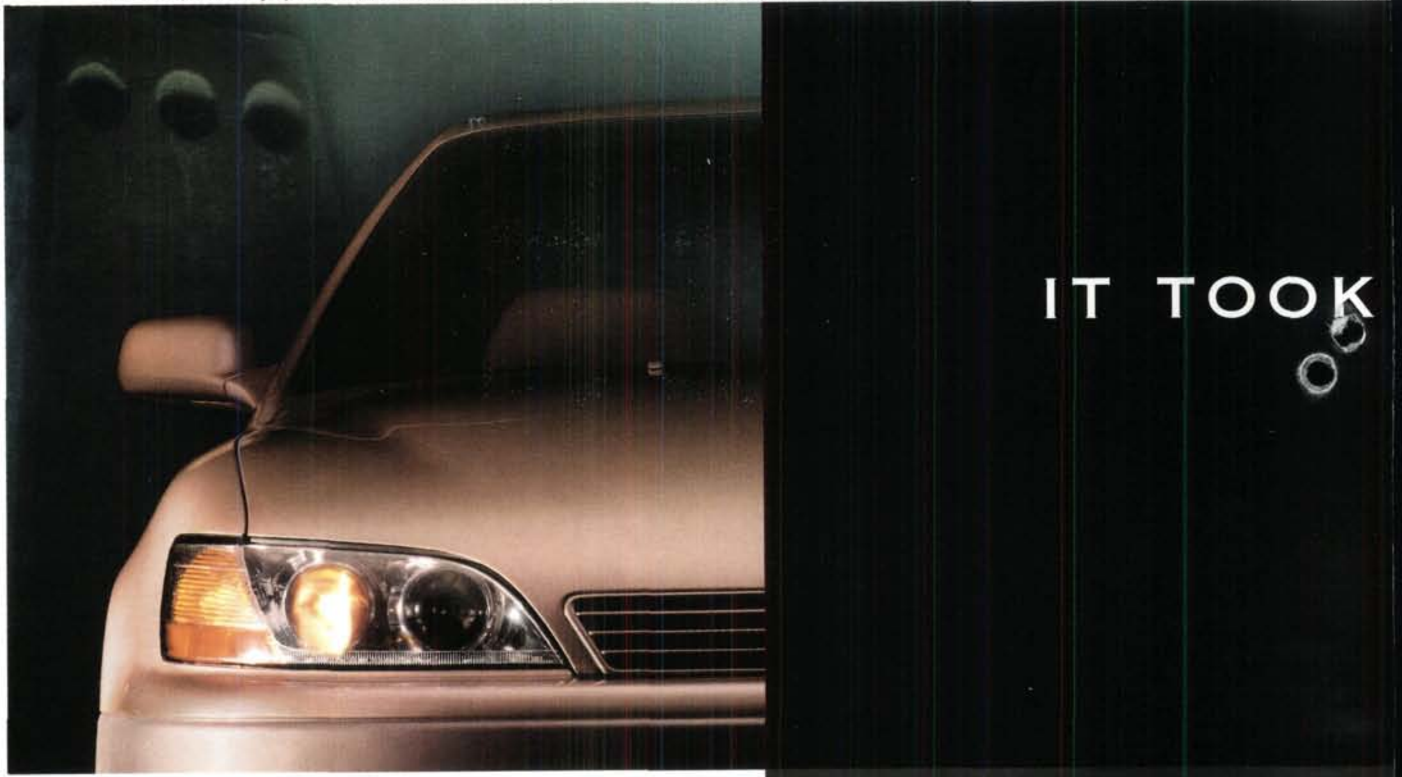
THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.95


THE NEW YORKER
Jan. 3, 1994
Price $1.95
McGUIRE

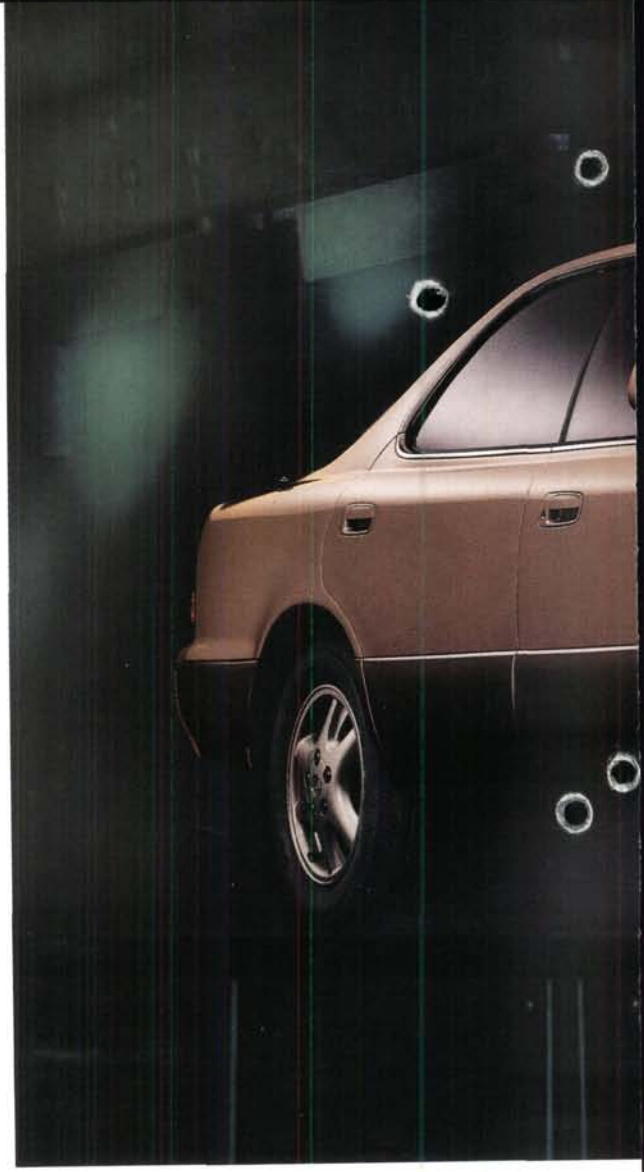
#BXBCMCJ********** 3-DIGIT 757
#SABA0000099 0#690976 0X
NEWS
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE DEC 05 94
ROY HAMMER LIB YEU2
PO BOX 111 #MJ50
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

©1993 Lexus, A Division Of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seat belts and obey all speed laws. For more information, call 800-872-5398 (800-USA-LEXUS). *The driver's- and front passenger's

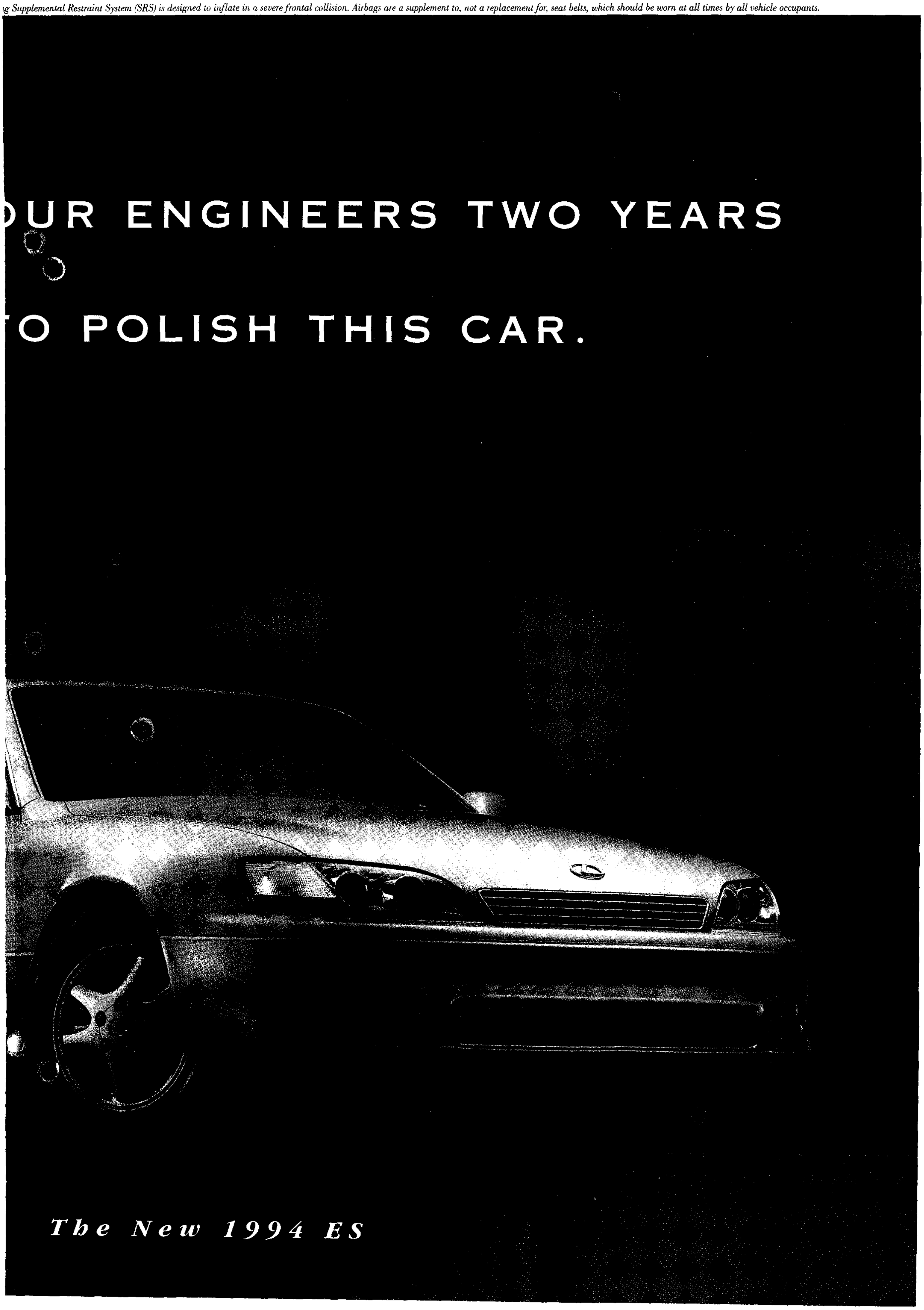


All-new aluminum engine, intelligent ECT-i transmission, multi-adjustable front passenger seat, dual airbags. And that's just the beginning. The 1994 Lexus ES. Improved. Revised. Refined. Embellished.*

In a word, new. LEXUS The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.



g Supplemental Restraint System (SRS) is designed to inflate in a severe frontal collision. Airbags are a supplement to, not a replacement for, seat belts, which should be worn at all times by all vehicle occupants.


UR ENGINEERS TWO YEARS
O POLISH THIS CAR.
The New 1994 ES

Tailored solutions.

Or, how IBM helped th

Mitchells of Westport, Connecticut started out as a small, personable, family-run clothing store. Today they're a big, personable, family-run clothing store.

"The trick," says CEO Jack Mitchell, "has been t grow, but without losing what made our customers lik us in the first place. Oddly enough, what helps us stay personal is technology."

Using an IBM AS/400® and software customized by an IBM Business Partner, Mitchells has no trouble tracking the tastes, the sizes, even the birthdays of its 38,000 customers.

"So if we have a special on tennis wear, I write a

AS/400 and IBM are registered trademarks of IBM Corp. ©1993 IBM Corp.

itchell family grow from a size "S" to an "L."

ter just to our tennis players. They learn about the ɔmotion, but they also know we have a *relationship*."

About his relationship with IBM, Mr. Mitchell 's, "We're living proof you don't have to be huge t IBM's attention. We built this thing together, d they're here for us any time we need them."

The system has grown from basic accounting customer profiling, inventory management and -to-the-minute job tracking.

"Every alteration is tracked so when cus- ners have questions, we have answers. People get at they want when they want it, and they know we're paying attention, that they matter to us.

"And we always know *exactly* what's selling. Our inventory is so precise, it's almost entirely what's on our floor. We have very little money tied up in idle stock, and our real estate is invested in selling space, not storage space.

"Also, the quality of our system tells our sales associates that we really support them. We're helping them succeed, and it all comes back around."

IBM can help your business grow into a larger size, too. Call us at 1 800 IBM-6676, ext. 658.

IBM®

Malaysia 40¢
FASCINATING MALAYSIA
All The Colours Of The East....

Fascinating Malaysia and Surprising Singapore. Two great countries that offer a wonderful potpourri of the East in one great, unforgettable holiday. You could pick up antiques from long-lost dynasties or feast your way through Asia's best cuisine. Simply let our Asian hospitality pamper your every need.

For further information
about Fascinating
Malaysia and
Surprising Singapore
please call
1-800-900-7788

MALAYSIA TOURISM PROMOTION BOARD
818 West Seventh Street, Suite 804,
Los Angeles, CA 90017, U.S.A.
Tel: (213) 689-9702. Fax: (213) 689-1530.

SINGAPORE TOURIST PROMOTION BOARD
8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 510, Beverly Hills,
CA 90211, U.S.A. Tel: (213) 852-1901.
Fax: (213) 852-0129.

FASCINATING MALAYSIA
SURPRISING SINGAPORE
2 great countries 1 great holiday!

RECEIVED
DEC 28 1993

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

THE NEW YORKER

DECEMBER 27, 1993/JANUARY 3, 1994

COMMENT Every Man a Tsar 8
In the Russian election, populism took the form of fascism.

IN THE MAIL 14

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 18

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 57
Octavio Paz on NAFTA, Serbian peaceniks, the virtual future, etc.

DEPARTMENTS
Annals of Politics Ollie's Next Mission. . . . . *Jeffrey Toobin* 64
Oliver North is gearing up to run for the Senate,
and some surprising people are hoping he'll lose.

Family Portrait The Man on the Swing . . . . *Linda H. Davis* 90
In his last years, E. B. White reached out of his reclusion
to forge a memorable friendship with a younger writer.

A NEUROLOGIST'S NOTEBOOK An Anthropologist on Mars . . . . . *Oliver Sacks* 10[illegible]
Temple Grandin is autistic. She is also a scientist, and has found
some remarkable ways to cope with her mysterious condition.

SKETCHBOOK New Year's Eve at the Zeitgeist Café . . . . *Gerald Scarfe* 126

FICTION "The Science of Upsets" . . . . *Tom Drury* 128

THE CRITICS
Dancing "George Balanchine's The Nutcracker". . . . . *Arlene Croce* 141
Musical Events Giuseppe Verdi's "I Lombardi" . . . . *Paul Griffiths* 145
The Current Cinema "Philadelphia," "The Pelican Brief" . . . . . . *Anthony Lane* 148
Books Annie Ernaux's "Simple Passion" . . . . *Daphne Merkin* 154
From Our Pages 161

POEMS
"December 31st" . . . . *Lynne McMahon* 117
"Totem" . . . . *Ted Hughes* 150

GREETINGS, FRIENDS! . . . . *Roger Angell* 164

COVER *Happy New Year, by Richard McGuire*

DRAWINGS *Bernard Schoenbaum, Mark Alan Stamaty, Dean Vietor, Bruce Eric Kap[illegible]n, Charles Barsotti, J.B. Handelsman, Gahan Wilson, Benoît van Innis, Victoria Roberts, Dana Fradon, Michael Crawford, Peter Arno, Roz Chast, Justin Green, Danny Shanahan, Arnie Levin, Lee Lorenz, Frank Cotham, Mort Gerberg, Mike Twohy*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for two combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXIX, No. 44, December 27, 1993 / January 3, 1994. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $65.27 (includes G.S.T.). Other foreign, one year, $76.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

TIFFANY & Co.
SWISS MADE
TIFFANY & Co.
SWISS MADE
TIFFANY & Co.

WHAT ENDURES IS WHAT MATTERS

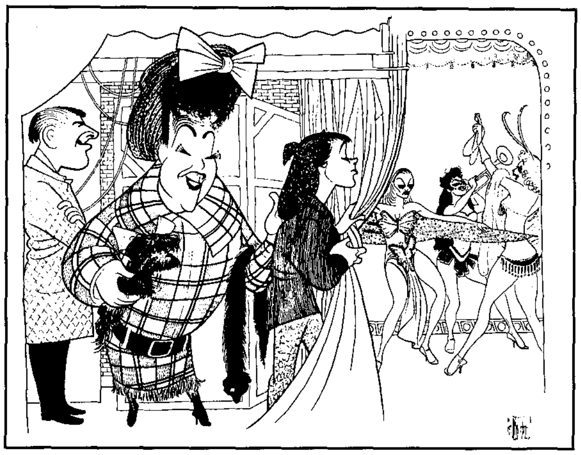
Perfectly classic design, crafted at
the Tiffany Watch Center in
Lussy-sur-Morges, Switzerland.

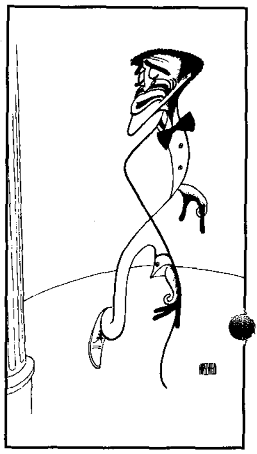
©T&CO. 1993

From the Tiffany Classic Watch collection in fourteen karat gold and in stainless steel. Top to bottom: $995, $1,400, $375.

NEW YORK ATLANTA BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS BOSTON CHICAGO DALLAS HONOLULU HOUSTON PALM BEACH PHILADELPHIA SAN DIEGO
SAN FRANCISCO SOUTH COAST PLAZA TORONTO TROY WASHINGTON, D.C. AND SELECTED FINE STORES TO INQUIRE: 800-526-0649

TIFFANY & CO.





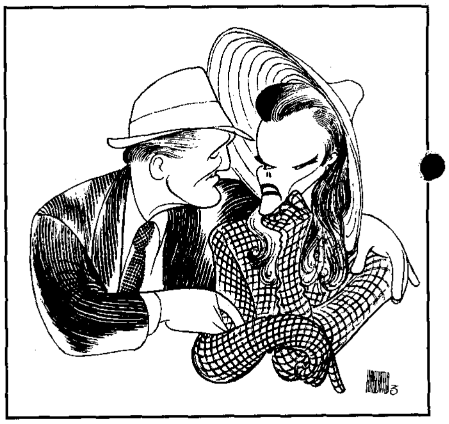
AL HIRSCHFELD

We invite you to an
Exhibition of 70 Years of
Hirschfeld's
Drawings, Etchings & lithographs
at
The Margo Feiden Galleries

★ Gallery Folio that lists and pictures more than 100 works with prices, $5.00
Al Hirschfeld is represented exclusively by The Margo Feiden Galleries

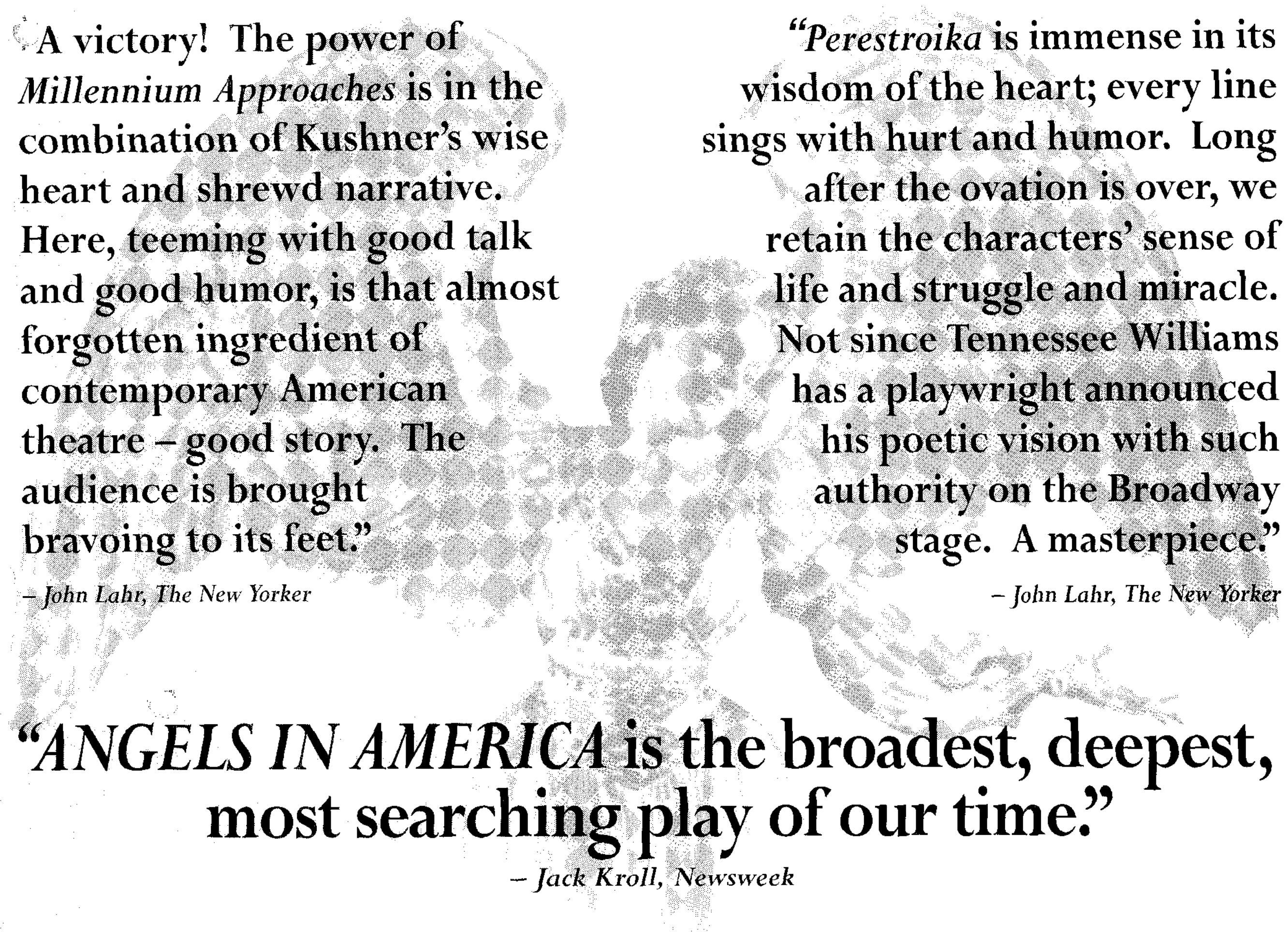
The Margo Feiden Galleries

699 Madison Avenue
-Betwixt 62nd & 63rd Streets-
New York, NY 10021
(212) 677-5330 / Fax (212) 979-0596
Open Seven Days, 10am-6pm



ANGELS IN AMERICA

BY **TONY KUSHNER** WITH KATHLEEN CHALFANT, DAVID MARSHALL GRANT, MARCIA GAY HARDEN, JOE MANTELLO, ELLEN McLAUGHLIN, STEPHEN SPINELLA, JEFFREY WRIGHT AND **RON LEIBMAN** AS ROY COHN, DIRECTED BY **GEORGE C. WOLFE**



MILLENNIUM APPROACHES

PART 1

"A victory! The power of *Millennium Approaches* is in the combination of Kushner's wise heart and shrewd narrative. Here, teeming with good talk and good humor, is that almost forgotten ingredient of contemporary American theatre – good story. The audience is brought bravoing to its feet."

– John Lahr, The New Yorker

PERESTROIKA

PART 2

"*Perestroika* is immense in its wisdom of the heart; every line sings with hurt and humor. Long after the ovation is over, we retain the characters' sense of life and struggle and miracle. Not since Tennessee Williams has a playwright announced his poetic vision with such authority on the Broadway stage. A masterpiece."

– John Lahr, The New Yorker

"*ANGELS IN AMERICA* is the broadest, deepest, most searching play of our time."

– Jack Kroll, Newsweek

PERESTROIKA now joins MILLENNIUM APPROACHES

Both parts of ANGELS IN AMERICA will be in performance on Broadway according to the schedule below. Tickets are now on sale through March 6.

M	JAN 3	–	8:00	**MILL**
TU	JAN 4	–	8:00	**MILL**
W	JAN 5	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
TH	JAN 6	–	8:00	PER
F	JAN 7	–	8:00	PER
SA	JAN 8	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
TU	JAN 11	–	8:00	**MILL**
W	JAN 12	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
TH	JAN 13	–	8:00	PER
F	JAN 14	–	8:00	**MILL**
SA	JAN 15	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
SU	JAN 16	–	3:00	PER
TU	JAN 18	–	8:00	**MILL**
W	JAN 19	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
TH	JAN 20	–	8:00	PER
F	JAN 21	–	8:00	**MILL**
SA	JAN 22	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
SU	JAN 23	–	3:00	PER
TU	JAN 25	–	8:00	**MILL**
W	JAN 26	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
TH	JAN 27	–	8:00	PER
F	JAN 28	–	8:00	**MILL**
SA	JAN 29	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
SU	JAN 30	–	3:00	PER
TU	FEB 1	–	8:00	**MILL**
W	FEB 2	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
TH	FEB 3	–	8:00	PER
F	FEB 4	–	8:00	**MILL**
SA	FEB 5	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
SU	FEB 6	–	3:00	PER
TU	FEB 8	–	8:00	**MILL**
W	FEB 9	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
TH	FEB 10	–	8:00	PER
F	FEB 11	–	8:00	**MILL**
SA	FEB 12	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
SU	FEB 13	–	3:00	PER
TU	FEB 15	–	8:00	**MILL**
W	FEB 16	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
TH	FEB 17	–	8:00	PER
F	FEB 18	–	8:00	**MILL**
SA	FEB 19	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
SU	FEB 20	–	3:00	PER
TU	FEB 22	–	8:00	**MILL**
W	FEB 23	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
TH	FEB 24	–	8:00	PER
F	FEB 25	–	8:00	**MILL**
SA	FEB 26	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
SU	FEB 27	–	3:00	PER
TU	MAR 1	–	8:00	**MILL**
W	MAR 2	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
TH	MAR 3	–	8:00	PER
F	MAR 4	–	8:00	**MILL**
SA	MAR 5	–	2:00	**MILL**
			8:00	PER
SU	MAR 6	–	3:00	PER

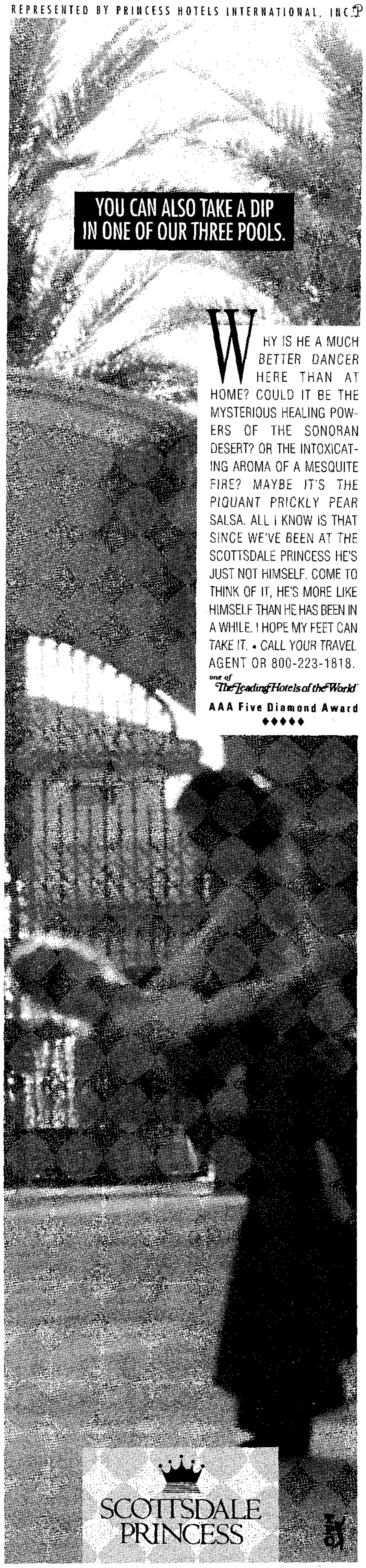
PHOTO: JOAN MARCUS

MILL = PART 1: MILLENNIUM APPROACHES

PER = PART 2: PERESTROIKA

TELE-CHARGE:® (212) 239-6200 (24 HOURS 7 DAYS) • OUTSIDE METRO NY: (800) 432-7250 • SHOWTIX: (212) 302-7000 (GROUPS OF 20 OR MORE)

EXACT SEAT LOCATIONS AVAILABLE • WALTER KERR THEATRE, 219 WEST 48TH STREET



REPRESENTED BY PRINCESS HOTELS INTERNATIONAL, INC.

YOU CAN ALSO TAKE A DIP IN ONE OF OUR THREE POOLS.

WHY IS HE A MUCH BETTER DANCER HERE THAN AT HOME? COULD IT BE THE MYSTERIOUS HEALING POWERS OF THE SONORAN DESERT? OR THE INTOXICATING AROMA OF A MESQUITE FIRE? MAYBE IT'S THE PIQUANT PRICKLY PEAR SALSA. ALL I KNOW IS THAT SINCE WE'VE BEEN AT THE SCOTTSDALE PRINCESS HE'S JUST NOT HIMSELF. COME TO THINK OF IT, HE'S MORE LIKE HIMSELF THAN HE HAS BEEN IN A WHILE. I HOPE MY FEET CAN TAKE IT. • CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR 800-223-1818.

one of The Leading Hotels of the World

AAA Five Diamond Award

◆◆◆◆◆

SCOTTSDALE PRINCESS

THE SOUL OF ARIZONA.
THE HEART OF YOUR VACATION.

COMMENT

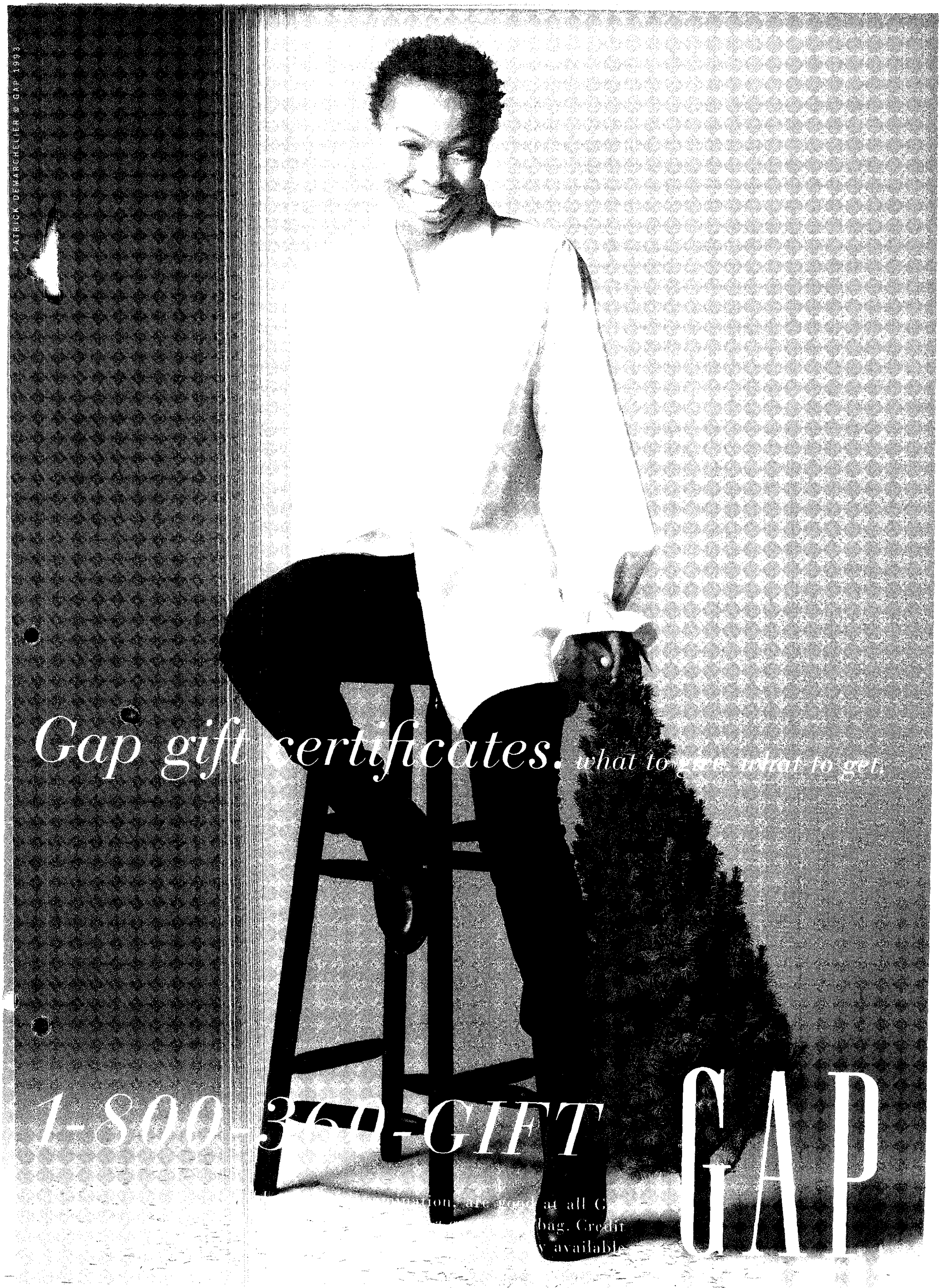
EVERY MAN A TSAR

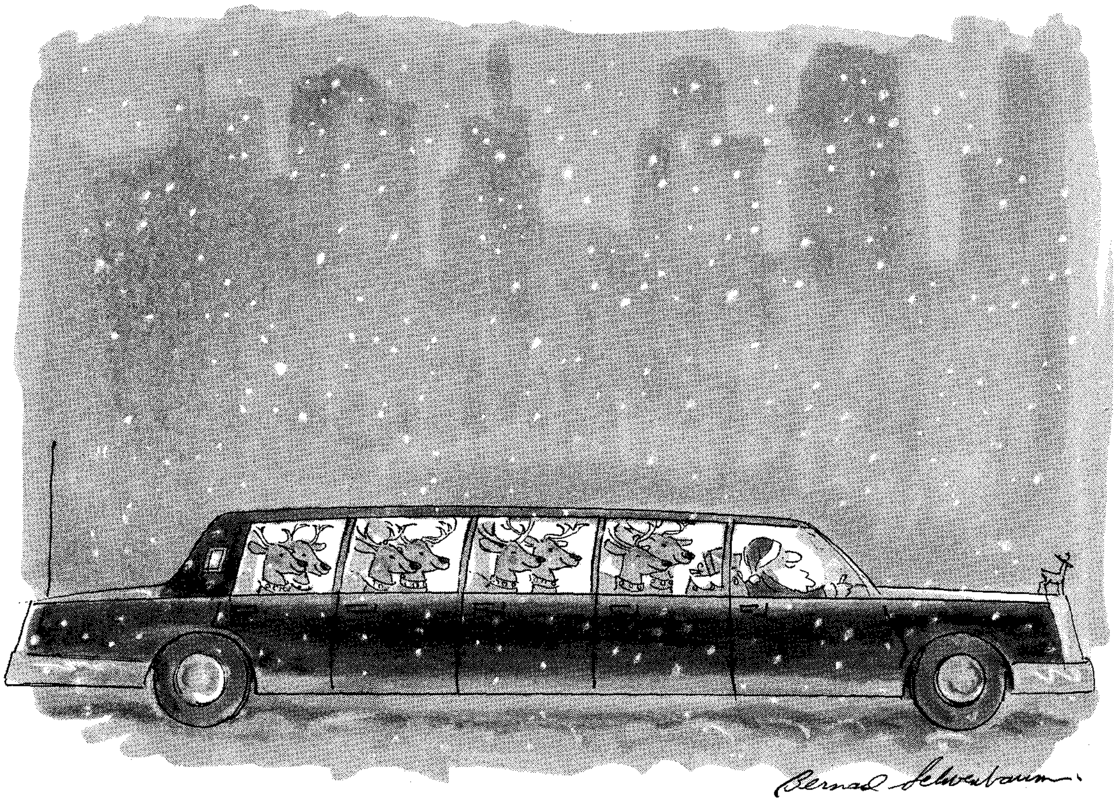
Moscow is the home town of apocalyptic thinking, a city in which the worst is usually considered inevitable. These past few days, it has been hard not to think in the Moscow style. Almost a quarter of the nearly sixty million citizens who went to the polls last week to elect Russia's first post-Soviet parliament voted for a party that is—the word is too precise to be hyperbolic—fascist. The levels of desperation, poverty, confusion, and disgust have so deepened that in many people the anguished urge to make a gesture of protest overwhelmed memory itself. In a country that lost at least twenty million people to Nazi Germany in the war and even more to its own totalitarian horrors, one voter in four seemed ready not only to risk but actually to invite a repetition.

The politician in whom these voters chose to put their hopes is Vladimir Zhirinovsky, the leader of the absurdly misnamed Liberal Democratic Party. So voluminous is the record of Mr. Zhirinovsky's studied lunacy, so vivid are his calls for violence and reaction, that it is hard to know how to begin to describe him. In Moscow not long ago, one could stand in a Kremlin hallway and hear him tell how, given power, he would bury radioactive waste along the border with Lithuania and set up gigantic fans to blow the poisons into the "betrayer republic." One could hear him call for the restoration of the old empire and for the use of Uzbeks and Tajiks as cannon fodder in a renewed war with Afghanistan. One could hear him admit that he wanted to become a dictator, and then watch him smile a terrible smile. One could hear him say, "Those who have to be arrested will be arrested quietly at night. I may have to shoot a hundred thousand people, but the three hundred million others will live peacefully."

In his campaign for the new Russian parliament, Mr. Zhirinovsky chose his words with only slightly more tact. He showed an instinct for playing on feelings of humiliation, using a language of stark simplicity and dark comedy. Jews, Central Asians, Armenians, and Azerbaijanis should be driven from positions of influence; only people with "kind Russian faces" should appear on television. Russia

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Lynn W. Heiler, vice-president and publisher; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human-resources director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Peter Armour, vice-president and circulation director; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, vice-president and managing editor; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president and director of promotion; Gary Van Dis, vice-president and corporate creative director; Maurie Perl, vice-president and director of public relations. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1460, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; Manager Media International, Ltd., 37 New Bond St., London W1Y 9HB, England; Penn Brown & Associates, 175 Derby St., No. 36, Hingham, Mass. 02043; Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate, No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy. Steve Leece Media Ltd., Shun Pont Commercial Building, 5-11 Thomson Road, #12-B, Wanchai, Hong Kong. SLDM Pte. Ltd., 7500-A Beach Road, #06-323 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore, Republic of Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1993 by *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. *The periodical's name and* logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division *The New Yorker* Magazine, Inc.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER © GAP 1993
Gap gift certificates. what to give. what to get.
1-800-360-GIFT
GAP
ion, are good at all G
bag. Credit
y available



ought to be willing to "blow up a few Kuwaiti ports and aircraft plus a few American ships" to defend an old Soviet ally, Iraq. And, should Japan press its demands for the Kurile Islands, Mr. Zhirinovsky said, "I would bomb the Japanese—I would sail our large Navy around their small island and if they so much as cheeped I would nuke them." As if this were not enough, he promised everything from a magical cure for the economic crisis to "love and romance" for the lonely.

Although the new Russian constitution, narrowly approved by referendum, limits the parliament's powers, Mr. Zhirinovsky's party could make common cause with the Communists and other reactionaries to form a troublesome bloc in the lower house of parliament. It is quite possible that in the short term President Yeltsin, who is already trying to balance his own democratic ambitions and authoritarian impulses, will shift to the right to placate the vivid resentment reflected in the votes for Mr. Zhirinovsky. Now that the popularity of extreme nationalism has been demonstrated, it is unlikely that Mr. Yeltsin will countenance the admission of Hungary or Poland to NATO, or that he will do much to stop the Russian Army from interfering in such former Soviet republics as Georgia, Armenia, and Tajikistan. Some of his advisers have already begun to show troubling signs of trying to seduce the nationalists by offering "patriotism" as a common ground.

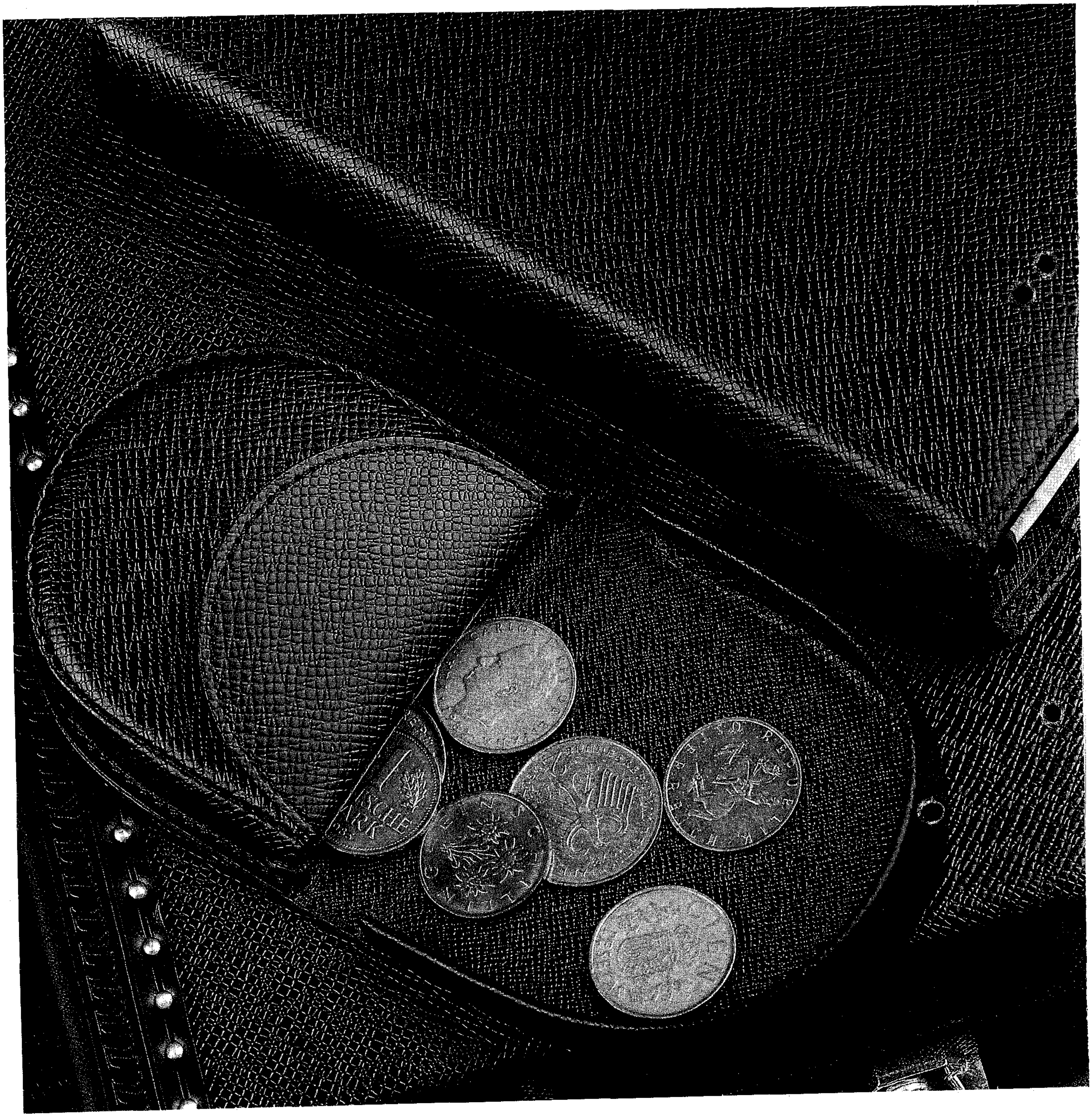
Numerous stories in the world press about the December 12th elections have opened with paragraphs of alarm and ended with notes of comfort. Yes, there is some comfort in knowing that it is Mr. Yeltsin, and not Mr. Zhirinovsky, who sits in the President's chair, since the new Russian constitution calls for a Presidency more French than American—that is, one more powerful than the legislature and, in many instances, able to rule by decree. There is no guarantee that Mr. Zhirinovsky will show the political skills necessary to forge coalitions and form anything stronger than a noisy opposition force. There is some comfort, too, in knowing that the disaster at the polls may drive the various reformist parties into each other's arms; gratuitous division in the democratic camp was a gift to Mr. Zhirinovsky.

The rise of Mr. Zhirinovsky is part of an upsurge of populist anger that is going on all across the democratic and would-be-democratic world. This phenomenon takes many forms, ranging, in ascending order of virulence, from the Ross Perot movement in the United States and the Reform Party in Canada, through the Northern League in Italy, the resurgent Communists in Poland, the neo-fascists in (again) Italy, and the followers of Jean-Marie Le Pen in France, to the Islamicists in North Africa and the Milosevic regime in Serbia. But the Russian fascists pose a special danger. For years, political commentators and historians have been drawing terrifying parallels between end-of-empire Russia and end-of-empire—that is, Weimar—Germany. This analogy now seems less alarmist and more alarming. Russia may no longer be a "superpower," but it remains huge, restless, and unstable, and it is armed with a nuclear arsenal second only to our own.

In the Russian campaign, the democrats gave Mr. Zhirinovsky his opening. They were smug, they were divided, and they were mostly oblivious of the fact that they were doing nothing to build support for radical economic reforms that have proved painful to millions of people. Mr. Yeltsin, for his part, kept aloof from the race, allowing Mr. Zhirinovsky to fill the void as the one national figure capable of speaking in a plain, unbureaucratic, and emotional voice.

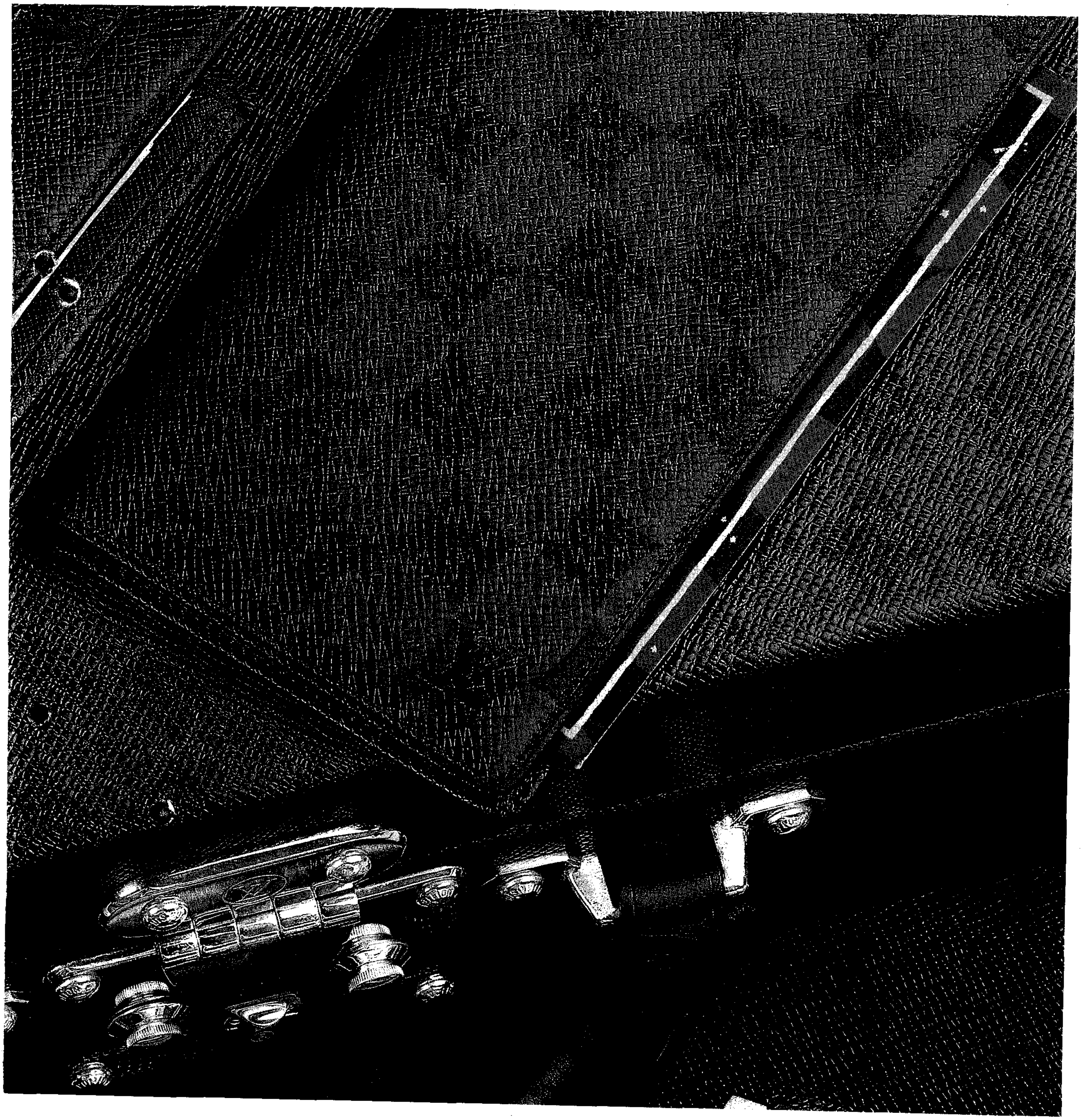
In 1991, Mr. Zhirinovsky shocked the democrats when, promising free vodka for everyone, he won more than six million votes in the Russian Presidential race. Now, with a platform no less brutish or inane, he has multiplied his appeal. In 1996, if not sooner, there will be another race for the Russian Presidency. Mr. Zhirinovsky has announced that the office would be a splendid fiftieth-birthday present for him. For the world, it would be a nightmare. Between now and then, the forces of responsibility and reform, in Russia and beyond, are faced with the necessity of making sure that there is not a second celebration in the camp of the Russian fascists. ♦

As long as messages come in bottles ...
There will always be a
Chivas Regal.
Chivas Regal
Blended Scotch Whisky
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.
12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE [illegible] BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
[illegible] NEW YORK, N.Y.


Profoundly masculine. Distinctiv

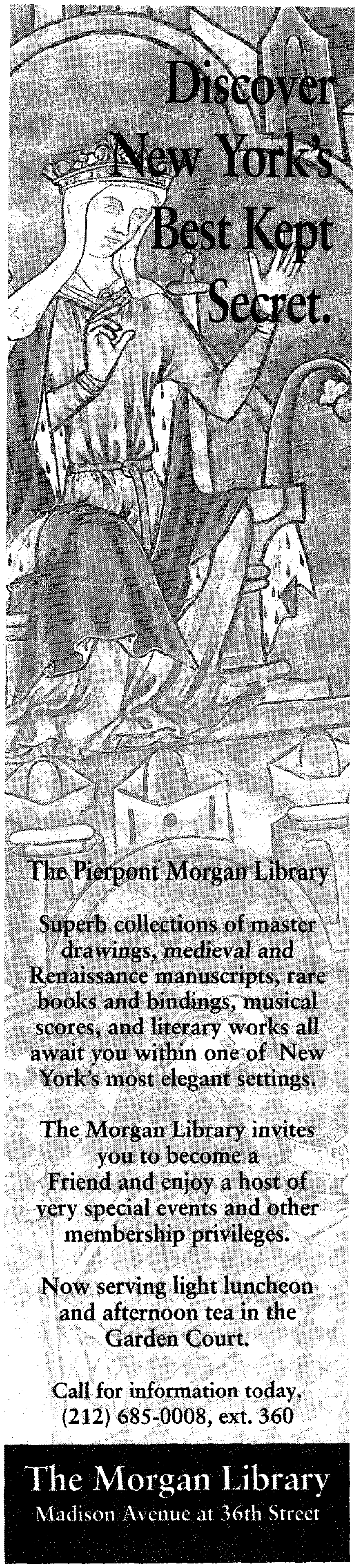
For more information or to receive a catalogue, please call 1-800-285-2255.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



green. Taïga by Louis Vuitton

WALL STREET


Discover New York's Best Kept Secret.

The Pierpont Morgan Library

Superb collections of master drawings, medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, rare books and bindings, musical scores, and literary works all await you within one of New York's most elegant settings.

The Morgan Library invites you to become a Friend and enjoy a host of very special events and other membership privileges.

Now serving light luncheon and afternoon tea in the Garden Court.

Call for information today.
(212) 685-0008, ext. 360

The Morgan Library
Madison Avenue at 36th Street

IN THE MAIL

JIM JONES

Had he lived, Jim Jones might indeed have become another Sun Myung Moon, as Lawrence Wright speculates in "Orphans of Jonestown" (November 22nd). I was a follower of Sun Myung Moon from 1976 to 1986, and in reading Wright's article I found some eerie resonances between my experiences and those of Jones's followers.

For example, there were the "catharsis sessions," in which, Wright reports, members of the Peoples Temple "would line up to take their swats from a three-foot paddle wielded by a muscular two-hundred-and-fifty-pound woman." In the Unification Church, those who are married in mass weddings must go through an "Indemnity Ceremony," in which a wooden paddle is given to each couple. The wife-to-be bends over, and her prospective husband beats her on the buttocks three times with the paddle. Then he bends over and she returns the favor. This is not a bizarre sex ritual: all participants are fully clothed. Rather, it supposedly allows the couple to symbolically "restore" the sin of Adam and Eve. I participated in this ceremony in 1982, at the time of the mass wedding of two thousand and seventy-five couples at Madison Square Garden. (In my case, the Indemnity Ceremony was held at the Unification Church Headquarters on Forty-third Street, just down the street from the offices of *The New Yorker*.) Although I went through the wedding ceremony, I was never allowed to live with my spouse, and our "marriage" failed two years later.

The crucial difference between Jones and Moon is that Moon never sought to isolate his followers in one place, as Jones (and also David Koresh) did. Whenever a cult leader completely isolates his followers, there are so few outside restraints that he is able to control them in a godlike fashion, if only they surrender their lives. And they do so, willingly, as I once would have done for Moon.

Sadly, we have not seen the last of men like Jones and Koresh, because the world is full of people looking for a messiah to solve all their problems. And, it seems, almost *anyone* can get drawn in. I was.

K. GORDON NEUFELD
Vancouver, B.C.

The Jonestown tragedy did not have to do with "the ecstatic human longing to submit, to be a part of something greater than oneself, no matter how barbarous or bizarre." What it had to do with was the learned behavior of children raised on submission, on total obedience to authority. There is no adult raised without violence or fear who would have submitted to Jones's sickness. There is no adult raised to question, and explore, and to believe in himself or herself, who would not have seen through Jones's need for power. Little children remain the only legal outlet in our society for anger and abuse as long as no visible marks remain.

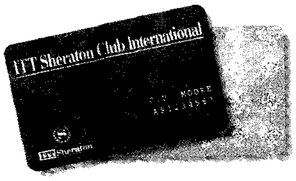
JANET C. HURWITZ
Williamsport, Pa.

In reading "Orphans of Jonestown," I was particularly interested to learn that Jim Jones's doctor had diagnosed Jones's illness as coccidioidomycosis. It is an illness with which I am very familiar; I have made some contributions to the medical literature on the subject. My curiosity was aroused because it is possible that the illness may have contributed to the tragedy by altering Jim Jones's mental state. *Coccidioides immitis* is a fungus found especially in the San

Stay at a hotel in Qatar inspired by the pyramids. A tower overlooking the water in Chicago. A pink palace in Waikiki. You'll find that each of our more than 400 properties in 61 countries is one-of-a-kind. With services and amenities inspired

OUR HOTELS AREN'T INSPIRED BY OTHER HOTELS.

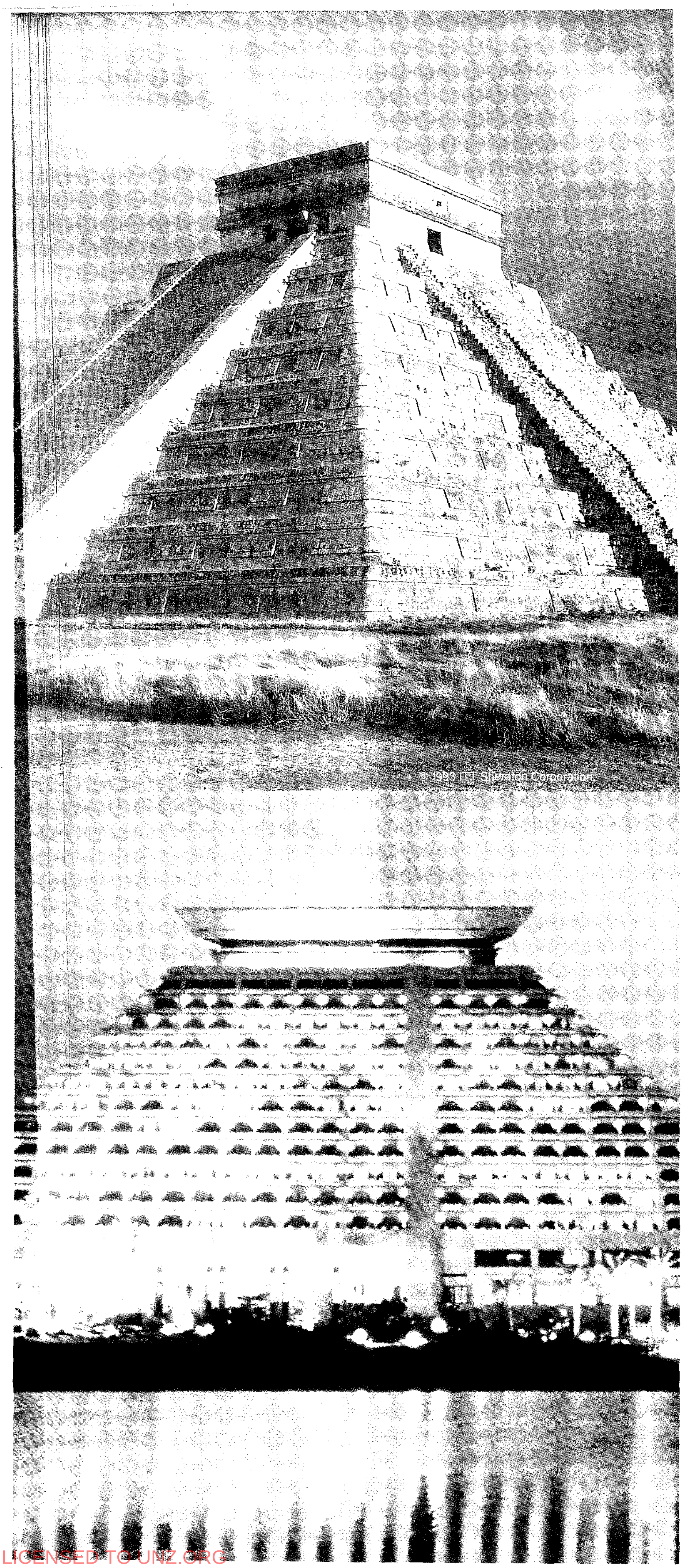
by our experience with travelers around the world. For reservations, call your travel professional or



800-325-3535. And remember to join the new ITT Sheraton Club International on your next stay.

ITT Sheraton

OUR WORLD REVOLVES AROUND YOU


© 1993 ITT Sheraton Corporation

The secret of the perfect affair.

Held in a private Fifth Avenue penthouse overlooking Central Park or perhaps in an intimate banquet suite. The menu is remarkable, the service impeccable. Prestige and pleasure combine to create an affair to remember.

The Stanhope
NEW YORK

Manhattan's civilized oasis

For reservations call 800-828-1123
995 Fifth Avenue at 81st Street
New York, NY 10028 • 212-288-5800

GRRRRRRRRRRR!!

Roy Lichtenstein
at the Guggenheim Museum
Fifth Avenue at 88th Street **Through January 16**
Open daily, except Thursday, 10a.m. - 8p.m.

Joaquin Valley which when inhaled into the lungs is capable of resulting in anything from a mild, asymptomatic infection to a fatal, disseminated infection. One of the organs that can be infected with the fungus is the brain—or, more precisely, the membranes surrounding the brain. This condition, called coccidioidal meningitis, can lead to inflammation of the blood vessels supplying blood to the brain and cause retention of fluid in the brain, with resulting mental alterations. I have seen several patients with cocci meningitis (the familiar form of the name in the valley) become confused and irrational in their behavior as the first clinical sign of their disease.

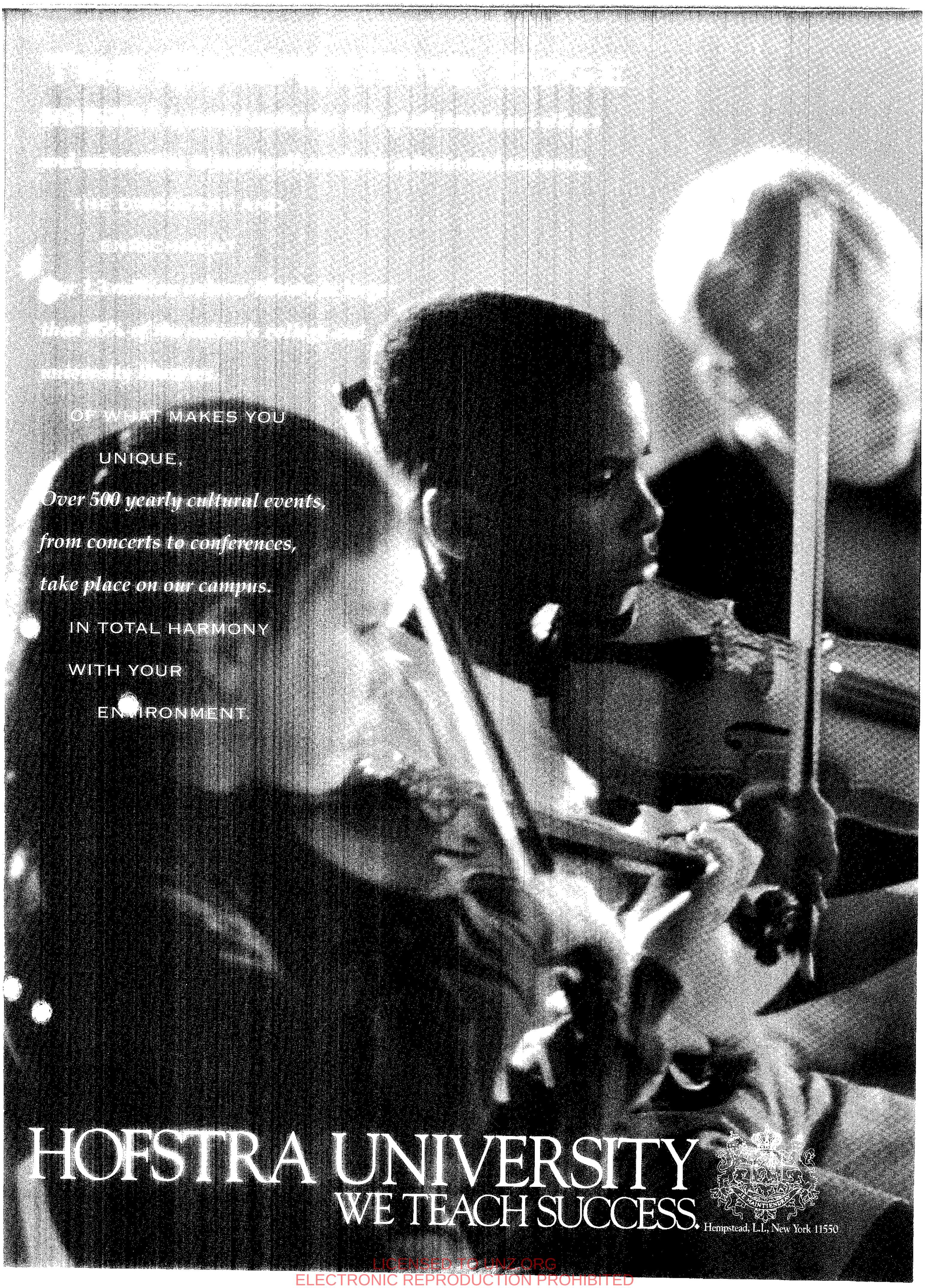
ROGER K. LARSON, M.D.
Fresno, Calif.

NOT CHILD'S PLAY

Your July 26th cover depicts three children playing at the beach around a sand-castle Manhattan while a fourth child, dressed as an Arab, pounces on a miniature World Trade Center, frightening the others. In effect, the children are playing an updated version of the old racist game cowboys and Indians. The "good guys" build the city; the "bad guy"—the Arab—destroys it. The office of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee, of which I am the president, was flooded with complaints about that cover from all over the country. Although the Arab-American and Muslim-American communities emphatically condemned the World Trade Center bombing, members of those communities have been the targets of increasing numbers of hate crimes in its wake. Ethnic stereotyping of the kind represented by your cover image not only does nothing to combat ethnic bigotry but can actually inflame it, and that, of course, can have serious consequences. *The New Yorker* should know better than to participate in sweeping condemnations of entire communities.

ALBERT MOKHIBER
Washington, D.C.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.



[illegible]

OF WHAT MAKES YOU

UNIQUE,

Over 500 yearly cultural events, from concerts to conferences, take place on our campus.

IN TOTAL HARMONY

WITH YOUR

ENVIRONMENT.

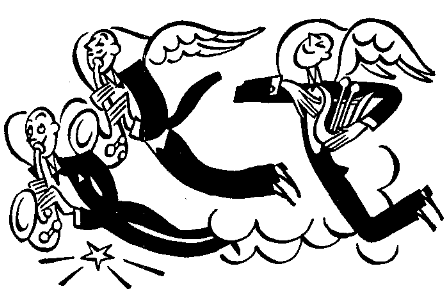
HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY

WE TEACH SUCCESS.

Hempstead, L.I., New York 11550

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1
2	3	4				

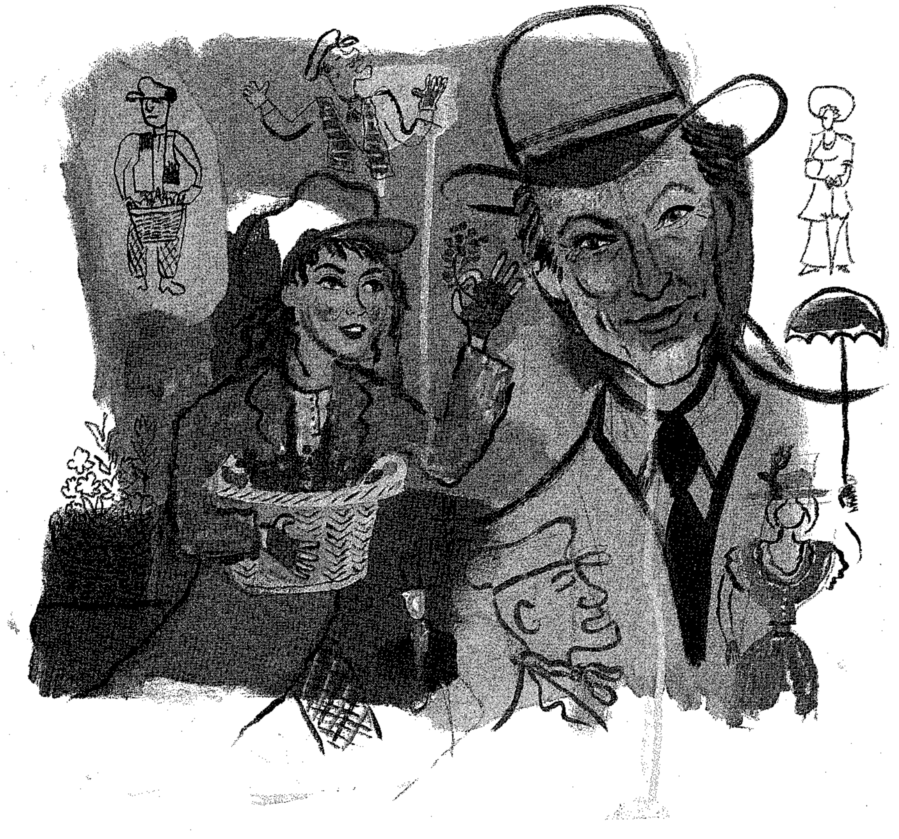


THE THEATRE

Duelling Normas

At the top of anyone's list of new musical-theatre CDs would have to be the London cast recording of Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Sunset Boulevard." Those with a taste for Lloyd Webber's operatic side ("Evita," "Phantom") will find much to enjoy in this dark story about Hollywood decay. Chief among the pleasures here is the work of Patti LuPone as the aging silent-screen star Norma Desmond. Clear, soaring, tinged with brass, LuPone's voice serves her imposing character wonderfully. Listening to her at home, rather than watching her at the theatre (she'll continue to play Norma at London's Adelphi Theatre through March), you don't have to worry about whether she has the appropriate looks or the range necessary to pull off the role. Or whether she'll star in the show if and when it comes to Broadway in 1994.

How does LuPone's performance stack up against that of Glenn Close, who headlines the production of "Sunset Boulevard" that just settled into the refurbished Shubert Theatre in Los Angeles? Her opening-night performance showed that Close is certainly a more subtle and affecting actress; it's a thrill, for example, to watch her Norma round on Joe Gillis (Alan Campbell), who has asked about her "comeback," and announce, "I hate that word. It's a *return*." Close also benefits from her own film-star aura and from the significant improvements that Lloyd Webber and his director, Trevor Nunn, have made to the show since its London opening. But you can't help missing the clinching drama LuPone brings to big ballads like "With One Look" and "As If We Never Said Goodbye." And both LuPone and Close have to compete with versions of the ballads by Barbra Streisand—who, with her upcoming live dates in Las Vegas and, perhaps, New York, is about to make her own kind of return.



Melissa Errico and Richard Chamberlain in "My Fair Lady."

JOSH GOSFIELD

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

The Government Inspector—The National Actors Theatre presents Nikolai Gogol's satiric comedy. The cast includes Lainie Kazan and Tony Randall. Previews begin Dec. 23. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

Music from Down the Hill—Alma Cuervo and Welker White in a play by John Ford Noonan. Preview on Dec. 22. Opens Dec. 23 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—Presenting "Ruddigore," Dec. 30-Jan. 2. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

The Rez Sisters—A comedy by Canadian playwright Tomson Highway. Previews through Dec. 27. Opens Dec. 28 at 8. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

Twelfth Night—The Pearl Theatre Company presents Shakespeare's comedy. Previews through Dec. 25. Opens Dec. 26 at 2. (125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Abe Lincoln in Illinois—Sam Waterston has the title role in a production of Robert E. Sherwood's 1938 play. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 2.)

All in the Timing—Six sparkling one-act comedies by David Ives. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 777-7474.)

Angels in America—"Perestroika," the second half of Tony Kushner's "Angels in America," is a masterpiece; every line sings with hurt and humor. Epic in scope, superbly acted, and directed with passionate restraint by George C. Wolfe, the play employs an original, impressionistic theatrical vocabulary to show us the heart of a new age. It runs in repertory with the first half, "Millennium Approaches." ("Perestroika" was reviewed in our issue of 12/13/93; "Millennium Approaches," 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Annie Warbucks—Kathryn Zaremba, an infant phenomenon if ever there was one, has the title role in this beguiling sequel to "Annie." (8/23 & 30/93) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical, with Shaun Cassidy, David Cassidy, and Petula Clark. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Cyrano: The Musical—The nose have it. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

First Lady Suite—Musical portraits of Eleanor Roosevelt, Mamie Eisenhower, and Jacqueline Kennedy, by Michael John LaChiusa. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Dec. 26.)

Forbidden Broadway 1994—This edition of Gerard Alessandrini's parodies is disappointing in spite of a few sharp lines and ideas, and even they are blurred by the all but unbearable amplification. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Four Dogs and a Bone—John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

A Grand Night for Singing!—Indeed. This expanded version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein revue that originated at Rainbow & Stars

Arshile Gorky

Late Paintings

JANUARY 11 – MARCH 5

980 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK 212.744.2313

David Salle

New Painting & Sculpture

JANUARY 15 – FEBRUARY 19

136 WOOSTER STREET NEW YORK 212.228.2828

GAGOSIAN

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

pampers its audience. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Jan. 1.)

Gray's Anatomy—Spalding Gray's latest monologue. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 3.)

Greetings!—Tom Dudzick's comedy is a hilarious boy-brings-fiancée-home-at-Christmas story. Aaron Goodwin is terrific as the brother who occasionally becomes possessed by a New Age "entity." The rest of the cast—Lenore Loveman, Darren McGavin, Gregg Edelman and Toby Poser—is also topnotch. Directed by Dennis Zacek. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)

How to Write a Play—Charles Ludlam's wild farce. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Sq. 691-2271. Closes Dec. 31.)

An Imaginary Life—A play by Peter Parnell. The concerns are the playwright's customary ones—mortality, the creative life—but the effect is somewhat less stimulating than usual. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Jan. 2.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000. Closes Jan. 16.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Like a kaleidoscope, Andrew Lloyd Webber's flippant new mega-version of his first musical is bright, ever-changing, and utterly meaningless. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical based on the novel by Manuel Puig. With Chita Rivera. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Later Life—A play by A. R. Gurney, written with his customary wit and perception. (6/14/93) (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. Closes Jan. 2.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. The subject allows Simon to do what he does best—tell jokes about the making of laughs. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Life Sentences—Richard Nelson's story about a college English professor and his live-in girlfriend, with Edward Herrmann and Michelle Joyner. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Closes Jan. 1.)

The Loman Family Picnic—A play by Donald Margulies. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes Jan. 15.)

My Fair Lady—Richard Chamberlain is Henry Higgins and Melissa Errico is Eliza Doolittle in this revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Pretty Fire—Charlayne Woodard wrote and stars in this autobiographical one-woman show about being a black child in upstate New York in the sixties. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Closes Jan. 2.)

The Red Shoes—A new musical, based on the 1948 movie, with a score by Jule Styne, a book by Marsha Norman, and lyrics by Ms. Norman and Paul Stryker. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Shakespeare for My Father—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Closes Jan. 2.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill. This adaptation was directed by Des McAnuff. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **OLEANNA:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

The Radio City Christmas Spectacular—Starring the Rockettes, of course. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Through Jan. 8.)

Big Apple Circus—In its annual engagement at Lincoln Center. (Damrosch Park. 268-0055. Through Jan. 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Dec. 22-23 and Dec. 29 at 2 and 6; Dec. 26 and Jan. 2 at 1 and 5; Dec. 27-28 and Dec. 30 at 6; and Dec. 31 at 7: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8: "Haieff Divertimento," "Allegro Brillante," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 27.)

"The Hard Nut"—The final performances of Mark Morris's funky downtown (and across the river) version of the "Nutcracker" story, with a retro setting, no children, and male Snowflakes and Flowers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Dec. 22-23 at 7.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement. Dec. 22 at 2: "The Winter in Lisbon," "Jukebox for Alvin," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 8: "The River," "Masekela Langage," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Love Songs," "A Folk Dance," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 8: "The Winter in Lisbon," "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz," and "Revelations." (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Dec. 25 at 8: A program of Ailey classics, including "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 3 and Jan. 1 at 8: "Night Creature," "Pas de Duke," "The Mooche," and "The River." . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 7:30: "Blues Suite," "Love Songs," "Frames," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 8: "Dance at the Gym," "Masekela Langage," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2: "Fontessa and Friends," "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Forgotten Time," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 8: "Dance at the Gym," "Shelter," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 8: "Jukebox for Alvin," "Hymn," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 3: "Jukebox for Alvin," "Hymn," and "The Winter in Lisbon." . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 7:30: "The Mooche," "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

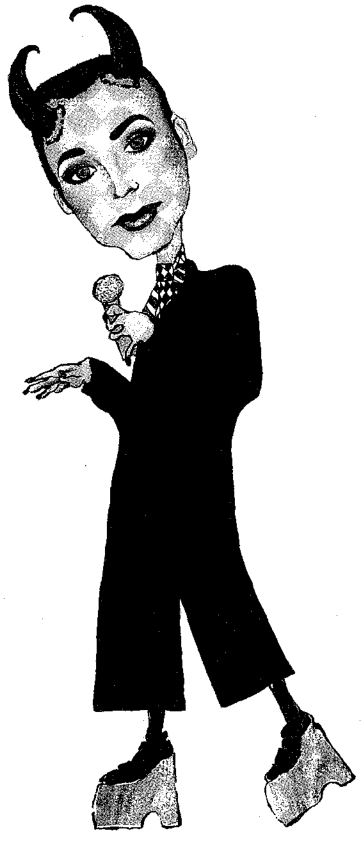
American Indian Dance Theatre—Final performances of an engagement by a company of twenty-one dancers, singers, and musicians. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Dec. 22 and Dec. 29 at 2 and 8; Dec. 23, Dec. 28, and Dec. 30-Jan. 1 at 8; and Dec. 26 and Jan. 2 at 2 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

Where the Boy's At

BEFORE RuPaul, before k. d. lang, there was Boy George, the first gender-bending hero of the music-video age. Sure, Bowie and the glam-rockers had strutted through the seventies in lipstick and eyeshadow—and let's not forget Little Richard's delirious antics in the fifties—but they never exhibited the flair for PG-rated camp that the outlandish, creamy-voiced George did as lead singer for the bubbleg[illegible]n-soul outfit Culture Club. In 1982 and '83, the openly non-heterosexual George, with his wit and his cat-that-ate-the-canary smile, was MTV's idea of good clean fun. When news broke, in 1986, that the cuddly and innocuous Boy had become a heroin addict, a worldwide scandal ensued.

Happily, George is now not only clean and sober but in the midst of a comeback, thanks to nostalgia for the eighties and the singer's hit rendition of "The Crying Game," the title song of the 1992 film. To capitalize on the Boy's resurgence, his record company recently released "At Worst . . . The Best of Boy George and Culture Club," a compilation of his old group's time-capsule singles and some of George's post-Culture Club U.K. dance hits. Appearing at the Beacon on December 31 (with a new band), the singer will ring in '94 with these oldies and with a few of the harder-rocking songs he's working on for an upcoming studio album. He'll probably sport his new, somewhat manlier look, which sets off Kewpie-doll make-up with short-cropped hair and dapper suits. Not that George regrets his flamboyant cross-dressing of yore. He recently told *Vanity Fair*, "I look back at it and I think, Girlfriend, you were on!"



Boy George at the Beacon Theatre.

ROBERT MELEE

CONCERTS

Rap Reunion—A New Year's Eve revue featuring some of the biggest names from the early days of rap and hip-hop. The lineup includes Kurtis Blow, Kool Moe Dee and the Treacherous Three, Grandmaster Flash, Mele Mell and the Furious Five, Whodini, and Biz Markie. Doug E. Fresh is the evening's host. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Dec. 31 at 7 and 11.)

Janet Jackson—With Tony Toni Toné. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 22 at 8 and Dec. 31 at 9.)

George Winston—Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Dec. 23 at 7:30.

PAINT THE TOWN **R**OUGE.

MUMM
CORDON ROUGE
MUMM

©1993 Seagram Classics Wine Co., NYC

ROME, ITALY. OF COURSE
YOU'RE LATE FOR BREAKFAST. YOU JUST GOT HOME FROM SUPPER.

MUMM CORDON ROUGE CHAMPAGNE, REIMS, FRANCE, SINCE 1875.

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Gospel Movie—Screenings of Gary Keys' 1992 documentary "Good Time Sunday" will be preceded by live performances by various gospel groups. (Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. 505-5181. Dec. 23-24 and Dec. 27-31 at 8; Dec. 25 and Jan. 1 at 6 and 8; and Dec. 26 and Jan. 2 at 4 and 8.)

KC & the Sunshine Band—(Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. 353-1600. Dec. 26 at midnight.)

"A Jam for John"—A tribute to John Garcia Gensel, the official Pastor to the Jazz Community, who is retiring at the end of the year. With Bobby Short, Barbara Carroll, Daphne Hellman & Hellman's Angels, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Dec. 29 at 12:30 P.M. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Billy Joel—Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Dec. 29, Dec. 31, Jan. 2, Jan. 4, Jan. 6, and Jan. 8, all at 8.

Andrew Dice Clay—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Dec. 31 at 8.

Boy George—With Robin S. and Scott (Buddy Cole) Thompson. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Dec. 31 at 10.)

NEW YEAR'S EVE CLUB PARTIES

(A sampling of possibilities for ringing out the year in style. See our regular listings for clubs where the emphasis is more musical than celebratory.)

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—Racquel Lima kicks off the annual Brazilian season with her nine-piece band, and Nando Gabrieli, a South American Sinatra, croons you into the New Year. Dancing until 4 A.M.

Club Harambee, 127 W. 43rd St. (819-1133)—Tabu Ley Rochereau will play three sets, beginning at 11:30 P.M., in this colorful midtown oasis of Afro-Cuban funk. Between sets, there will be a steel band from Trinidad, an international menu, champagne toasts, noisemakers, and general joy and laughter. Prix fixe at the door.

Dan Shaku Jazz, 300 E. 41st St. (986-1809)—This karaoke bar masquerades as a jazz club on weekends, and on Dec. 31 the Slide Hampton Quartet—led by Mr. Hampton, one of the world's foremost trombone players—will toot in the New Year from 9 to 2.

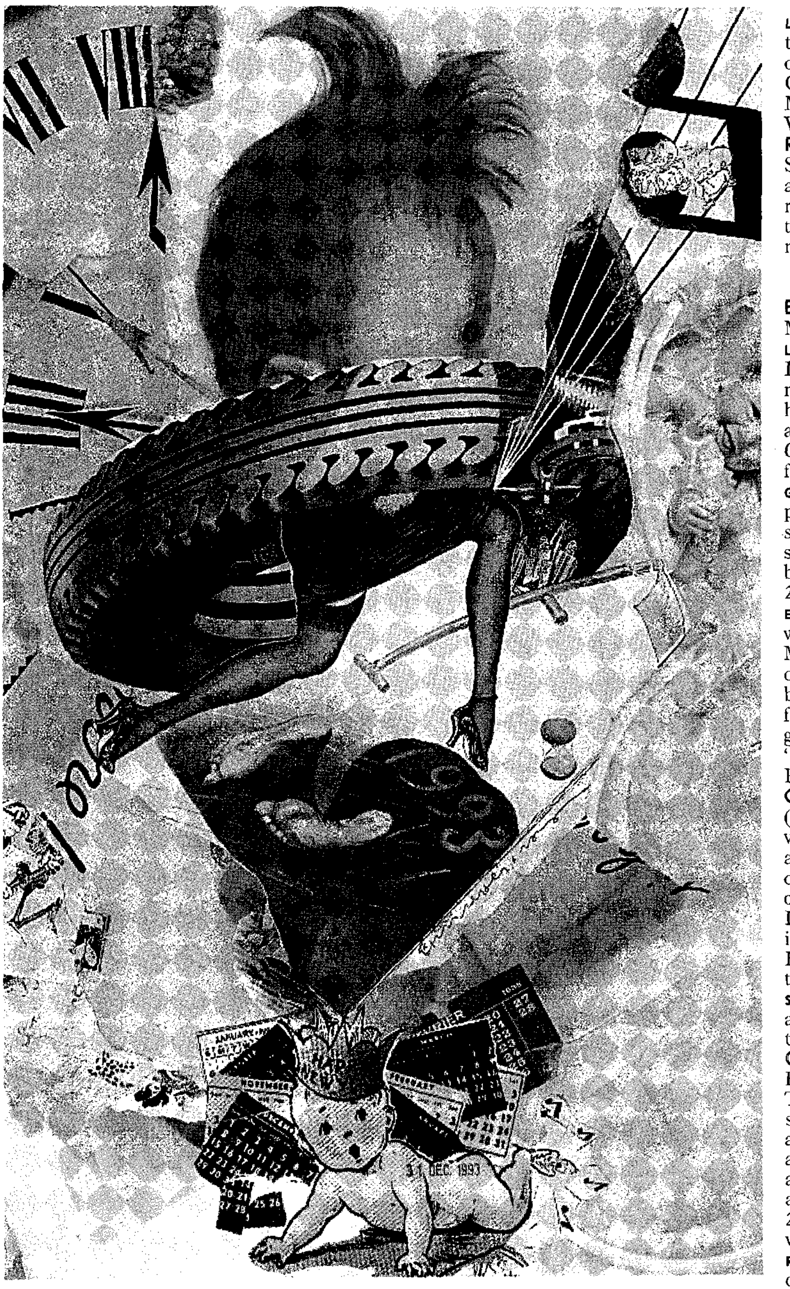
Lousiana Community Bar & Grill, 622 Broadway (460-9633)—A Cajun haven where you can put on a party hat and enjoy a four-course dinner, a bottle of champagne, and the big-band sounds of the Harlem All-Stars.

McGovern's, *305 Spring St. (627-5037)—This SoHo* dive is as grungy as they come, so if drinkin' beer, shootin' pool, and listenin' to the hard-driving sounds of the Funky Knights is your dream way to celebrate the end of '93, elbow your way in.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—A blue-and-gold return to the roaring twenties, where you can sip champagne with a prix-fixe dinner, dance the night away to a ten-piece band, and watch the ball come down in Times Square on a giant screen (a much better vantage point than 42nd Street). Followed by a disco till 4 A.M.

Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—Five floors, five eras, and five d.j.s. A forty-thousand-square-foot extravaganza with a nonstop cabaret by the Make-Up Room and a death-defying flying-trapeze act, a twelve-foot-tall fire-breather, a one-and-a-half-foot-tall master of ceremonies, free-flowing champagne, and the city's biggest balloon drop.

Zanzibar, 73 Eighth Ave. (924-9755)—Dine on a four-course prix-fixe dinner, including champagne, and feed your ears with the rollicking sounds of Matt (Guitar) Murphy and the Blues Brothers Band.



BRUCE HELANDER

STANDARDS AND CABARET

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**Weslia Whitfield** is in the Oak Room. She is probably the most assured and affecting jazz-cabaret voice to appear in New York in years. With Mike Greensill on piano. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is, through Dec. 31, home to **Bobby Short.** Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tinkling; nor has it taken the edge off his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. Now in his twenty-sixth year at the Carlyle, Short can still spin an Ira Gershwin lyric with all the sophistication, humor, and pathos it deserves. Also well served are gems by Duke Ellington, Dorothy Fields, Irving Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A de-lightful, de-lovely evening. With Beverly Peer on bass and Bobby Scott on drums. The **Modern Jazz Quartet** starts a three-week run on Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **Barbara Carroll** presides at the piano, also through New Year's Eve. **Kurt Wieting** steps in for three weeks beginning Jan. 4.

Rainbow & Stars, *30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-*5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret with plenty of niceties, including an amazing view. **"The Leonard Bernstein Revue: A Helluva Town!"** *continues, featuring* timeless songs and a stellar cast of Broadway alumni—Marilyn Caskey, Lauren Mitchell, J. Mark McVey, Patrick Quinn, and Ruth Williamson. Closed Mondays.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red, gold, and green cabaret. **Ann Hampton Callaway** ends the old year and kicks off the new on Dec. 31-Jan. 1. Dining.

ROCK AND FOLK

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**Darlene Love** appears on Dec. 21 and Dec. 28. Love's roughly bimonthly gig at the club seems to have been extended indefinitely, and nobody's complaining. On Christmas Eve: a special show featuring the **Laura Nyro Harmony Group.** Folk icon Nyro will appear with an all-new band, whose set will surely include a few seasonal ditties. **Ronnie Spector** will be here on Christmas. On Dec. 29-Jan. 1: the **Turtles,** with **Flo & Eddie.** Their first hit, back in 1965, was a Bob Dylan cover ("It Ain't Me Babe"), but the Turtles are destined to be forever remembered as purveyors of radio-friendly fluff. Expect to hear goofy, roasted chestnuts like "Happy Together" and "She'd Rather Be with Me."

Café Sin-é, *122* St. *Marks Pl.* (982-0370)—A small peach-walled storefront, Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd *that drinks Rolling Rock* or espresso and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. On New Year's Eve, check out the gritty acoustic rock of the band **Valentine Smith,** whose lead singer boasts an impressive technical and emotional range. Closed Christmas.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Throughout December, CB's tiny stage is being revisited by veterans of this era in rock history, and by some of their successors, as part of the club's twentieth-anniversary celebration. On Dec. 22: a progressive-rock potpourri, with **Quicksand, Stompbox, Shift, Rest in Pieces,** and **Subrosa.** The once and future head Talking Head **David Byrne** arrives on Dec. 23, with guests to be announced. On Dec. 27: **Cop Shoot**

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of new and imminent releases we're curious to hear.

THE RAMONES, "Acid Eaters" (Radioactive/MCA).

STEELY DAN, "Citizen Steely Dan: 1972-1980" (MCA).

BETTE MIDLER, "Gypsy" (Atlantic).

TIMBUK 3, "Espace Orano" (Watermelon).

"PHILADELPHIA" (Epic).

"A PERFECT WORLD" (Reprise).

XF series
Panasonic
THE NEW PANASONIC SUPERFLAT SYSTEM TV. IT'S SO LIFELIKE YOU CAN ALMOST SMELL THE FLOWERS.

Panasonic introduces the new SuperFlat™ System Television. To appreciate it you must experience it for yourself.

GAOO™ SUPERFLAT™ SYSTEM TV

Images seem to burst from the screen. The sound has a presence that seems far greater than ordinary speakers can produce.

It's the new Panasonic SuperFlat System TV. It's capable of creating resolution that goes beyond ordinary TVs*. Beyond what you may have imagined possible. Its high contrast black glass and flatter screen create an image with bold, pure, intense color. Even its Picture-In-Picture gives you an incredible picture.

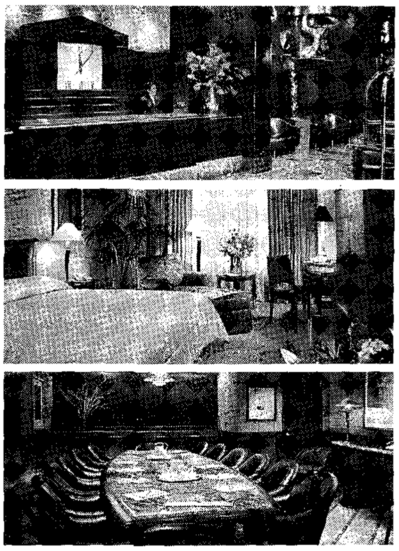
The only thing as impressive as the SuperFlat System picture is its Active Dome Sound System. It can create more than mere sound, filling the room with brilliant stereo images.

All you have to do to control the sophisticated features of this new Panasonic TV is follow your instincts. The icon menu system combines picture symbols and simple logic to make precise adjustments easier than you ever imagined.

The new Panasonic SuperFlat System Television. The choice is obvious.

*Depending on video source.
TV picture simulated.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.®

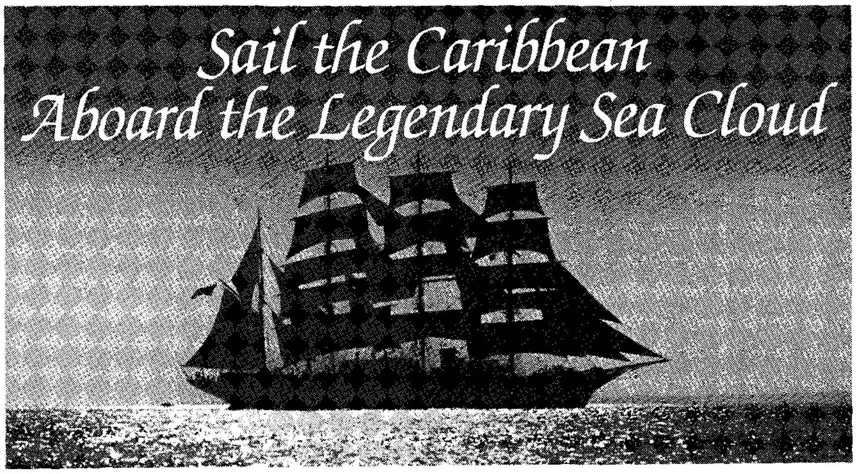


Ever since we opened on Broadway, we've been a big hit with business travelers.

At the New York Renaissance Hotel, the stage is set for the perfect business trip. We're located in the heart of Midtown Manhattan's business and theater district. Yet you need never step outside the hotel, thanks to available in-room fax machines and computer ports, and phones featuring two lines with voice mail. And when you consider the luxurious surroundings, spacious accommodations, and attentive staff, who could blame you for not wanting to leave? For reservations or information, call your travel agent or 1-800-228-9898.

NEW YORK
RENAISSANCE®
HOTEL

714 SEVENTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10036. TEL. 212-765-7676. FAX: 212-765-1962.
RENAISSANCE AND STOUFFER HOTELS • RESORTS. 90 LOCATIONS IN 27 COUNTRIES.



Set sail this February or March with Special Expeditions aboard the four-masted, 29-sail tall ship *Sea Cloud*. Explore the remarkable natural features of the Leeward and Windward islands-the rain forests of Dominica, the coral reefs of the Grenadines, and St. Lucia's "walk-in volcano" in the company of a staff of naturalists.

The elegant 60-passenger *Sea Cloud* has hosted royalty, statesmen and screen stars. Her graceful style is reminiscent of another era–luxurious staterooms...Italian marble...carved oak fittings and period antiques. The exhilaration of being on board, under full sail, is without comparison. See your travel agent or call 800-762-0003.

Sven-Olof Lindblad's
SPECIAL EXPEDITIONS
720 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019 *Ship's Registry: Malta*

COP, a group of hardcore-weaned malcontents (among them former members of local cult bands like Black Snake and the Undead) hell-bent on deconstructing rock and roll as we know it. Also on the bill are **UNSANE, RAILROAD JERK**, and **BOSS HOGG**. The subversive fun continues on Dec. 28, as those caustic wiseacres in **ALICE DONUT** take the stage, with guests **HOLY ROLLERS** and **GOD IS MY CO-PILOT**. On Dec. 29: a reunion of the seventies Top 40 cover band turned New Wave wannabes the **SHIRTS**, whose singer Annie Golden went on to star in the film version of "Hair." With **TUFF DARTS**, featuring **ROBERT GORDON**. The festivities wrap up on Dec. 30, when **LENNY KAYE** and **J. D. DAUGHERTY** arrive to commemorate Patti Smith's birthday, and seminal punksters the **DICTATORS** reunite. On Dec. 31, **THE LUNACHICKS** are on hand to see in '94. A tough-girl group whose biggest influences include, appropriately enough, the Ramones, the 'Chicks crank out intense, high-octane guitar rock. Closed Christmas Eve.

GRAND, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A cross between an old-fashioned split-level night club and a parking garage decorated for a senior prom. **DEE DEE RAMONE** plays on Jan. 1.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A two-tiered honky-tonk that looks as if it could have been the inspiration for the Hard Rock Café. (It wasn't, of course; money was.) On Dec. 26: the **NERDS'** Christmas party (a day late, as is their wont), with **WHO BROUGHT THE DOG**. The Nerds' campy insouciance has endeared them to club audiences around the metropolitan area, and should prove just the thing to cure those post-Christmas blues.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—**LLOYD COLE** appears on Dec. 22. This dark, glowering, frequently brilliant rock singer has just released a new record, "Bad Vibes," in his native England. This solo acoustic set will give us Yanks a chance to hear some of his new songs. On New Year's Eve: **LUSCIOUS JACKSON**, with **SEX POD**. Jackson is a decidedly New Yawk group of women whose raucously ebullient blend of hip-hop and bluesy pop makes it impossible to pigeonhole them as either a girl group or a grrls' group. "In Search of Many," their début EP on the Beastie Boys' Grand Royal label, has earned raves from the rock intelligentsia. But all you really need to know is that Deborah Harry is a fan. Closed Christmas and New Year's.

ROSELAND, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—The vast floor here can accommodate ballroom dancing, and does so on Thursdays and Sundays. On other nights, Roseland becomes another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers holding forth. Those lovable neo-Deadheads in **BLUES TRAVELER** roll in on Dec. 30 and return for a New Year's Eve show the following night.

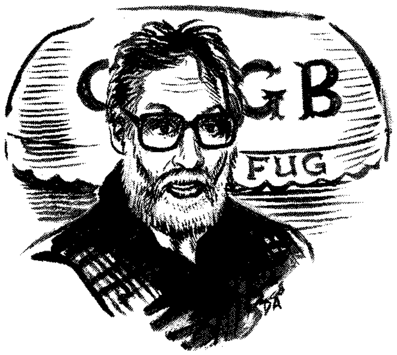
SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical drinks, Brazilian food, faux palm trees, and a thatch-roofed bar. The live music is primarily from Africa, Brazil, and the Caribbean, and the dance floor is usually hopping. On Dec. 23: a reggae party, with **PAPA JUBE. PUCHO AND HIS LATIN SOUL BROTHERS** arrive on Dec. 27. On New Year's Eve, look for **MARK ANTHONY** and **RIOS**, an eight-piece samba troupe with dancers. On Jan 1: **SAMBA NOVO**. Dining. Closed Sundays. Closed Christmas Eve.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Low lighting, muraled pillars, ironwork, a beautifully restored stamped-tin ceiling, and very little elbow room. Zydeco, soul, blues, and rock are the main orders of business here. **NRBQ** and **TERRANCE SIMIEN AND THE MALLET PLAYBOYS** will help usher in 1994. Often hailed as the world's greatest bar band, NRBQ can live up to the hype. There just isn't another outfit with such a mastery of virtually every American popular-music idiom, from rockabilly and blues to jazz and swing. Dining.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Home to an endless Summer of Love. Wetlands is a groovy, psychedelic, thoroughly Green night club. **THE NEW ORIGINALS** will be here on Dec. 22. The funk-jazz collective **WASABI**, featuring Blues Traveler's John Popper, members of the Spin Doctors, and noted saxophonist Arnie Lawrence, plays on Dec. 28. New Year's Eve belongs to the bluejeans-and-tie-dye sounds of **GOD STREET WINE.** The latest collection of youngsters devoted to revisiting the seventies—a decade they experienced through "Sesame Street" and elementary school—God Street Wine has managed, via computer networking and non-stop touring, to develop an impressive local following without the assistance of MTV or radio play. Probably the biggest unsigned rock act in New York, God Street Wine won't be a band of do-it-yourselfers for long. Closed Christmas Eve.

JAZZ AND BLUES

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Once you get past the rough bits here—the hordes of tourists, the cattle-car seating, the stiff prices—you're likely to find yourself face to face with some of the biggest names in jazz. The **JON HENDRICKS ALL-STARS** play through Dec. 26. **NANCY WILSON** arrives on Dec. 28 and stays through Jan. 2; she'll perform with **GATO BARBIERI** on New Year's Eve. Dining.



DOUG ALLEN

HILLY KRISTAL, *who owns CBGB, the grungy little palace on the Bowery, has for two decades presented some of the wildest and woolliest rock music around, and now he's throwing his first-ever anniversary party. "The club's been around approximately half as long as there's been rock and roll, so I thought it was a good time to do it," he says. From the punk-pioneering Ramones to the alternative-hunk Lemonheads, Hilly has presided over it all with a gentle beneficence that goes a long way toward explaining why so many musicians and fans regard his joint as a shrine. Who else would remember Poly Styrene, the teen-age lead singer of the late-seventies punk band X-Ray Spex, the way Hilly does? "Wasn't she delightful," he says, "with her braces, singing 'Oh Bondage, Up Yours'?"*

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Through Dec. 25: the **KIRK LIGHTSEY** trio, with **TOM HARRELL** and **DENNIS IRWIN.** In trumpeter Harrell, pianist Lightsey finds an ideal partner. Both players swing with brutality when they need to and mess with the rules when they want to. The **JESSE DAVIS** trio performs on Dec. 26. This fine young alto player can rumble with the best of the new boppers; here, with only bass and piano behind him, Davis can also indulge the emphasis on lyricism that sets him apart from his more rambunctious peers. On Dec. 27-Jan. 1: **JOHN HICKS, VICTOR LEWIS,** and **SANTI DEBRIANO.** At times, Hicks is as prodigiously powerful a pianist as McCoy Tyner; at other times, he seems heavy on technique, light on substance. With the sensitive support of Lewis on drums and

YOU ARE WHAT

YOU TAKE TIME

TO BECOME.

RESULTS. NOT REGRETS.

DEFINITIONS
INTELLIGENT PERSONAL FITNESS
Fifty-sixth Street · Twentieth Street · Wall Street
212 780 0300

EVEN

WITHOUT

A DROP

OF ENGINE

COOLANT,

IT CREATES

A HIGHER

STANDARD.

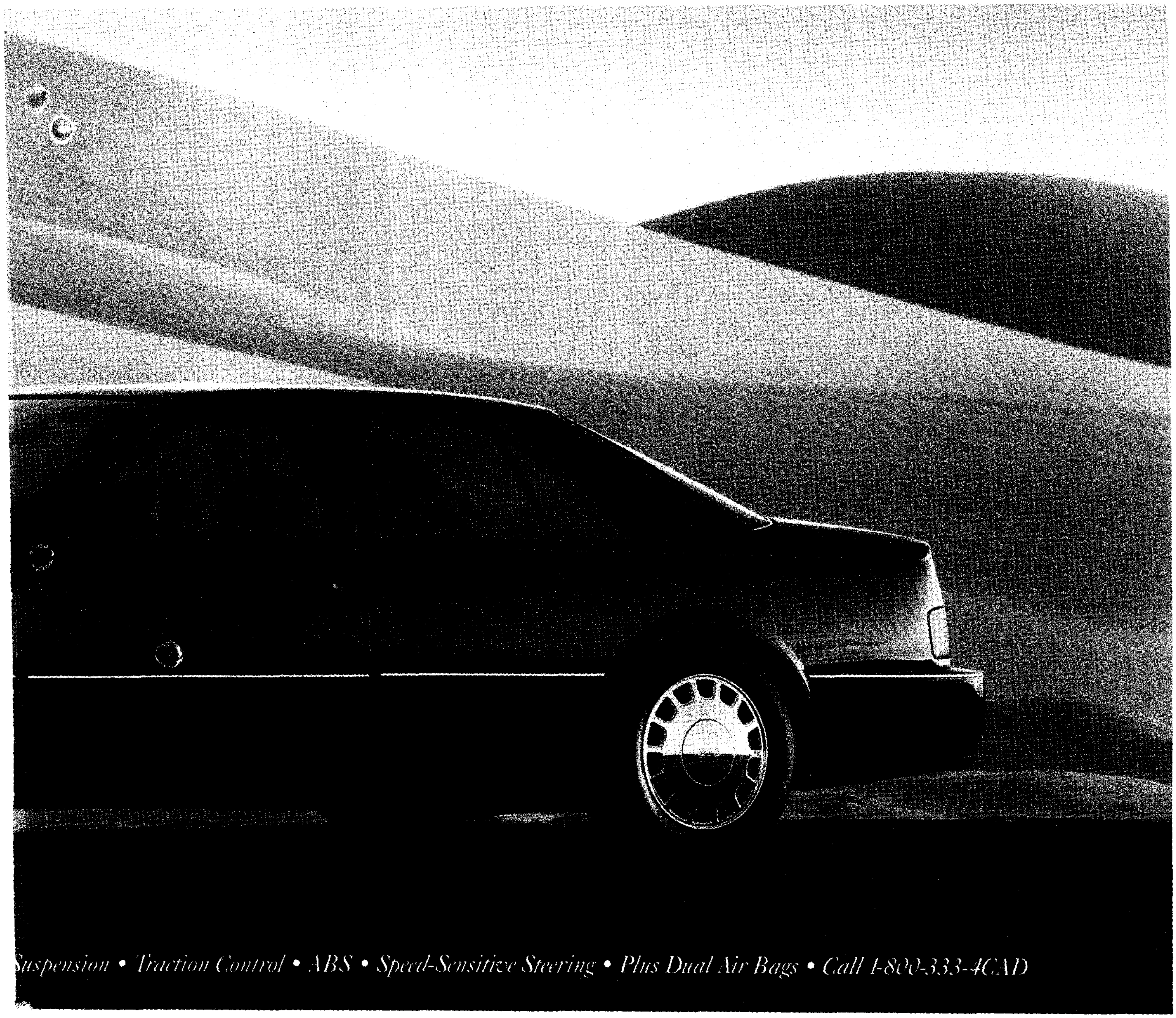
You have no water or coolant. You have 50 miles of desert to cross. You have two choices. You can ride or drive.

Northstar System: 32-Valve, 295-HP V8 • Road-Sensing

SEVILLE STS

CREATING A HIGHER STANDARD

Always wear safety belts, even with air bags. © 1993 GM Corp. All rights reserved. CADILLAC®, NORTHSTAR®, SEVILLE®


uspension • Traction Control • ABS • Speed-Sensitive Steering • Plus Dual Air Bags • Call 1-800-333-4CAD

In almost any car, a total loss of oolant could leave you stranded. ut not in the Seville STS with he Northstar System by Cadillac. ecause its patented Northstar V8 is so adaptive that, if necessary for your safety, it is engineered to sense major engine coolant loss automatically. It then begins alternately firing and air-cooling its two banks of cylinders to help prevent overheating. The result: you could travel up to 50 miles–even in desert heat–without a single drop of coolant.

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Debriano on bass, his passion should shine through. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—A softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz grotto. The **LOU DONALDSON** quartet continues through Dec. 26. With one foot in virgin bop soil and the other in R. & B., Donaldson, an alto saxophonist, pledges allegiance to both virtuosity and entertainment. He's got the credentials (he was a first-edition member of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, playing alongside Clifford Brown), and his timing—as a bop soloist and as a joke teller—has never been better. On Dec. 28-Jan. 2, **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** appears. Beginning Jan. 4: **LYNNE ARIALE,** with **JEANNIE BRYSON.** On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **RUSS KASSOFF** teams up with bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** through Christmas night. On Dec. 29-Jan. 1: pianist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** and sax player **MIKE HASHIM.** Carmichael and Hashim have the jazz of the twenties and thirties at their fingertips; thankfully, passion is as important to them as reverence and expertise. Their collective mirth can send the ghosts of Fats Waller and Johnny Hodges flitting about the room.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—**BOBBY PREVITE,** the virtuoso drummer, appears with **GRAHAM HAYNES AND FRIENDS** on Dec. 23. On Dec. 24-25: the **SUN RA ARKESTRA.**

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A pretty serious jazz shrine where you have to pass within inches of the stage to reach the rest rooms. The **RICHIE BEIRACH** trio plays through Dec. 26. On Dec. 28-Jan. 9 (excluding Jan. 3): the **NAT ADDERLEY** quintet. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Three floors of fun. The downstairs room is as big and plain as a mess hall. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **BRIAN LYNCH** appears with a trio through Dec. 26. When you're as dynamic and flexible a trumpeter as Lynch, everyone wants you. Exacting bandleaders he's sweated blood for include Art Blakey, Phil Woods, and Eddie Palmieri. Closed Christmas Eve.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Through Dec. 26: **EASTERN REBELLION.** This quartet is built from its rhythm section up. The founding members, Cedar Walton (piano) and Billy Higgins (drums), along with bassist David Williams, lay down a velvet carpet on which the excellent tenor-sax player Ralph Moore rides. With Walton and Higgins at the helm, the interplay among the foursome can border on the profound. On Dec. 28-Jan. 2: **DR. MICHAEL WHITE'S ORIGINAL LIBERTY JAZZ BAND OF NEW ORLEANS.** Let purists debate the validity of this outfit's approach to the music of Oliver, Morton, and Dodds. White's band positively revels in the conventions of collective improvisation, counterpoint, and the two-beat stomp; its glee turns history into something vividly sensual. Mondays are reserved for the **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA.**

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. On Dec. 27-31: **KIRK LIGHTSEY, CECIL MC BEE,** and **MARCUS BELGRAVE.** There isn't a style of modern jazz that pianist Lightsey, bassist McBee, and trumpeter Belgrave can't handle. The relentlessly swinging Lightsey honed his bop during Dexter Gordon's comeback, McBee shouldered the load for forward-thinking leaders from Pharoah Sanders to Chico Freeman, and Belgrave's career spans work in the fifties with Ray Charles to work in the nineties with Gerri Allen. Closed Christmas.

ART

Wry Abstraction

For those quaint spirits who still value nonrepresentational art, which has taken a severe beating in recent years, this has been so far an unusually rewarding season. In distinct yet dovetailing fashions, the Robert Ryman retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art and shows of recent paintings by Gerhard Richter and Jonathan Lasker posed the question of just what abstraction can accomplish in an era that has seen the absolute rout of its utopian ideals.

One possible answer might be provided by Howard Hodgkin's paintings at Knoedler (19 East 70th Street; through January 15), which offer a wry two cheers for abstract art. Artists like Ryman and Richter have generated volumes of tangled theoretical prose, an achievement that couldn't appeal less to Hodgkin. "I don't understand why there have to be words between the picture and the spectator," he has said. It's a touching, almost naïve assertion, in an era when artists' reputations are built not simply on the evidence of the eyes but also on the amount of ink spilled in their honor. Hodgkin's new paintings manifest a bird-of-paradise splendor, as if he alone among his peers can still imagine no more exalted a calling than providing the kind of serious pleasure Matisse gave us. It's funny that the British, a people seemingly inured to quotidian irony, should have produced Hodgkin, an artist who still believes in the possible innocence of vision.

MUSEUMS

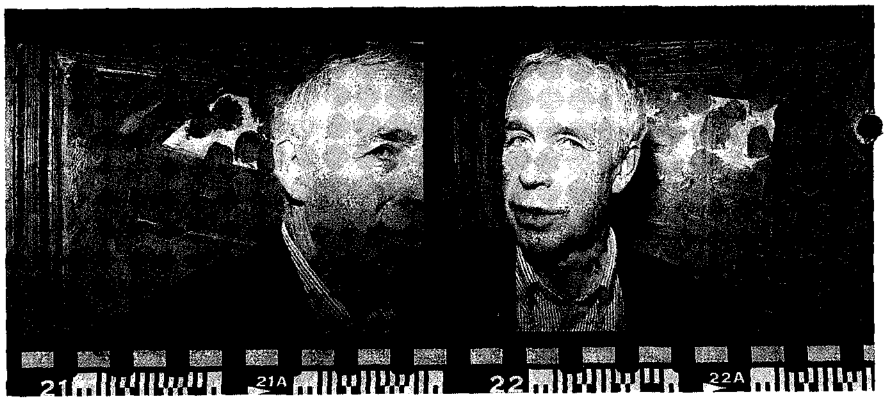
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—What would Diana Vreeland, the hyperbolic, self-proclaimed *mannequin du monde* who said she loathed nostalgia, have made of an exhibition at the New Costume Institute devoted to five decades of her work? A bit of all right, perhaps. The show, billboarded with photographs and magazine layouts from her years as fashion editor of *Harper's Bazaar* (1936-62) and editor-in-chief of *Vogue* (1962-71), illustrates her canny vision, based on a fascination with nature, art, and the exotic. Costumes from the museum's collection have been selected to mirror her interests: an American broadcloth riding habit (circa 1900); an English jacket (1615-20) that resembles a Gobelin tapestry, with encyclopedic botanical imagery; a pair of 1970 Gypsy-inspired dresses designed by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. Many outfits on display were designed either for Vreeland or for her high-society friends: in a "party" scene, her mannequin dazzles in an Yves Saint Laurent ensemble with a gold-embroidered black evening jacket in the shape of a pagoda. . . . ¶ More than fifty paintings, drawings, and etchings by Lucian Freud. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century European decorative arts are on display in the Met's newly unveiled Florence Gould galleries: four new permanent exhibition rooms packed with more than two hundred paintings, tapestries, textiles, sculptures, and porcelain and glass pieces. . . . ¶ "The Gold of Meroe" features the jewelry of Queen Amanishakheto of Meroe, an ancient Nubian ruler. The Queen's cache includes more than two hundred pieces of colored glass, semiprecious stones, silver, and, of course, loads of gold. . . . ¶ "Elephant: The Animal and Its Ivory in African Art" includes seventy objects, from elephant masks to intricately carved tusks, representing more than twenty different indigenous cultures. . . . ¶ "Immortals and Sages: Fusuma Paintings from Ryoan-ji and the Lore of China in Japanese Art." . . ¶ Twenty years of Hudson River School works on paper. Through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ "Nineteenth-Century Portraits, Landscapes, and Nudes." Through Jan. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The current Miró retrospective celebrates the centennial of the Catalan master with some four hundred paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and ceramics. Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings by Robert Ryman, who for the past thirty years has specialized in white-on-white canvases. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ "Designed for Speed: Three Automobiles by Ferrari," MOMA's first automobile exhibition in more than fifteen years. . . . ¶ "New Photography" showcases four photographers whose work ranges from portraits of children in Knoxville, Tennessee, to images of squalor in Ukraine. Through Jan. 4. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings by Pop master Roy Lichtenstein. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Self-portraits by the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe (1946-89). Through Jan. 23. (Open daily, 10 to 8. Closed Christmas.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—Eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1941, by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944). . . . ¶ "Industrial Elegance," a lobby exhibition, salutes design excellence in everyday objects, from ice-cube makers to Frisbees. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—More than a hundred and sixty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and site-



Howard Hodgkin at the opening of his exhibition at Knoedler.

KEVIN FUNABASHI

A CLERGYMAN TORN BETWEEN VENGEANCE AND FORGIVENESS.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA PRESENTS

VERDI'S

Stiffelio

An intensely passionate work from Verdi's prolific mid-career, *Stiffelio* thrusts a clergyman into an unforeseen tragedy caused by his wife's adultery.

This performance marks the first time Plácido Domingo, who is celebrating his 25th anniversary season with the Met, has sung this challenging title role…and the first time the Metropolitan Opera has staged this work.

Sharon Sweet
Plácido Domingo
Vladimir Chernov
Paul Plishka
James Levine
conductor

Monday, December 27 at 8 pm
Eastern Time on PBS.
Check local listings.
Stereo simulcast in many areas.

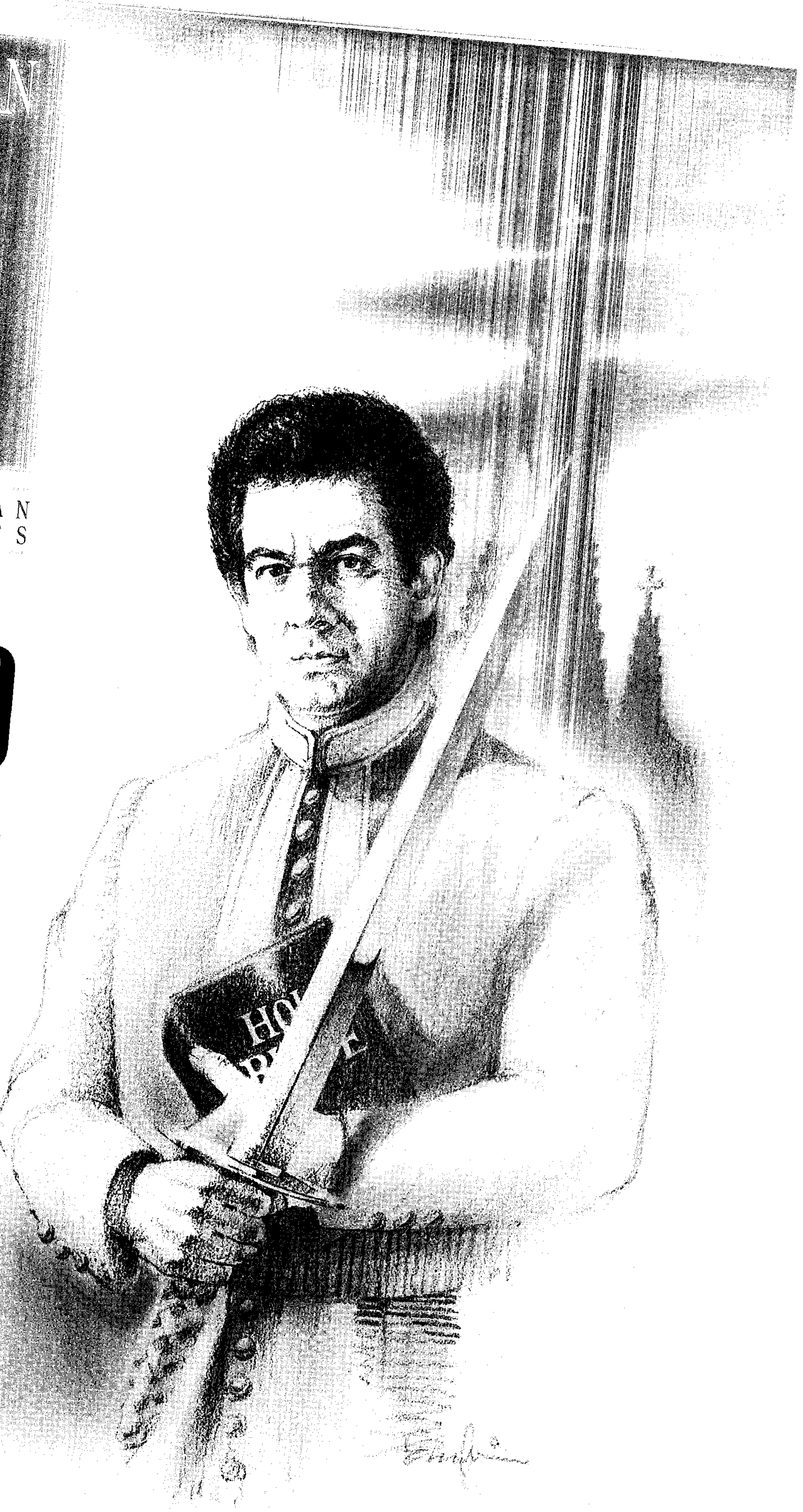
Join us on March 30 for a telecast of another Met premiere–Verdi's *I Lombardi.*

TEXACO

Your ticket to the Met for over 50 years.

Also made possible with additional funding from the Arthur and Alice Adams Foundation, Miami, Florida; the Charles E. Culpeper Foundation; the National Endowment for the Arts; and the members of the Metropolitan Opera Guild.

© 1993 Texaco Inc.

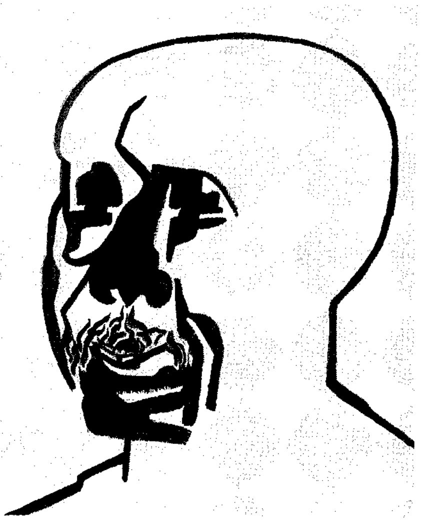


specific installations by Mike Kelley, a Los Angeles-based artist who first made his name on the performance-art circuit in the late nineteen-seventies and who has become one of the most widely imitated artists of the past decade. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Photographs by Walker Evans and Dan Graham. . . . ¶ "Betrothals," three important late canvases and related studies by Arshile Gorky (1904-48). Through Jan. 9. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Two exhibitions that focus on lesser-known locales and conditions in Cuba and Antarctica via photographs, drawings, biological specimens, and dioramas. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45. Closed Christmas.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The handsomely renovated West Wing has been given a stunning inaugural installation of more than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's large collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of Pharaonic history. The exhibit includes wonderful tiny pieces, like a bright-blue faience monkey with pierced ears, and monumental thanatological displays, like the sarcophagus and mummy of Thothirdes, circa 664-525 B.C. There are also tomb reliefs, jewelry, and statuary, including the noble head of a curly-haired priest, known as the Brooklyn Black Head. . . . ¶ A thirty-year retrospective of the architect Arata Isozaki features drawings, sketches, prints, and sleek wood scale models. The show starts with Isozaki's City in the Air proposal of the sixties and ends with his master plan to modernize the McKim, Mead & White design of the Brooklyn Museum. . . . ¶ Photographs by Consuelo Kanaga (1894-1978). (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Korean Arts of the Eighteenth Century: Splendor and Simplicity." Through Jan. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Self-portrait by Jacob Lawrence (Midtown Payson).

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"The Ideal Home: 1900-20." Through Feb. 27. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Mechanical Brides: Women and Machines from Home to Office" examines the traditional link between "women's work" and home and office appliances. Through Jan. 2. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"French Master Drawings" assembles a hundred and twenty-five works from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Jan. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Face of the Gods: Art and Altars of Africa and the African Americas." An intelligent and visually rich exhibition that focusses on the Yoruba and Kongo civilizations of West and Central Africa, respectively, tracing the dissemination and transformation of ritual forms in the Creole cultures of Haiti, Cuba, Brazil, and North America. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Beyond Category: The Musical Genius of Duke Ellington" includes rare photographs, manuscripts, memorabilia, instruments, and posters. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Dead Sea Scrolls: Ancient Civilization/Modern Scholarship." Twelve Scrolls are on display, along with related artifacts, models, and maps, on loan from the Israel Antiquities Authority. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ An exhibition of prints and illustrated books by more than fifty contemporary artists. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City—"Stalin's Choice: Soviet Socialist Realism 1932-1956" includes more than a hundred Soviet paintings on loan from the Central Lenin Museum and the State Tretiakov Gallery, among other venues, as well as an installation of porcelain and china, and work by the contemporary Russian artists Komar and Melamid. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Christmas and New Year's Day. The following listings lead off with new shows.)

"The Daniel Gallery (1912-32): A Tribute"—An exhibition honoring Charles Daniel, a champion of American vanguard art from just before the

Why your mother would prefer you to fly Qantas.

©1993 Qantas Air

Bless her heart, she only wants you to have the best.

Oh, and of course, to use some of the thousands of frequent flyer miles you can earn on Qantas to come home and visit her. (You can earn miles with Alaska, Canadian or American Airlines,® or with our own program.)

It makes her happy to know we'll spoil you the way she used to do.

We have been around since she was a little girl. Yet our fleet is one of the youngest in the air. And we have more flights than any other airline to Australia and the South Pacific from North America.

After all that she's done for you, is this really too much to ask?

Call your travel agent or Qantas at 1-800-227-4500. And call her sometime, too. She'd like that.

QANTAS
THE AUSTRALIAN AIRLINE

First World War until the Depression. On view are paintings by William Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and Man Ray. Opens Dec. 22. Through Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

•

Jacob Lawrence—An excellent show of paintings and works on paper by one of the foremost African-American artists of this century. Lawrence was the first black artist whose work Alfred Barr acquired for the Museum of Modern Art, back when that institution was still young. Often linked with the central figures of the Harlem Renaissance, Lawrence is, in fact, from the next generation; the temper of his work is more conflicted. He occasionally indulges in idealizations of the African-American experience and character, but on the whole his vision is shot through with anxiety and aggression. Lawrence forces you to see the skull beneath the skin. Through Jan. 15. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Francesco Clemente—"The Black Paintings" (1991-93) are the latest product of the aesthetico-spiritual quest of this art-world mystagogue. Dark and sombre, these lovely paintings ooze intimations of immortality. Sacred fires, floating men and women, and motile pentacles drift quietly through the murky abyss. Through Jan. 8. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

James Lee Byars—The second half of an exhibition of recent works by James Lee Byars raises a question that perhaps some earnest doctoral student in twentieth-century art could answer: who started this business with vitrines? The predilection for the blazing preciosity of vitrines is in part what has made Byars infamous in many quarters of the art world. The usual attacks focus on vitrines as bad interior decoration and metaphysical mumbo-jumbo. In contrast to his ephemeral, paper-light work of the sixties, this stuff isn't shy about classy objecthood: the show consists of white marble sculptures displayed in elegant oak vitrines. Still, there is more resonance here than Byars' detractors might admit, and works like "The Star Book," containing a star-shaped hunk of marble, and "The Soft Cube" wear their spiritual aspirations lightly. Through Jan. 7. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Josef Albers (188[illegible]-1976)—Large "Homage to the Square" paintings from the years 1962 to 1967. Through Dec. 23. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Baker—Recent still-life paintings. Through Jan. 22. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th.)

George Bellows (1882-1925)—Thirty paintings, from the early "Excavation at Night" (1908) to "Two Women," which was done near the end of the artist's life; also, a set of his pugilist prints. Through Jan. 15. (Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Willem de Kooning—Drawings that span the artist's entire career, from delicate pencil works of the late nineteen-twenties through works from the nineteen-fifties that bear unusual resemblances to the styles of other artists. Through Dec. 31. (Mathes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lucian Freud—Early paintings, drawings, and etchings, among them "The Painter's Room" (1943), "Girl with a Kitten" (1947), and "Hotel Bedroom" (1954). Through Jan. 8. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Recent drawings and etchings. Through Jan. 29. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

G[illegible]ory Gillespie—A hyperrealist artist whose paintings sometimes verge on trompe-l'oeil. Through Jan. 22. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jannis Kounellis—Steel panels with burlap, by a Greek-born artist who lives in Rome. Through Dec. 31. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Manes—A dozen paintings revealing an evolution from circular abstractions to figuration, using the repeated image of a bowl. Through Jan. 1. (Marisa Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

John McLaughlin (1898-1976)—Geometric abstractions from 1946 to 1976 by an influential West Coast artist. Through Jan. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

The Private Residences of
The St. Regis Hotel

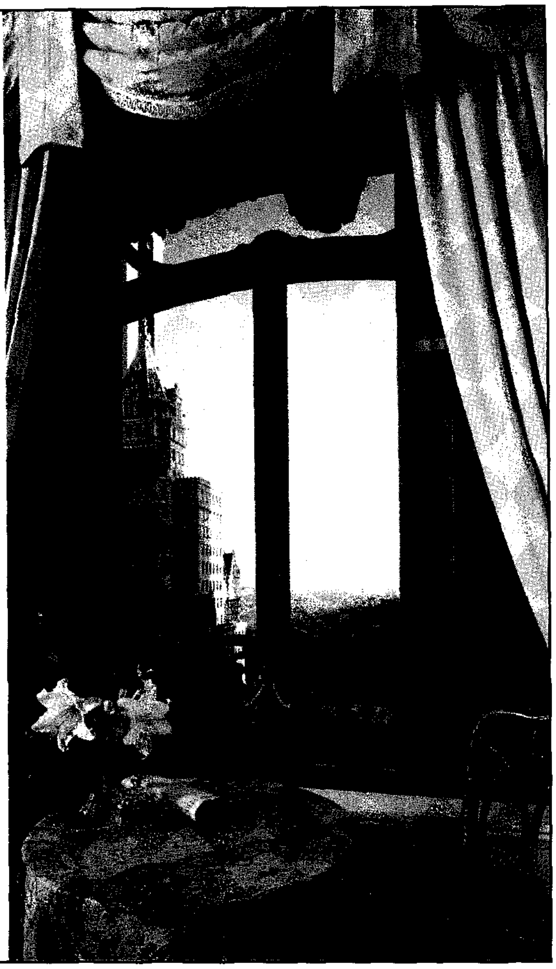
The St. Regis
NEW YORK
AN ITT SHERATON LUXURY HOTEL

The luxury and necessity of
everything being just right

*For information
regarding long-term
leasing opportunities,
please contact*

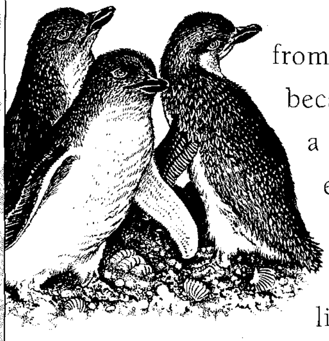
SOTHEBY'S
INTERNATIONAL REALTY

Margaret Healy Bay or
Jacqueline Astor
Telephone: 212 606 7660
Fax: 212 606 7661
980 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10021



® 1992 Australian Tourist Commission

It wasn't our Fairy Penguins who migrated 2,500 miles from Antarctica. It was the continent of Australia.



When our continent broke away from Antarctica, countless eons ago, it became an ark adrift on the seas, bearing a living cargo of exotic animals. They evolved into creatures who are absolutely unique in the world today. So if you want to see a land like no other, come to Australia. Our miniature penguins are only the tip of the iceberg.

For your free, 130-page travel planner call
1-800-444-0834 ext. 12

AUSTRALIA
FEEL THE WONDER™

ART–Cont'd

Lucio Muñoz / Red Grooms—Landscape-based abstractions, in mixed mediums on wood. / Watercolors based on the artist's travels. Through Jan. 8. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sylvia Wald / John Storrs (1885-1956)—One painting and several works on paper characterized by thin washes of color and scribbled marks that suggest both Far Eastern painting and Cy Twombly. Some of the best prints here—for example, "Tundra Clouds" (1950)—look like early color-field paintings. / Sculpture and works on paper by an American student of Rodin who later fell under the spell of the Cubist, Futurist, and Russian Constructivist avant-gardes. Through Jan. 8. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

"African-American Art: Twentieth-Century Masterworks"—Paintings and sculptures from 1910 to 1965, ranging in style from realism to abstraction. Among the artists are Benny Andrews, Elizabeth Catlett, and Norman Lewis. Through Feb. 12. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

"Mostly Maine"—Works by part-time-resident artists (Rudy Burckhardt, Henry Finkelstein, Jeremy Foss, and Kathryn Wall) and a onetime resident (Fairfield Porter). Through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

"New Works"—William Garbe, Jane Kaplowitz, Robert Zakanitch, and others. Through Jan. 29. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

"Sardinia: Sacred Art of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries"—Influences that shaped the culture of the Mediterranean island will be examined through elaborate multipart altarpieces, called retables, the principal artistic product of the period. Through Jan. 29. (I.B.M., 590 Madison Ave., at 56th St.)

"Symbolism and the Austrian Avant-Garde: Klimt, Schiele and Their Contemporaries"—An exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and works on paper that examines the symbiosis between Franco-Belgian symbolist art and the burgeoning avant-garde of the Vienna Secession. Artists include Odilon Redon, Felicien Rops, and Max Klinger, whose "Dead Mother" (1885) depicts a naked infant at the breast of his shrouded, dematerialized mother, gazing directly at the viewer with an expression of unsettling tranquillity. Through Jan. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

DOWNTOWN

Nancy Balliett—Landscape paintings. Opens Jan. 4. Through Jan. 22. (Atlantic, 475 Broome St. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

David Fratkin / Susan Wilmarth-Rabineau—Abstract cityscapes. / Paintings on unstretched linen that have been distressed by tearing or burning. Opens Jan. 4. Through Jan. 22. (Painting Center, 52 Greene St.)

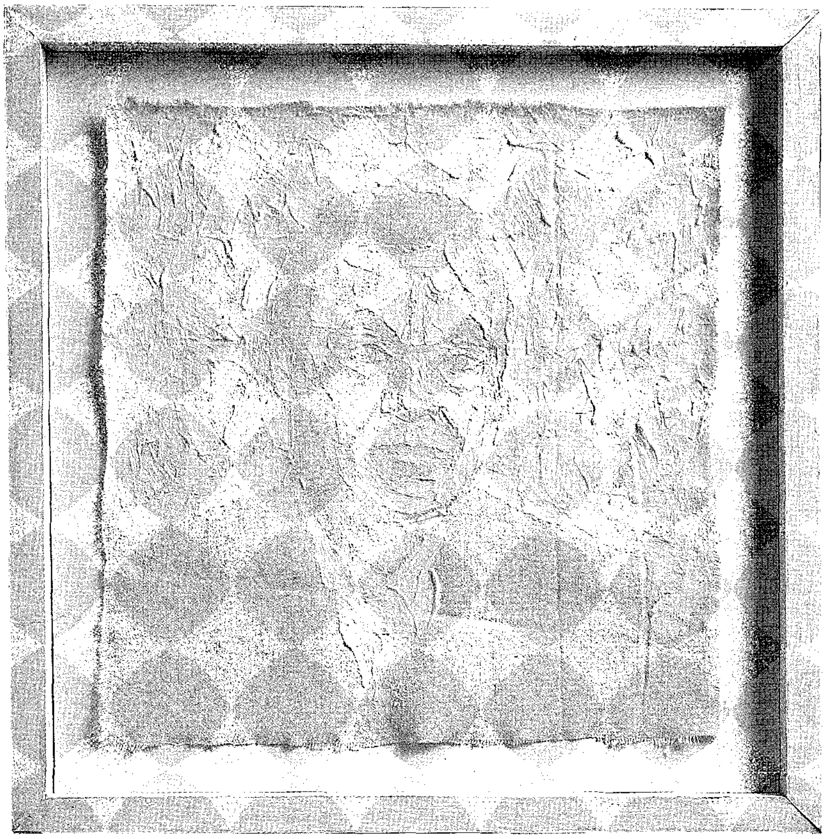
Judy Rifka—Multilayered paper constructions with repeated imagery: a bust of Apollo, turtles, the letter "A." Opens Jan. 4. Through Jan. 29. (Information, 41 E. 9th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, noon to 7.)

•

Robert Ryman / Dan Flavin—The retrospective of Robert Ryman's paintings at the Museum of Modern Art has the unintended effect of making the art seem almost as tedious as someone like Morley Safer would have it: a chronological presentation of so many paintings manifesting only subtle refinements dulls the effect of individual works. Pace's current exhibition of small, square oil-on-construction-board paintings affords the viewer a more intimate look at the delicacy of touch for which Ryman is famous. / An installation of fluorescent-light sculptures by Ryman's minimalist contemporary Dan Flavin suffuses the spacious rear galleries with the trembling glow of red, blue, pink, and violet light. It's a quiet show, in keeping with the spirit of the Rymans up front, but it still delivers an optical kick. Through Jan. 22. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Ken Grimes—Black-and-white paintings with imagery and text reflecting the artist's belief in extraterrestrial life. Through Jan. 15. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

Karen Kilimnik—An installation portraying a society created by the artist, The Adventure Club, whose motto is "The Ruination of Men." Also, pastel drawings. Through Jan. 29. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)



Robert Ryman at MOMA and Pace.

TIM BOWER

Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88)—Paintings from the mid-eighties. Through Jan. 8. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

Ted Byfield and Lincoln Tobier—"Cop Sculpture," two installations that incorporate newspaper photographs of contraband seized by law-enforcement agencies. Through Dec. 31. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St., and American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St.)

Carlo (1916-74)—Paintings by an Italian artist who spent almost half his life in a psychiatric hospital in Verona. Through Jan. 15. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Gotscho—A sculptural installation of tuxedos, wedding gowns, furniture, and objets de vertu, by a French artist/bodybuilder. Through Jan. 8. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

Michael Gregory—Abstractions of rosebushes and a series of octopus paintings resembling Byzantine architectural tracery. Through Jan. 19. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Clinton Hill—Multicolored geometric wood constructions. Through Jan. 29. (Zarre, 48 Greene St. . . . **note:** A group show, "Thru Thick & Thin," features Doug Ohlson, Marjorie Strider, and Dan Wofford.)

Anish Kapoor—Five new sculptures by a prominent British artist of Indian descent. Through Jan. 29. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Leslie Lerner—Narrative works, with glazed surfaces reminiscent of Renaissance paintings, from the artist's "My Life in France" series. Through Dec. 30. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Norman Lewis (1909-79)—Thirty abstract works on paper, from the forties, fifties, and sixties. Through Jan. 15. (Berman-Daferner, 568 Broadway.)

Matthias Mansen—Large paintings and woodcuts of abstract figures sitting, standing, or reclining, by this German artist. Through Jan. 22. (Prats, 568 Broadway.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Seven bulky, hulking pieces, including "Personnage," which resembles a swollen, abstract bronze Sno[illegible]y, in a knockout show called "Monumental Sculpture." Through Jan. 8. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Ellen Phelan—Phelan is, on the surface, a traditional artist whose most obvious concerns are for verisimilitude, nuance, and technique, but her portraits of dolls are poetic ruminations, elegiac in tone. Her toy subjects—whether Disneyesque, Victorian, or Betty Boopish—seem to float against hazy backgrounds, as if in amber. Through Jan. 8. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Ellen Rothenberg—"Partial Index," a sculptural installation relating to the Anne Frank diaries. Through Feb. 19. (Kent, 67 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)

Cary Smith—Geometric abstractions. Through Jan. 15. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Norman Toynton—Abstract oils on pegboard, in a triptych form. Through Dec. 30. (Stux, 163 Mercer St.)

Richard Yarde—Watercolors with sparse imagery. Through Jan. 4. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

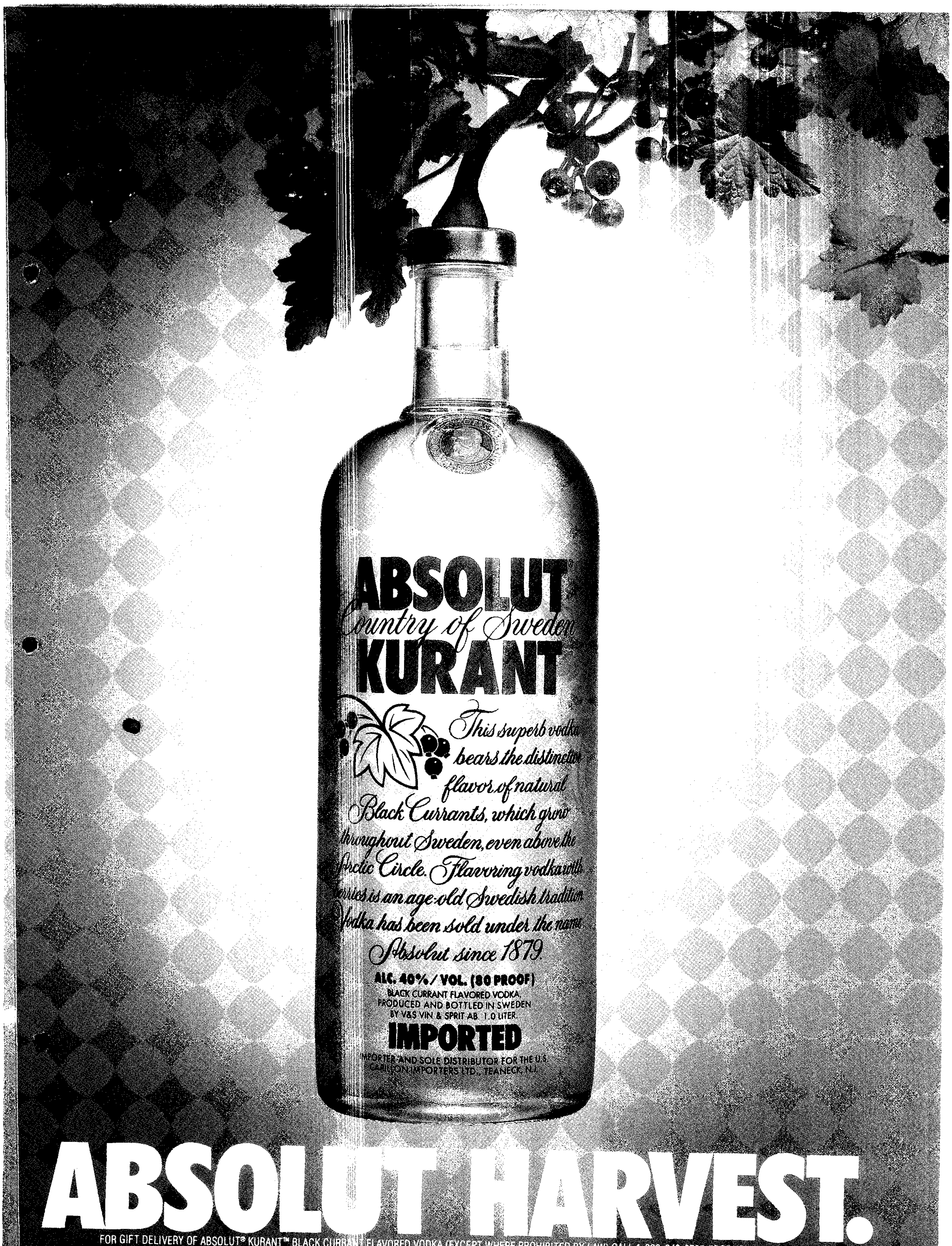
"Old Sy[illegible]ls/New Icons in Russian Contemporary Art"—A show of works in a range of mediums by both well-known (Komar and Melamid) and lesser-known artists. Through Jan. 29. (Levy, 588 Broadway.)

"Poverty Pop"—Work by artists who use found materials. Through Jan. 8. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway.)

"Putt-Modernism"—An entertaining and occasionally provocative eighteen-hole miniature-golf course, in which each hole was designed by a different artist. You can rent a putter for five bucks, or just look for free. Through Feb. 27. (Fulton Market Building, South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. Open Thursdays through Saturdays, from noon to midnight, and Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, from noon to 10.)

ANTIQUES

Rethinking History—The current exhibition at Frederick Schultz Ancient Art, "Power Tools: The Stone Age and Bronze Age in North Europe," is predicated on the rather startling notion that tools made in the Late Stone Age and the Bronze Age were collectibles, acquired as symbols of rank or authority, or as objects of aesthetic beauty. On view are hard-stone, copper, and bronze axes, daggers, spearheads, and the like, ranging in price from $2,000 to $8,000. Two axes and a spearhead that were discovered together in Hungary will be sold as a set, at $200,000. (41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays. Through Feb. 12.)


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
KURANT
This superb vodka bears the distinctive flavor of natural Black Currants, which grow throughout Sweden, even above the Arctic Circle. Flavoring vodka with berries is an age-old Swedish tradition. Vodka has been sold under the name Absolut since 1879
ALC. 40% / VOL. (80 PROOF)
BLACK CURRANT FLAVORED VODKA
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN
BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB 1.0 LITER
IMPORTED
IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.
ABSOLUT HARVEST.

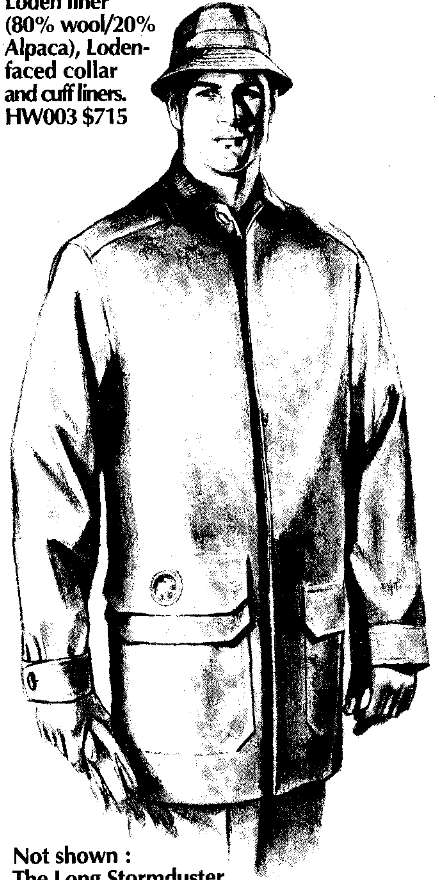
FOR GIFT DELIVERY OF ABSOLUT® KURANT™ BLACK CURRANT FLAVORED VODKA (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW) CALL 1-800-243-3787. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1993 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD. TEANECK, NJ.

CONSERVATION • EDUCATION • EXPLORATION • HUNTING WORLD

Bob Lee's Stormwear™ Lets You Take the World by Storm.

Bob Lee's new three-season Stormwear™ is built to keep you absolutely dry. At the heart of each design is a laminated cotton fabric. The collection includes 9 models, hand-tailored in Scotland to Mr. Lee's exact specifications, with waterproof seams, inside pockets for valuables and elasticized wristlets.

Below: The Rover features three pockets outside and three more inside. Corduroy-faced collar and cuff liners, bi-swing back. HW002, $575. With removable Austrian Loden liner (80% wool/20% Alpaca), Loden-faced collar and cuff liners. HW003 $715



Not shown : The Long Stormduster, unisex-styled, with two pockets outside and two inside. Corduroy-faced collar and cuff liners. Center vent, legstraps for riding. HW006, $615. With removable Loden liner, Loden-faced collar and cuff liners. HW007, $760 All models are available in Safari Tan and Hunter Olive. Sizes S-M-L-XL.

At Hunting World, we're always Searching the World to Bring You the Best®. And, we're always searching for ways to conserve the environment for future generations to enjoy.

HUNTING WORLD®
Keep The Adventure Alive® 16 East 53rd Street, New York 10022 Open Mon-Sat ,10-6; Sun 11-5. (212)755-3400

©1993 H.W. INC. TNY 12-27

PHOTOGRAPHY

The Sensitive Plant

BOTANICAL subjects have always attracted experimental-minded photographers. If the current exhibition at the Julie Saul Gallery, "Foreign Ferns: Botanical Studies from Talbot to the Present" (560 Broadway; through January 22), had been more consistent, it would have been terrific. The show offers some examples of the fantastic inventiveness that took place in the earliest days of photography. There are beautiful mid-nineteenth-century cyanotypes (blueprint images) by the British photographer Anna Atkins, and fine pictures by innovative twentieth-century nature photographers, like Germany's Karl Blossfeldt and Albert Renger-Patzsch. But an uneven show like this presents a chance to separate the wheat from the chaff: there are weak pieces by strong artists, and contemporary work that goes absolutely nowhere, such as Arne Svenson's prints and Kunié Sugiura's photograms of scallions.

Aside from the question of the quality of individual pictures, "Foreign Ferns" is a convincing demonstration of the perennial fascination this subject holds for photographers. This is apparent in, say, an 1840 image of algae by an unknown English photographer—a work so fragile that in order to see it one has to lift up a piece of felt that protects it from the light—as well as in a 1993 cibachrome photogram of lily pads by Adam Fuss. Although separated by the entire span of photography's history, both pieces are fresh and original images of the green world. (Note: the gallery will be closed from noon, December 23, through January 3.)

ROBERT ADAMS / DÉSIRÉ CHARNAY (1828-1915)—A photographic essay called "Los Angeles Spring," which includes work from 1978 through 1983. / Rare vintage prints taken during an 1863 exploration of Madagascar. Through Jan. 29. (Lowinsky, 578 Broadway.)

MACDUFF EVERTON—Panoramic landscape photographs. Through Jan. 8. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

NAN GOLDIN AND DAVID ARMSTRONG—A twenty-year friendship, as seen through fifty images, from Goldin's familiar drag queens and débutantes to Armstrong's lesser-known black-and-white portraits. Through Jan. 29. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARIO GIACOMELLI—Four decades of portraits and Italian landscapes. Through Jan. 8. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

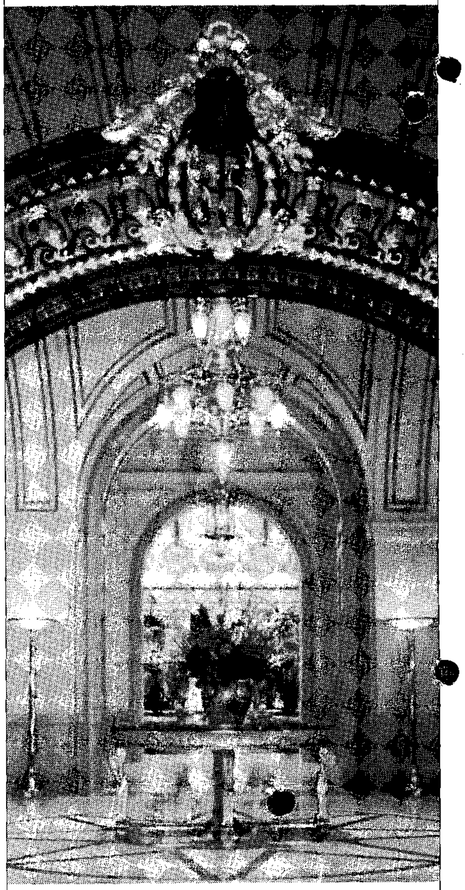
LOIS GUARINO—Photo collages that incorporate hand-coloring and other treatments. Through Jan. 15. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

"PHIL STERN'S HOLLYWOOD"—Candid shots from the forties through the late seventies, by a photographer whose long career included staff positions with *Life*, *Esquire*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*. Through Jan. 15. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—More than a hundred images by Robert Smithson (1938-73). (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Brooklyn Museum.)

In San Francisco, there's one hotel the world calls home.



Experience the warmth that has brought travelers from around the world to the Palace.
The magnificent architecture.
The awe-inspiring Garden Court.
The tradition of service excellence.
The versatile mix of classic and ultra-modern meeting spaces.

Let the Palace capture your heart.
For reservations, call your Travel Planner or Sheraton at 800-325-3535.

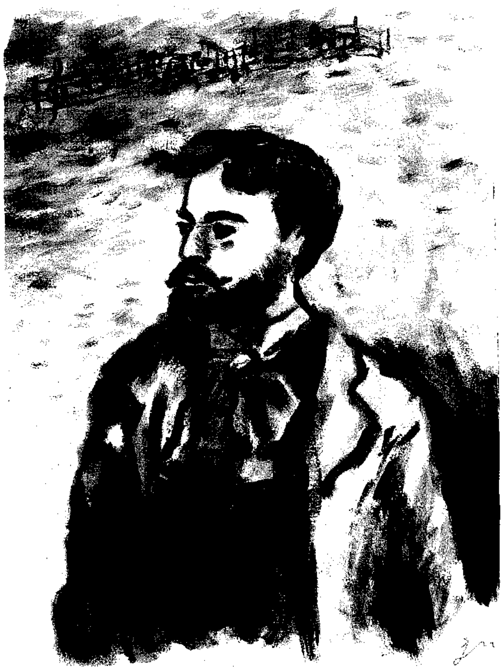
Sheraton Palace Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
2 NEW MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94105
PHONE 415-392-8600 FAX 415-543-0671
ITT SHERATON LUXURY COLLECTION

CLASSICAL MUSIC

The Serious Dandy

ANYONE frequenting the salons of turn-of-the-century Paris would have met Reynaldo Hahn in the twinkling of an eighth note. He would have been the elegant fellow accompanying himself at the piano, next to the potted palm, singing "Si mes vers avaient des ailes" while a cigarette dangled from the corner of his mouth. The exotic one, from Venezuela; Massenet's student at the Conservatoire; Sarah Bernhardt's sidekick; Marcel Proust's *ami particulier.*

Posterity remembers him as a brilliant lightweight, forgetting that he was one of only three musical personages invited to conduct Salzburg's Mozart Sesquicentennial opera productions of 1906, the others being Mahler and Strauss. Hahn went on to write a musical-comedy pastiche called "Mozart" (1925), in which a romanticized Amadeus was portrayed by Yvonne Printemps *en travestie;* and when he was named director of the Paris Opéra, in 1945, he made Mozart an immediate priority, right up there with reviving Méhul's "Joseph" (one of the only operas to require an all-male cast). "Le Marchand de Venise," which Opera Manhattan will present for four performances beginning on December 27, began as Hahn's attempt (during the First World War, at the front) to compose a "Mozartean entertainment" on a Shakespearean theme. It was banned in France during the Second World War, along with all the composer's other works, because Hahn was half Jewish. That seems an ironic coda to a work that put Shylock on the stage during the rampantly anti-Semitic thirties.



Reynaldo Hahn: Opera Manhattan will present his "Le Marchand de Venise."

GERARD NICOLAS

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800.)

HOLIDAY MUSIC

Handel's "Messiah"—Richard Westenburg directs the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra, with soloists Carol Chickering (soprano), Molly Donnelly (mezzo-soprano), Frederick Urrey (tenor), and William Sharp (baritone). (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 23 at 8.) . . . ¶ David Briskin directs the Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra and soloists Steffanie Pearce (soprano), Barbara Rearick (mezzo-soprano), Tom Allen (tenor), and Mathew Lau (baritone). (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 26 at 2:30.) . . . ¶ Twenty-three conductors take turns leading soloists and the audience in the National Choral Council's annual sing-along. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 28 at 8.)

Carols—A community sing-along, plus Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols," with Gerre Hancock directing the St. Thomas Choir. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Dec. 22 at 12:10. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Flutist Andrew Bolotowsky and harpist Beverly Shea play carol arrangements. (Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. Dec. 22 at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

Christmas Sampler—Bruce Fifer directs the combined choirs of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, various soloists, and an orchestra in excerpts from "Messiah," Vaughan Williams' "Fantasia on Christmas Carols," and numerous songs of the season (with audience participation). (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 22 at 7:30.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Dean X Johnson directs an ethnically and culturally diverse holiday program, including premières of works by chorus members Edgar Colón-Hernandez and Howard Rosner. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 22 at 8.)

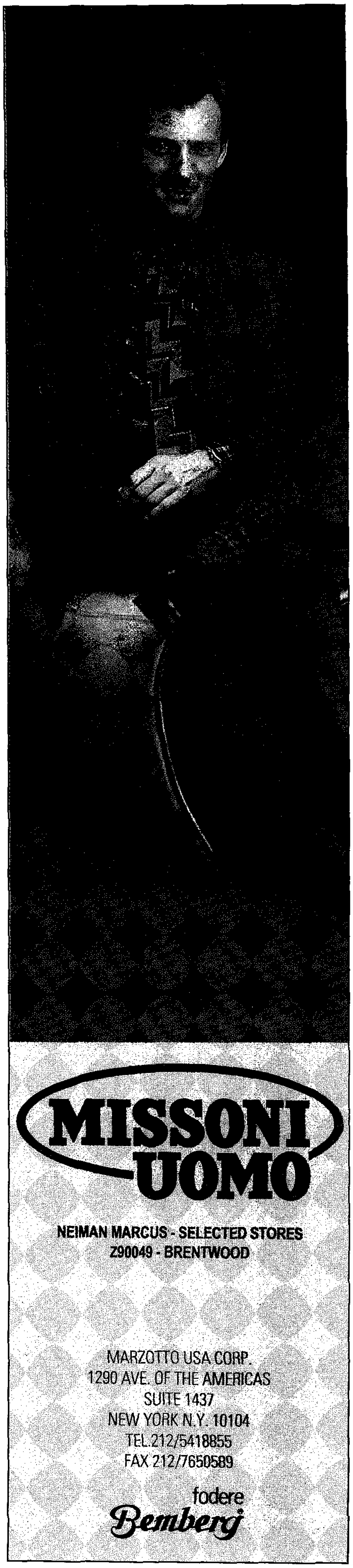
"Play of St. Nicholas"—Frederick Renz directs the Ensemble for Early Music in its staging of a triptych of twelfth-century miracle plays. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Dec. 25 at 8 and Dec. 26 at 3. For information about tickets, call 749-6600.)

ARTEK Ensemble—Gwendolyn Toth directs the period-instrument ensemble in French Baroque Christmas music, including Marc-Antoine Charpentier's "Messe de Minuit." Soprano Jessica Tranzillo, mezzo-soprano Jennifer Lane, tenor Thomas Bogdan, and bass Paul Shipper are the featured soloists. (The Hall of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. Dec. 28-31 at 8. For information about tickets, call 873-0473.)

Carillon—Joseph Clair Davis rings in the new year with the impressive forces of the seventy-four-bell carillon of Riverside Church; including seasonal selections and, at the stroke of midnight, a six-octave pealing of all the bells at his disposal, from a ten-pounder in the highest treble to the twenty-ton Bourdon, the heaviest bell in the world. (Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Dec. 31 at 10. No tickets necessary.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Ruth Ann Swenson, Frank Lopardo, Thomas Hampson, Enzo Dara, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; conducted by Carlo Rizzi. (Dec. 22, Dec. 28, and Dec. 31, all at 8, and Dec. 25 at 1:30.) . . . **LES TROYENS,** by Berlioz, with Françoise Pollet, Maria Ewing, Gary Lakes, Donald Kaasch, Thomas Hampson, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (Dec. 23 and Dec. 27 at 6:30, and Jan. 1 at 12:30.) . . . With Françoise Pollet, Carol Yahr, Paul Frey, Hong-Shen Li, Thomas Hampson, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (Jan. 4 at 6:30.) . . . **LA BOHÈME,** with Veronica



MISSONI UOMO

NEIMAN MARCUS - SELECTED STORES
Z90049 - BRENTWOOD

MARZOTTO USA CORP.
1290 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS
SUITE 1437
NEW YORK N.Y. 10104
TEL.212/5418855
FAX 212/7650589

fodere
Bemberg

THE NEW BONNEVILLE

Driver & Passenger Airbags

Anti-Lock Brakes

Traction Control*

Variable Effort Power Steering

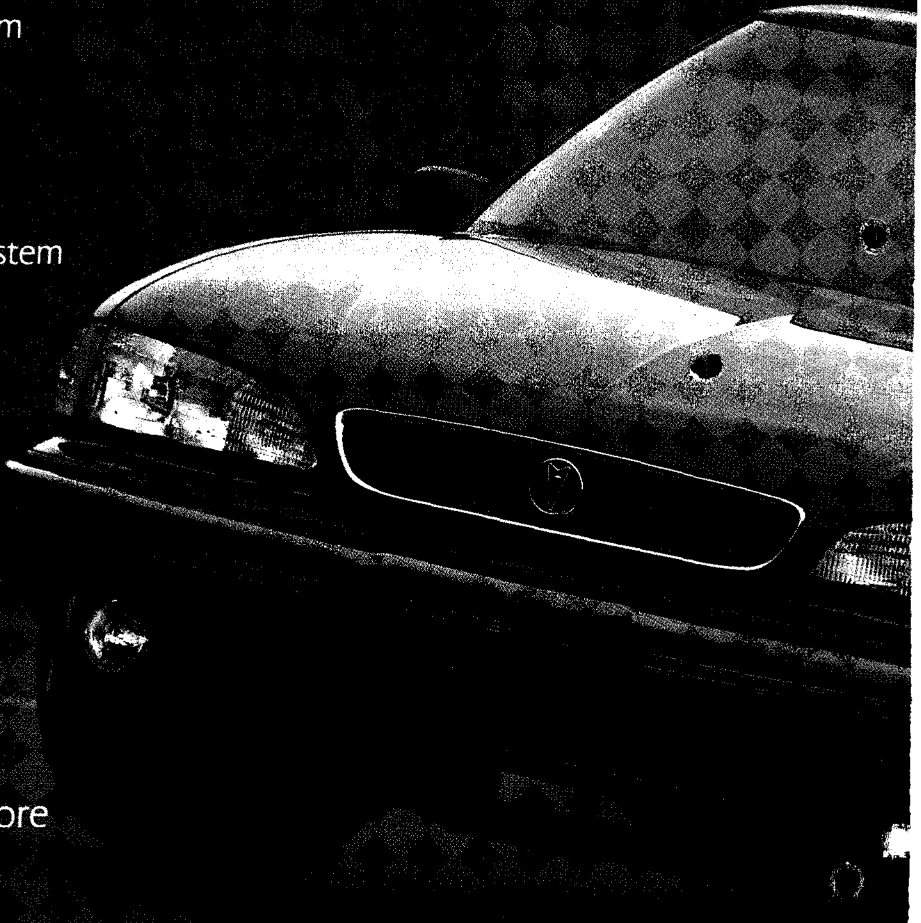
6-Speaker Sound System

Leather Seating Areas*

Theft-Deterrent Key System

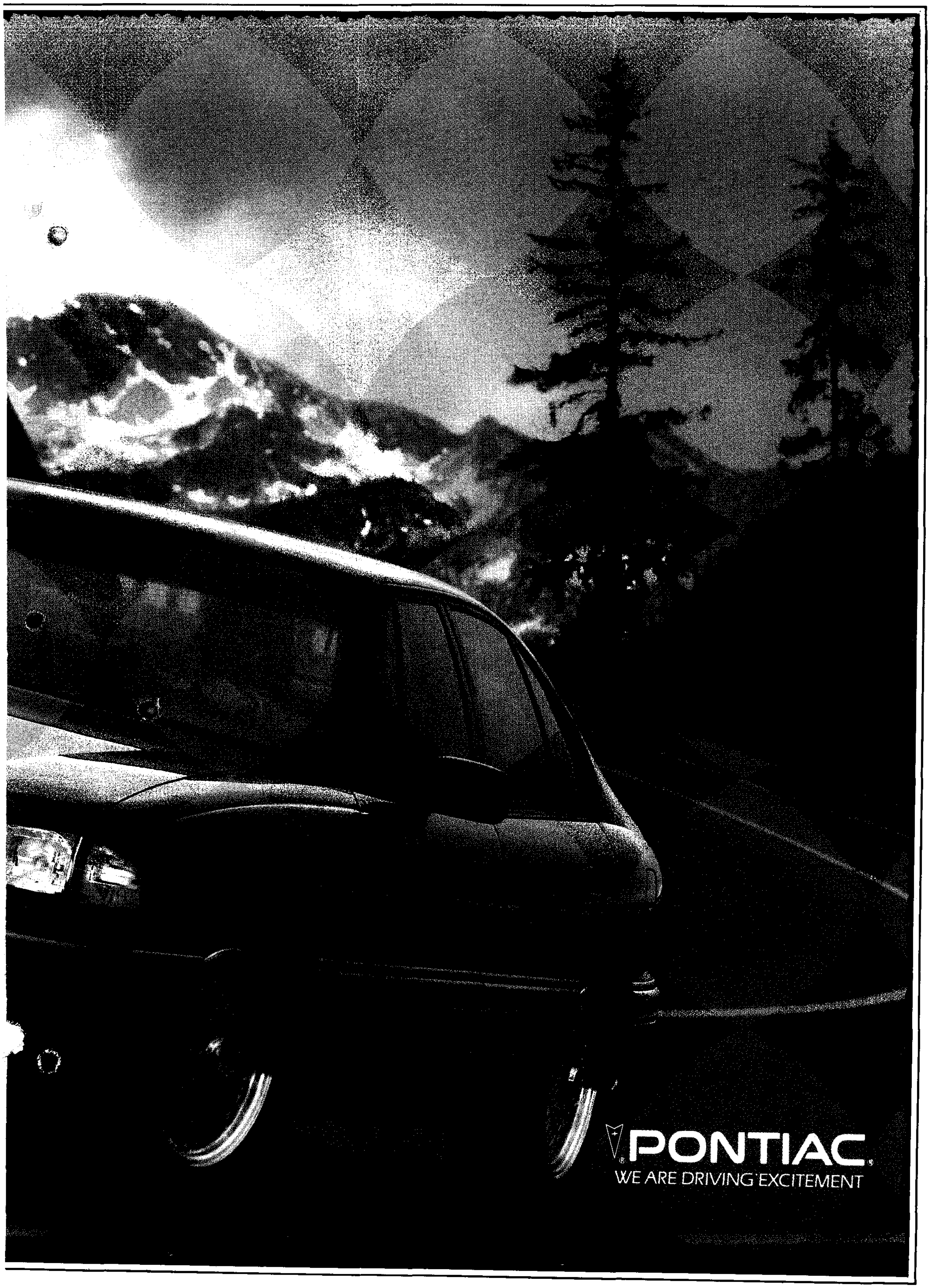
Remote Keyless Entry*

*Available Equipment



You could
spend thousands more
on a luxury import.
But why?

PONTIAC CARES with a 3-year/36,000-mile no-deductible bumper-to-bumper limited warranty (see your dealer for details), plus free 24-hour Roadside Assistance and Courtesy Transportation. Call 1-800-762-4900 for more product information and dealer locations. Bonneville® GM® Always wear safety belts, even with airbags. ©1993 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved.


PONTIAC
WE ARE DRIVING EXCITEMENT

AS PREFERRED
AS PARK AVENUE

Located in one of the world's most exclusive neighborhoods, it promises an enclave of quiet elegance.

Inquire about our special weekend rate starting at *$185* (includes parking or continental breakfast and late check-out).

THE REGENCY HOTEL

A Loews Hotel

540 Park Avenue, New York, New York,
(212) 759-4100
For reservations call the hotel directly,
your travel expert or (800) 243-1166

*Per room, per night. Taxes not included.
Available Friday, Saturday and Sunday.
Friday or Saturday arrival only. Effective through
December 31, 1993. Subject to availability.

AT&T In-Room Long Distance Service
Helping you along the way.℠

We're proud to offer AT&T In-room
Long Distance Service for your
AT&T Calling Card, AT&T
Universal Card and
operator-assisted calls.

CLASSICAL MUSIC–Cont'd

Villarroel, Gwynne Geyer, Fernando de la Mora, and Dwayne Croft; Carlo Rizzi. (Dec. 24 and Dec. 29 at 8.) . . . With Richard Leech as Rodolfo. (Jan. 1 at 8:30.) . . . MADAMA BUTTERFLY, with Diana Soviero, Yun Deng, Richard Leech, and Thomas Allen; Thomas Fulton. (Dec. 30 and Jan. 3 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

Opera Manhattan—Presenting the American première of Reynaldo Hahn's 1935 opera "Le Marchand de Venise," fully staged, with Gabriel Guimarães conducting an accompanying chamber ensemble. Featuring Rosemary Barenz as Portia, Robert Sapolsky as Bassanio, and Eduardo Chama as Shylock; sung in French, with English supertitles. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Dec. 27, Dec. 29, Jan. 3, and Jan. 5, all at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 315-3161.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Dec. 31 at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting. Dec. 29-30 at 8: Respighi's third suite of "Ancient Airs and Dances," Dohnányi's Suite in F-Sharp Major (a little-known work from the first decade of this century), and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps.". . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 8: A bubbly evening that ranges from Mozart's A-Major Rondo (K. 386, featuring pianist David Buechner) to lighter fare—some American (by Gottschalk, Gershwin, Bernstein, Leroy Anderson, Richard Rodgers, and Ron Nelson), some Viennese (by Emile Waldteufel and Johann Strauss, Jr.) . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 6:45: An hour-long concert comprising Respighi's third suite of "Ancient Airs and Dances" and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps."

Harlem School of the Arts Orchestra—With percussionist Max Roach, performing Frederick Tillis's "Festival Journey for Drum Set Solo and Orchestra," as well as seasonal favorites and bits of Bach and Haydn. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Dec. 22 at 12:15. No tickets necessary.)

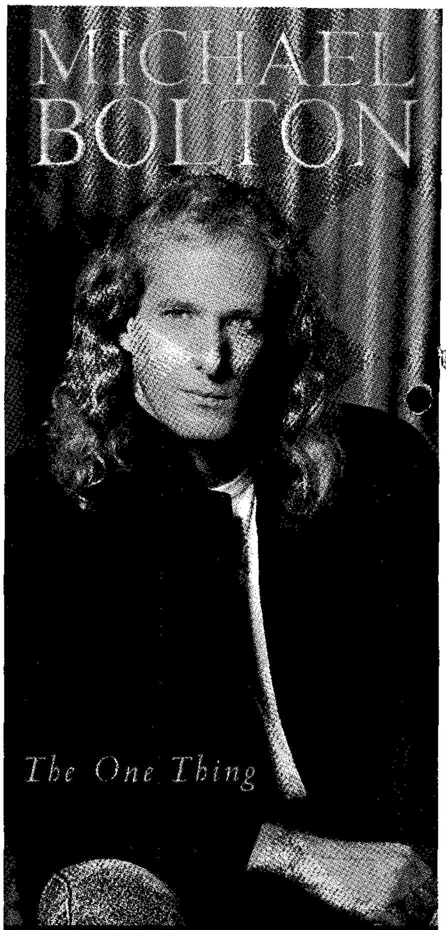
New York String Orchestra—For the twenty-fifth year, young musicians from across the country congregate during the holidays for intensive coaching and public performances. Jaime Laredo leads them in a pair of programs. Dec. 24 at 11 P.M.: Bach's First Orchestral Suite and Third "Brandenburg" Concerto, as well as concertos by Vivaldi, with featured violinists Pamela Frank, Gil Shaham, Todd Phillips, and Daniel Phillips. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 8: Barber's Adagio for Strings, Bach's D-Minor Concerto for Two Violins (featuring Isaac Stern and Mr. Laredo as soloists), Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 3 (with Mr. Stern), and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 (the "Italian"). (Carnegie Hall.)

P.D.Q. Bach—Peter Schickele guides his audience through an illuminating tour of eighteenth-century genres, stopping along the way to savor such works by the insufficiently forgotten Baroque master as the "Concerto for Two Pianos vs. Orchestra" (with Emanuel Ax competing alongside Mr. Schickele at the keyboards), the "Chaconne à Son Goût," "The Musical Sacrifice," and the ineffable "Gross Concerto." Jorge Mester will confront the New York Pick-Up Ensemble from the relatively safe distance of the podium. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 27-28 and Dec. 30 at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorus and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directs an all-Bach concert comprising two motets, the E-Major Harpsichord Concerto (featuring Edward Brewer), the Third "Brandenburg" Concerto, the Cantata No. 191 ("Gloria in Excelsis Deo"), and the A-Major Mass. (St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. Dec. 31 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4513.)

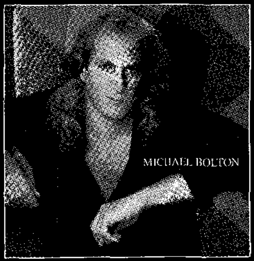
RECITALS

Linda Russell and Companie—Performing early-American Christmas music. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Dec. 22 at 6:30. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)



The One You
Can't Resist.

Ten new songs from the heart and soul of Michael Bolton. You've never felt it more deeply than with *"The One Thing,"* the new hit album from the two time Grammy-winning vocalist. Featuring the No. 1 smash *Said I Loved You...But I Lied* and *I'm Not Made Of Steel.*



Produced by Michael Bolton, Walter Afanasieff,
David Foster, and Robert John "Mutt" Lange.
Direction: Louis Levin Management

COLUMBIA

"Columbia" Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada./
© 1993 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

J&R MUSIC WORLD

To Order Pre-Recorded Cassettes and Compact Discs 24 Hours a Day,
7 Days a Week, Call Toll Free 1-800-551-7200
Plus Shipping and Handling

Bargemusic—Dec. 23-24 at 7:30: New York's only floating concert hall launches its annual festival of Bach's "Brandenburg" Concertos by presenting No. 1, No. 2, and No. 4. . . . ¶ Dec. 30-31 at 7:30: The festival concludes with No. 3, No. 5, and No. 6; New Year's Eve is a benefit performance. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061.)

Île de la Cité—Not the one in Paris but New York's own northerly maritime community, where chamber music can be heard every Sunday morning at 11. Dec. 26. The Cosmopolitan Chamber Ensemble completes its survey of Bach's "Brandenburg" Concertos by playing the Fourth and Fifth of the set. . . . ¶ Jan. 2: Christmas and New Year's music from South America, featuring flutist Marco Granados and his El Dorado quartet. (*Le* Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

LISTENING BOOTH

Cleveland Orchestra Seventy-fifth Anniversary Compact Disc Edition (privately issued by the orchestra; call 1-800 686-1141; $180 plus shipping). Year's end invites nostalgia, and the Cleveland Orchestra supplies seventy-five years' worth in a ten-disk anniversary set. The youngest of America's traditional Big Five orchestras, the Cleveland may have maintained the most consistently lofty average of all over the years. These performances, many from the group's concert archives, chart the orchestra's evolution through the strikingly different tastes of its seven leaders. It's no snub to Artur Rodzinski, Christoph von Dohnányi, or the others that pride of place (a full four disks) has been reserved for George Szell's twenty-four-year tenure of refined taste and obsessive perfectionism. Schumann's "Introduction and Allegro" (intense, with pianist Rudolf Serkin, in 1959), Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin" (all clarity, in 1965), Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" (infinitely poignant, sung by Janet Baker and Richard Lewis in early 1970, six months before the conductor's death)—American orchestral playing during those decades can't get any better than this.

Music by George Szell (privately issued by the Cleveland Institute of Music; call 1-216 791-5000). Precocious lad, that George Szell. Before he became a teen-ager, he had appeared as piano soloist with many leading orchestras and composed three hundred pieces. The three works presented here—two orchestral works (played impressively by the Cleveland Institute of Music Orchestra) and a piano quintet—speak for his abundant talent. They're his first compositions ever to be recorded. If you didn't know better, you'd guess that Szell's brilliantly orchestrated Variations on an Original Theme (Op. 4, from 1915) was written by Richard Strauss in a neoclassical mood on a very good day.

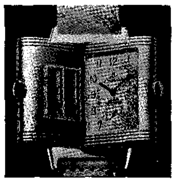
Salon Soirées—Informal Sunday-evening music-making in an upstairs music room. Dec. 26 at 6 and 8: The Cosmopolitan Chamber Ensemble offers Bach's "Brandenburg" Concertos No. 4 and No. 5. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6 and 8: A selection of Ilan Rechtman's "Jazzicals," classical-and-jazz-piano hybrids, performed by Bora Kim and the composer. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Francis Heilbut—Pianist, performing Schumann's "Kinderszenen" and Schubert's six "Moments Musicaux." (Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. Dec. 29 at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

Joanna Porackova and Tim Tobin—Soprano and tenor, performing songs, arias, and duets by Schumann, Verdi, Leoncavallo, Wagner, and Strauss. Presented by the Wagner Society of New York. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Jan. 2 at 3. For information about tickets, call 749-4561.)

REVERSO.
AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1931.

THE LEGEND LIVES ON – IN THE REVERSO "GRANDE TAILLE". OUR MASTER-WATCHMAKERS NEVER REST ON THEIR LAURELS. NEITHER ON OUR 160-YEAR TRADITION OF MAKING THE FINEST MECHANICAL MOVEMENTS, NOR ON THE FAME OF THE REVERSO'S REVERSIBLE CASE, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN MADE FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS IN THE CONSISTENT PURITY OF THE ART DÉCO STYLE. THE LARGER REVERSO "GRANDE TAILLE" ALREADY POSSESSES ALL THE NECESSARY QUALITIES TO BECOME A HIGH-VALUE COLLECTOR'S WATCH.

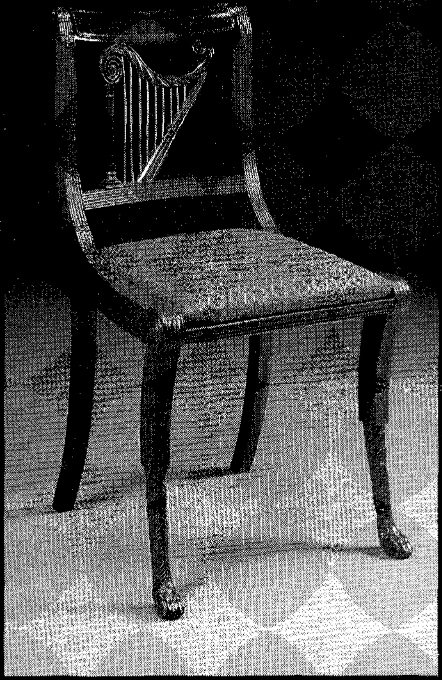


AN INGENIOUSLY SIMPLE MECHANISM ALLOWS THE CASE OF THE REVERSO "GRANDE TAILLE" TO BE TURNED OVER AND REVERSED. WHEN ENGRAVED WITH YOUR MONOGRAM, THE REVERSO REVEALS WITH EXQUISITE STYLE THAT IT IS THE ONLY WATCH WITH TWO FACES.

JAEGER-LECOULTRE

WEMPE
Exquisite Timepieces & Jewelry
700 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
TELEPHONE (212) 397-90 00

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT WATCHES FROM JAEGER-LECOULTRE, OR FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE, CONTAINING MORE THAN 200 PAGES WITH DETAILED INFORMATION ABOUT JAEGER-LECOULTRE'S HISTORY AND PRODUCTS, CONTACT:
JAEGER-LECOULTRE, P. O. BOX 1608, WINCHESTER, VA 22604, TELEPHONE (800) JLC-TIME.



Americana

Important American Furniture, Silver, Prints, Folk Art and Decorative Arts Including the Collections of Ronald S. Kane, James McArthur Thomson, and John A. Callahan
Saturday, January 22 at 10 am

The Charles H. Carpenter, Jr. Collection: 19th Century American Silver
Friday, January 21 at 10 am

The Herbert and Sylvia Jacobs Collection of 18th and Early 19th Century English Pottery
Monday, January 24 at 10 am

Auctions to be held in our galleries at 502 Park Avenue, New York, New York. Viewing begins January 15. For further information, please contact John Hays (American Decorative Arts) at 212/546-1181, Jody Wilkie (Pottery) at 212/606-0495 or Jeanne Sloane (Silver) at 212/546-1153.

A Classical carved mahogany klismos sidechair, attributed to Duncan Phyfe, New York, 1810-1820. Estimate: $40,000-60,000

CHRISTIE'S 1766

CHRISTIE'S

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Thomas the Tank Engine—As part of the Holiday Garden Railways exhibition at the New York Botanical Garden, Thomas the Tank Engine, of literary and public-TV fame, is visiting the Bronx, and kids can get their pictures taken with him. The exhibition also includes seven large-scale model trains. (Bronx Park. 1-718 817-8700. Dec. 22-24 and Dec. 26, from 10 to 4.)

Sesame Street Live—"When I Grow Up," a new musical stage show with many familiar faces from the 'hood: Big Bird, Cookie Monster, Bert and Ernie, et al. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. Through Jan. 9. For information about show times and tickets, call 465-6000.)

Sharon, Lois & Bram—This trio of entertainers will sing songs from a new album, "Candles, Snow & Mistletoe," as well as pieces from their repertoire. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. Dec. 26 at 1:30 and 4:30 and Dec. 27-30 at 11 and 2:30.)

"The Nutcracker"—New York Theatre Ballet's one-hour version of the Tchaikovsky classic. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Dec. 26 and Dec. 30 at 1 and 3:30; Dec. 27 and Dec. 29 at 1 and 6:30; and Dec. 28 and Dec. 31 at 11 and 1.)

Children's Museum of Manhattan—Dec. 26 at 1 and 3: Storytelling revolving around the African-American cultural holiday of Kwanza. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 1 and 3: The Amazin' Shawnee entertains the crowd with puppets and magic tricks. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 1 and 3: Puerto Rico's lively bomba and plena music, by Grupo Folklórico Gwoamba. (212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234.)

Family Theatre Festival—The current lineup includes the following shows. Call the numbers listed for schedule and ticket information. Annie Golden in "Hit the Lights!," a pop-rap musical. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Through Jan. 9.) . . . ¶ "The Gift of the Magi," a musical adaptation of the O. Henry story. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Dec. 26-27 at 2.) . . . ¶ "The Wise Men of Chelm," Sandra Fenichel Asher's play based on stories from Jewish folklore. (Open Eye, 270 W. 89th St. 769-4143. Through Jan. 2.) . . . ¶ "Robyn & Roadie's Super Holiday World," described as a "video game come to life." (Tada!, 120 W. 28th St. 627-1732. Through Jan. 30.) . . . ¶ "Olaf," a fairy-tale-like musical comedy. (Emily Dickinson Theatre, P.S. 75, 735 West End Ave., at 95th St. 666-1716. Through Jan. 16.) . . . ¶ "Babes in Toyland," presented by Theatreworks/USA. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 677-5959. Jan. 2 at 10:30 and 12:30.) . . . ¶ For a complete brochure on the Festival, which continues through Feb. 27, call 330-8862.

More Family Theatre—Three shows, running in repertory from Dec. 26 through Jan. 2: A musical adaptation of Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper"; "Legends of the Old South," stories of Brer Rabbit and friends as told by Eric Krebs; and the Shoestring Players' "Ladders to the Sky," which incorporates mime and dance. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

And Don't Forget—The American Indian Dance Theatre at the Joyce, through Jan. 2 (242-0800). . . . ¶ The Big Apple Circus at Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park, through Jan. 9 (268-0055). . . . ¶ The musical "Annie Warbucks" at the Variety Arts (239-6200).

SPORTS

Champagne on the Run—Was 1993 as bad a year for you as it was for, say, Joey Buttafuoco? Why not leave it in the dust? The New York Road Runners Club Midnight Run starts on Dec. 31 in Central Park at W. 67th St., near Tavern on the Green, at midnight and ends after five miles in a whole new year. Participants will have a choice of water or champagne midway through the race. For more information, call 860-4455.

HOME TEAMS

Giants—The Giants wrap up the regular season against the Dallas Cowboys on Jan. 2.

Jets—The Jets are away for the remainder of the season.

Knicks—Vs. the Boston Celtics, Dec. 23 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Nets, Dec. 28 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Bullets, Dec. 30 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, Jan. 2 at 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the Orlando Magic, Jan. 4 at 7:30.

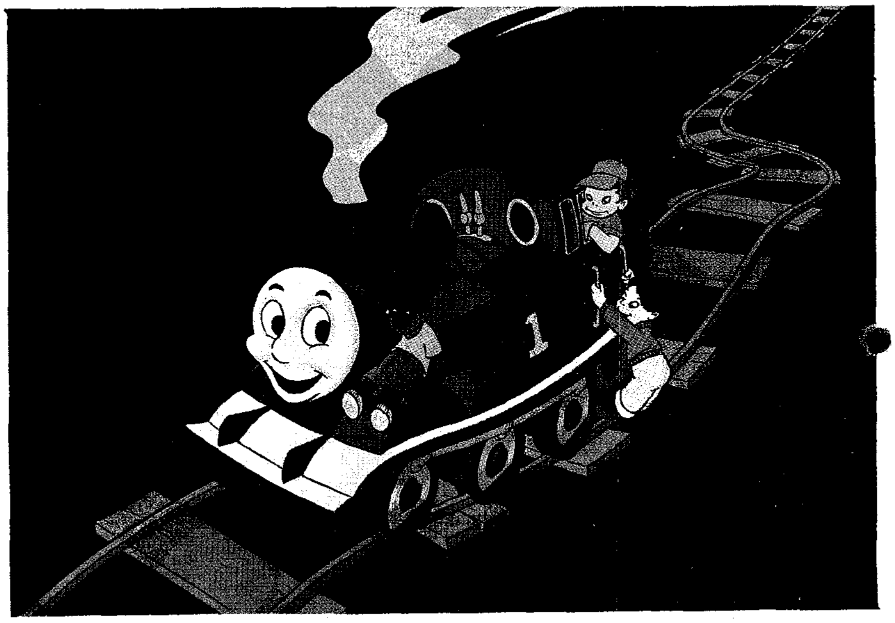
Nets—Vs. the Atlanta Hawks, Dec. 26 at 6.

Rangers—Vs. the Devils, Dec. 26. . . . ¶ Vs. the Florida Panthers, Jan. 3. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Dec. 26 at 7:10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Anaheim Mighty Ducks, Dec. 28 at 7:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Hartford Whalers, Jan. 1 at 1:10.

Devils—Vs. the Toronto Maple Leafs, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Vs. the Hartford Whalers, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Vs. the Islanders, Jan. 4. (Game time, 7:35.)

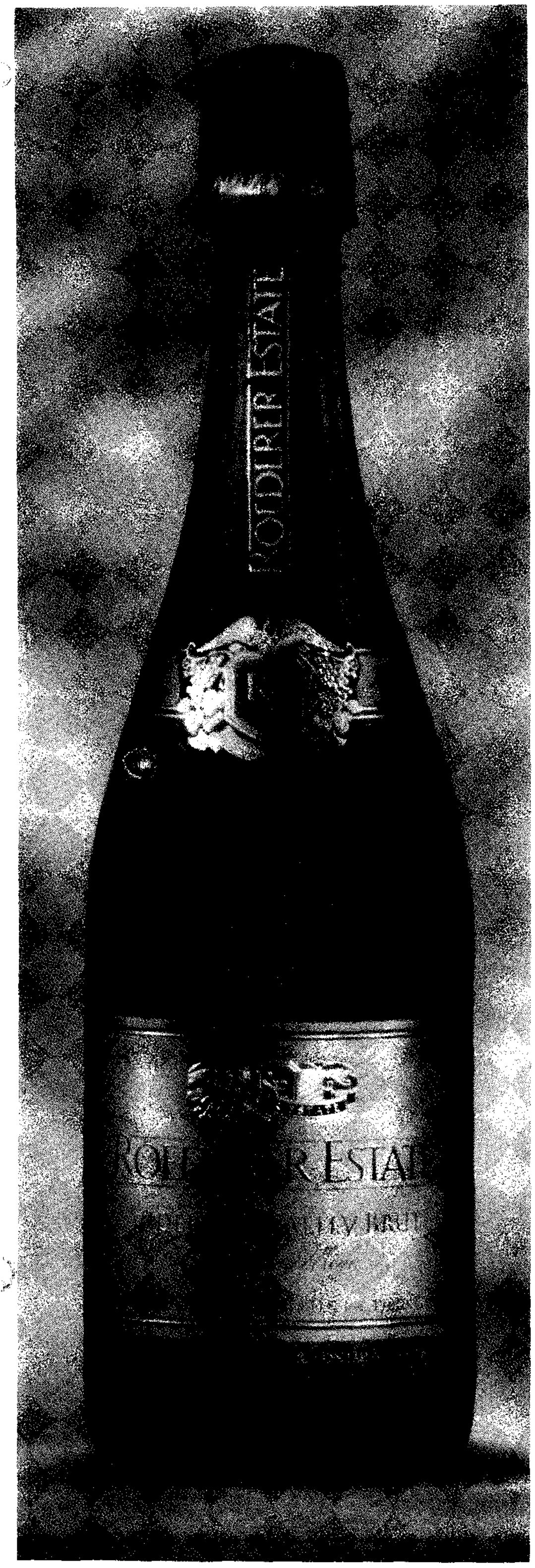
(The Jets and the Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Knicks and the Rangers at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Nets and the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)



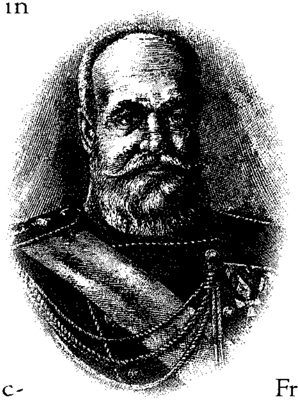
MICHEL PIRUS

Thomas the Tank Engine at the New York Botanical Garden.

Only one person outside the family knows our winemaking secrets. And he's dead.



His name is Alexander III, Tsar of Russia. A man with a passion for romance, and a love for Louis Roederer's Champagne that was equally unquenchable. So unquenchable, in fact, that in 1892, the Tsar was presented with the book that explained Louis Roederer's winemaking process in minute detail.



Today, you'll find Louis Roederer's descendants still following the age-old methods in Anderson Valley, California, an area chosen because of its soil and climate. Methods that produce what Tom Stevenson in *Decanter Magazine* calls "the first world-class sparkling wine outside of Champagne."

Of course, we attribute Roederer Estate's success to many factors. Such as our exclusive use of estate-grown Pinot Noir and Chardonnay grapes, picked at the optimum point of ripeness.

Then for a perfectly balanced cuvée our winemasters blend in reserve wines, aged on premise in huge Center of France oak casks. This allows the "immense style, depth, and finesse," as Anita Issen Mizner of *Agenda New York* put it, to come through in every bottle.

The last reason, no doubt, would be the recipe itself. A coveted secret. One that provides a taste described by *The Wine Spectator* as "lean, crisp and elegant." But we're not about to share it. And neither is old Alexander.

ROEDERER ESTATE

©1992 Roederer U.S., Inc. Member CM/CV Society

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Seeing Stars—The Hayden Planetarium presents its annual show, "The Star of Christmas," which explores the question "What led the Three Wise Men to Bethlehem?" (Central Park W. at 79th St. Dec. 22-24 at 1:30 and 3:30; Dec. 26 and Jan. 1-2 at 1, 3, and 5; and Dec. 27-30 at noon, 2 and 4. Tickets at the door on the days of the show.)

Christmas on the Prairie—Garrison Keillor closes out his live Saturday Town Hall radio broadcasts of "A Prairie Home Companion" on Christmas at 5:45. Musical guests will be Butch Thompson, Lynne Thigpen, Tom Paxton, and the West End Klezmorim. (123 W. 43rd St. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Steppin' Out—Calling all débutantes. Starch your petticoats, tighten those corsets, and board the Staten Island Ferry for Richmond Town and the Christmas Cotillion. You don't know how to do the Baron Steuben? Dance instruction will be provided. (441 Clarke Ave., S.I. 1-718 351-1617. Dec. 29, from 8 to 11.)

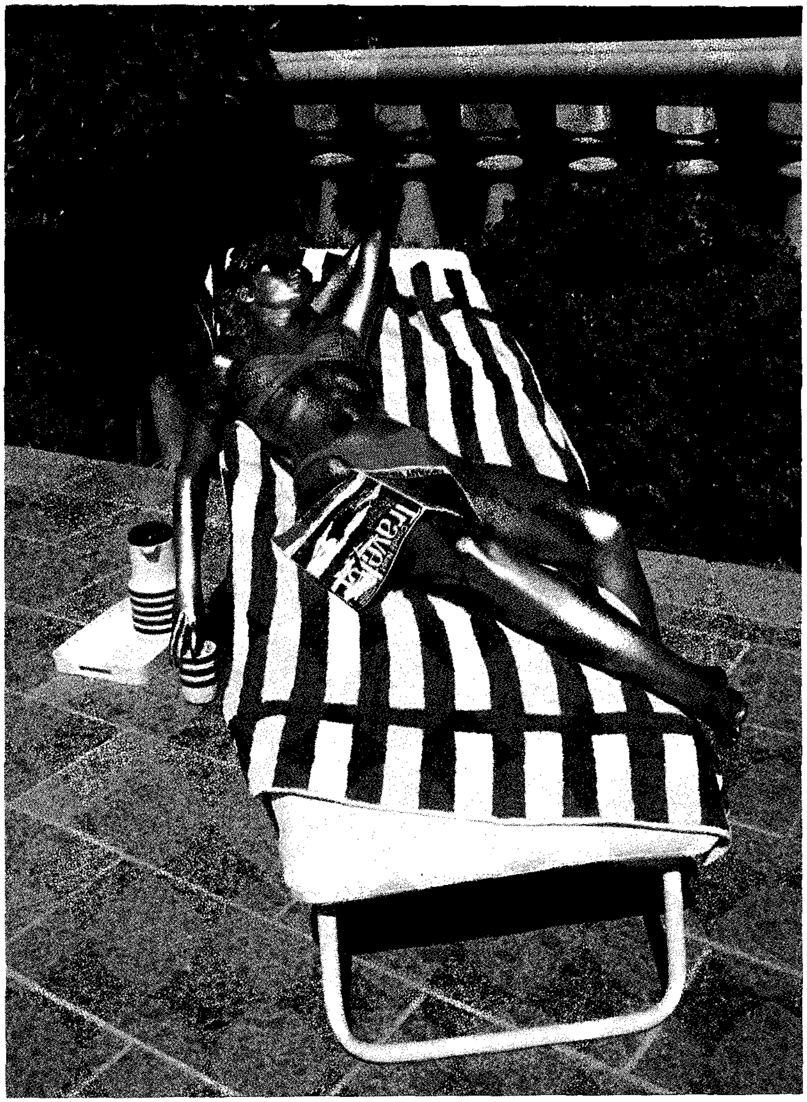
Kwanza and Three Kings Day—Dec. 30-31, from 11 to 3: The African-American holiday Kwanza (the word is Swahili for "the first fruit of the harvest") will be celebrated with storytelling, doll-making, printmaking, and lighting of the kinora candles . . . . *Jan. 2, from 1 to 5: An afternoon of* activities related to the Caribbean holiday Three Kings Day. (Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse. For reservations, call 1-718 681-6000, ext. 41. No charge beyond museum contribution.)

Cowboys, Romance, and Cute Animals—What more could you ask for on New Year's Eve? It's the "First Night New York '94" party, and the purchase of a reveller's button will buy you the privilege of two-stepping at the top of the Empire State Building, waltzing at Grand Central Terminal, feeding llamas in Bryant Park, and many other alcohol-free activities. Festivities begin on Dec. 31 at 11 A.M. and wind down fourteen hours later. For more information, call 922-9393.

Great Balls of Fire—The boroughs will be ablaze with fireworks as Old Man 1993 limps away. Look skyward on Dec. 31 at midnight if you're in the vicinity of Central Park West and 67th St., the South Street Seaport, or Prospect Park, Brooklyn, near Grand Army Plaza.

Social Call—The nineteenth century beckons: Old Merchant's House Museum invites you to a traditional New Year's visiting day. (29 E. 4th St. Jan. 1, from 1 to 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the event.)

J. SEWARD JOHNSON, JR.



"The Power of Suggestion" Bronze, Lifesize

SCULPTURE PLACEMENT, LTD.

P.O. BOX 9709, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20016
TELEPHONE 202.362.9310 FACSIMILE 202.944.4416

CATALOG AVAILABLE

Epic Poetry—The Poetry Project initiates the New Year *with a ten-hour marathon of three-*minute readings and performances by such downtown diehards as Penny Arcade, Jim Carroll, Homer Erotic, John Giorno, Judith Malina, Ron Padgett, and Larry Rivers. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Jan. 1, from 2 to midnight. Tickets at the door on the day of the event.)

You Want More?—On the twelfth night of Christmas my true love gave to me, tickets to the Boar's Head and Yule Log Festival at the *Cathedral of St. John the Divine. This Twelfth* Night celebration puts the finishing touches on the holiday season with the world's largest mincemeat pie, bagpipers, singing, acrobatics, and a mummers' play about St. George and the Dragon. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 66[illegible] 2133. Jan. 1 at 3:30 and 7:30, and Jan. 2 at 3:30.)

O Tannenbaum—Check out Rockefeller Center's eighty-five-foot Norway spruce. (Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Through Jan. 3.) . . . ¶ See the Christmas tree and eighteenth-century Neapolitan crèche at the Metropolitan Museum. (Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Through Jan. 9. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.) . . . ¶ Origami dinosaurs, among other critters, bedeck the American Museum of Natural History's tree. (Central Park W. at 79th St. Through Jan. 9. Closed Christmas.) . . . ¶ The Chorus Tree at the South Street Seaport is home base for the St. Cecilia Chorus. Twice daily, some forty voices sing songs of the season. (Market Square, Water and Fulton Sts. Thursdays and Fridays at 6:30 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3 and 4. Through Jan. 2. No performances on Dec. 24-25 and Dec. 31.) . . . ¶ Lincoln Center has trimmed a tree. (Fountain Plaza. Through Jan. 6.) . . . ¶ The New York Botanical Garden displays eighteen miniature trees decorated by landscape and floral designers. (Main Building Rotunda, Bronx Park. Through Jan. 2. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Blown-glass Keystone Cops, zeppelins, and Dresden figures from the *Forbes* collection ornament three trees. (62 Fifth Ave. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, from 10 to 4. Closed Christmas. Through Dec. 31. No tickets necessary.)

Squaresville—Brooklyn artists have created fourteen quilts, including a holiday model whose patchwork squares were ma[illegible]by more than a hundred local children. (Brooklyn Botanic Garden, Steinhardt Conservatory, 1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. Tuesdays through Sundays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, from 10 to 4. Through Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)

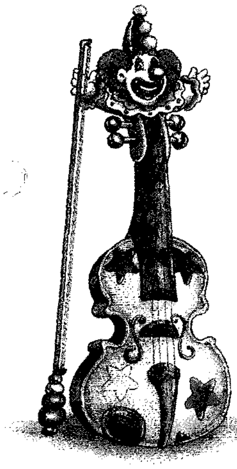
EWNY—The New York Art Theatre Institute will present an adaptation of Edith Wharton's novella "Old New York," in the double parlor of the Old Merchant's House Museum, a preserved 1832 row house suited to the period. With music composed by Henry Threadgill. (29 E. 4th St. For tickets, call 226-6211. Dec. 29-31 and Jan. 1 at 8 and Jan. 2 at 3.)

The Celt Belt—As any leprechaun will tell you, there's more to Irish music than "Danny Boy." The video documentary "From Shore to Shore: Irish Traditional Music in New York City" details the influence of Emerald Isle music here in the Big Apple, since the turn of the century. Sponsored by Glucksman Ireland House. (Deutsches Haus, New York University, 42 Washington Mews. Dec. 22 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—Dec. 26 at 5: Spencer Holst and Mary Ella Holst will read from their own work. (Biblio[illegible] 317 Church St. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 7: Lisa Fugard and Beth Jafek will read from their own fiction. (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

Holiday Walks & Tours—Dec. 23 at 11 and 5:30: The Municipal Art Society will trace traditional Christmas decorations in New York's lobbies and store windows to Victorian England. For more information, call 935-3960. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at noon: Big Onion Walking Tours will track three centuries of Jewish settlement and life on the Lower East Side. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 6: New Year's Eve in Chinatown with Adventure on a Shoestring. For more information, call 265-2663.

Heard on a conventional radio, a priceless Stradivarius might as well be a child's toy.



Two hundred years before radio, Antonio Stradivari was a crafter of violins. To this day, his violins are unsurpassed in workmanship, tonal excellence, and beauty.

A Stradivarius sounds like no other violin. Unless you happen to be listening on a conventional radio. Conventional radios are limited in their ability to reproduce lifelike sound because of their small size. They can make a Stradivarius sound thin, metallic – almost like a toy.

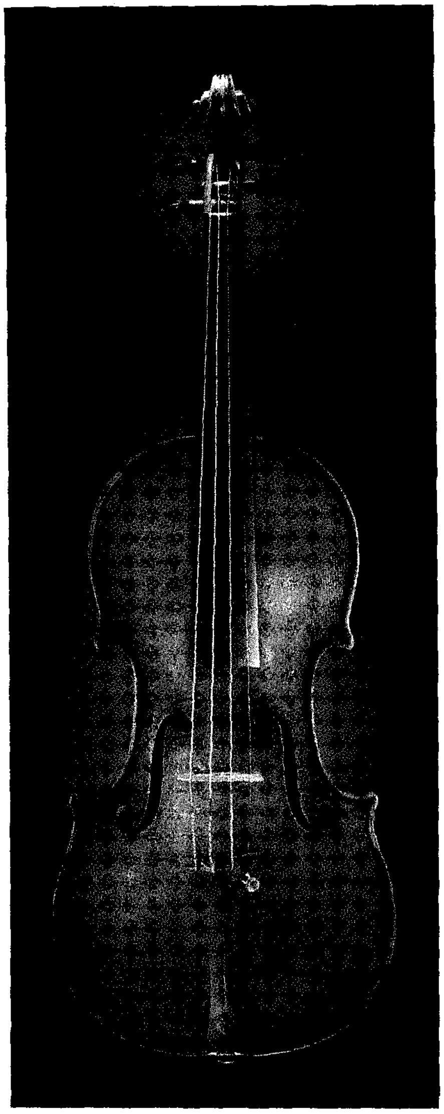
Antonio wouldn't be pleased.

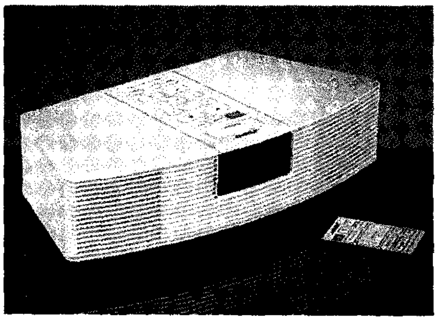
Introducing the Wave® radio

Now Bose® – the most respected name in audio – introduces a new concept and a new technology for radio.

The Wave® radio combines an acoustic waveguide with a radio receiver to produce sound that ordinary radios just can't match. The primary benefit is apparent – better sound.

We believe the acoustic waveguide speaker to be one of the most significant advancements in the history of radio. So significant, in fact, it earned the team of Dr. Amar Bose and Dr. William Short the prestigious national "Inventor of the Year" award.





The Bose Wave® radio comes with credit card size remote control, dual alarms, adjustable dial brightness – and sound Popular Science magazine calls "startling." Connects easily to your CD player, TV, or VCR.

Music
The Perfect Gift

Hearing is believing

Listen to the Wave® radio. You'll hear sound quality far beyond anything you've ever experienced from a conventional radio. And you'll understand why at least one belongs in your home.

Only available directly from Bose.

A lifetime of music enjoyment for only $349

Try the Wave® radio for 14 days. If you love it, keep it. If not, return it for a full refund. Period.

Call toll-free: 1-800-845-BOSE Ext. 317C

(1-800-845-2673)

Order by phone. For more information call or send this coupon.

Name (Please Print) ______________________

Address ______________________

____

City ______________________

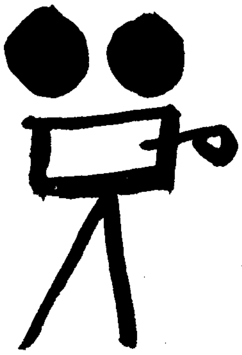
State ________ Zip ______________

Phone (   ) ______________________

Send to: Bose Corporation, The Mountain,
Dept. CDD, Framingham, MA 01701-9168

© 1993 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending. JN 94411

BOSE®
Better sound through research®



THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1
2	3	4				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 49.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "The Trial" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 3: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 4: "Faraway, So Close" (directed by Wim Wenders; in German).
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (†).
Theatre 6: "Naked" (Mike Leigh), with David Thewlis.

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Valley of Abraham" (Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese). (The theatre will be closed Dec. 25, Dec. 27, Jan. 1, and Jan. 3.)

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Perfect World" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Saint of Fort Washington" (Tim Hunter), with Matt Dillon and Danny Glover.

VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Remains of the Day" (†).
Theatre 2: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill), with Wes Studi.
Theatre 3: "Addams Family Values" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 5: "Geronimo: An American Legend."
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 24: "The Remains of the Day" (†). From Dec. 25: "Grumpy Old Men" (Donald Petrie).
Theatre 7: Through Dec. 24: "The Pelican Brief" (†). From Dec. 25: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 24: "Peking Opera Blues" (1986, Tsui Hark; in Cantonese).
From Dec. 25: "The Legend of Fong Sai-Yuk" (Corey Yuen Kwai; in Cantonese).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
Theatre 3: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 4: "The Summer House" (Waris Hussein), with Joan Plowright, Julie Walters, Jeanne Moreau, and Lena Headey.
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 24: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†). From Dec. 25: "Batman: Mask of the Phantasm," an animated film.
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 24: "Bank Robber" (Nick Mead), with Patrick Dempsey and Lisa Bonet. From Dec. 25: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos).
Theatre 7: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Perfect World" (†).
Theatre 3: "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (Lasse Hallström).
Theatre 4: "A Dangerous Woman" (†).
Theatre 5: "Wayne's World 2" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 24: "A Perfect World" (†). From Dec. 25: "Grumpy Old Men" (Donald Petrie).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Beethoven's 2nd" (†).

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee). From Dec. 25: "Grumpy Old Men" (Donald Petrie).
Theatre 2: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wayne's World 2" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).

34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 2: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill), with Wes Studi.
Theatre 3: "Addams Family Values" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story," an animated film; and "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).

EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Farewell My Concubine" (†).

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Deception" (Graeme Clifford).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World 2" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 24: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
From Dec. 25: "Batman: Mask of the Phantasm," an animated film, with the voices of Kevin Conroy, Efrem Zimbalist Jr., and Mark Hamill.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Six Degrees of Separation" (Fred Schepisi), with Stockard Channing.
Theatre 2: "My Life" (Bruce Joel Rubin).

ticket HOLDERS
ticket BUYERS

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek). From Dec. 25: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos).
Theatre 2: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 3: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story," an animated film; and "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).
Theatre 2: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 3: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill), with Wes Studi.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 24: "Schindler's List" (†). From Dec. 25: "Grumpy Old Men" (Donald Petrie).
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 28: "Schindler's List" (†). From Dec. 29: "In the Name of the Father" (Jim Sheridan).
Theatre 6: "Wrestling Ernest Hemingway" (Randa Haines), with Robert Divall and Richard Harris.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "A Perfect World" (†).
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 28: "The Piano" (†).
From Dec. 29: "Shadowlands" (Richard Attenborough).

NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Pelican Brief" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Joy Luck Club" (†).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (Lasse Hallström), with Johnny Depp abd Hykuette Lewis.

EAST 85TH STREET, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story," an animated film.

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).
Theatre 2: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill), with Wes Studi.
Theatre 2: "Addams Family Values" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wayne's World 2" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 6: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†).
Theatre 7: "A Perfect World" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†). From Dec. 25: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 28: "Famine-33" (directed by Oles Yanchuk; in Ukrainian). From Dec. 29: "Atlantis" (Luc Besson).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "The War Room" (D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus), a documentary.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World 2" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dangerous Game" (Abel Ferrara), with Harvey Keitel, Madonna, and James Russo.

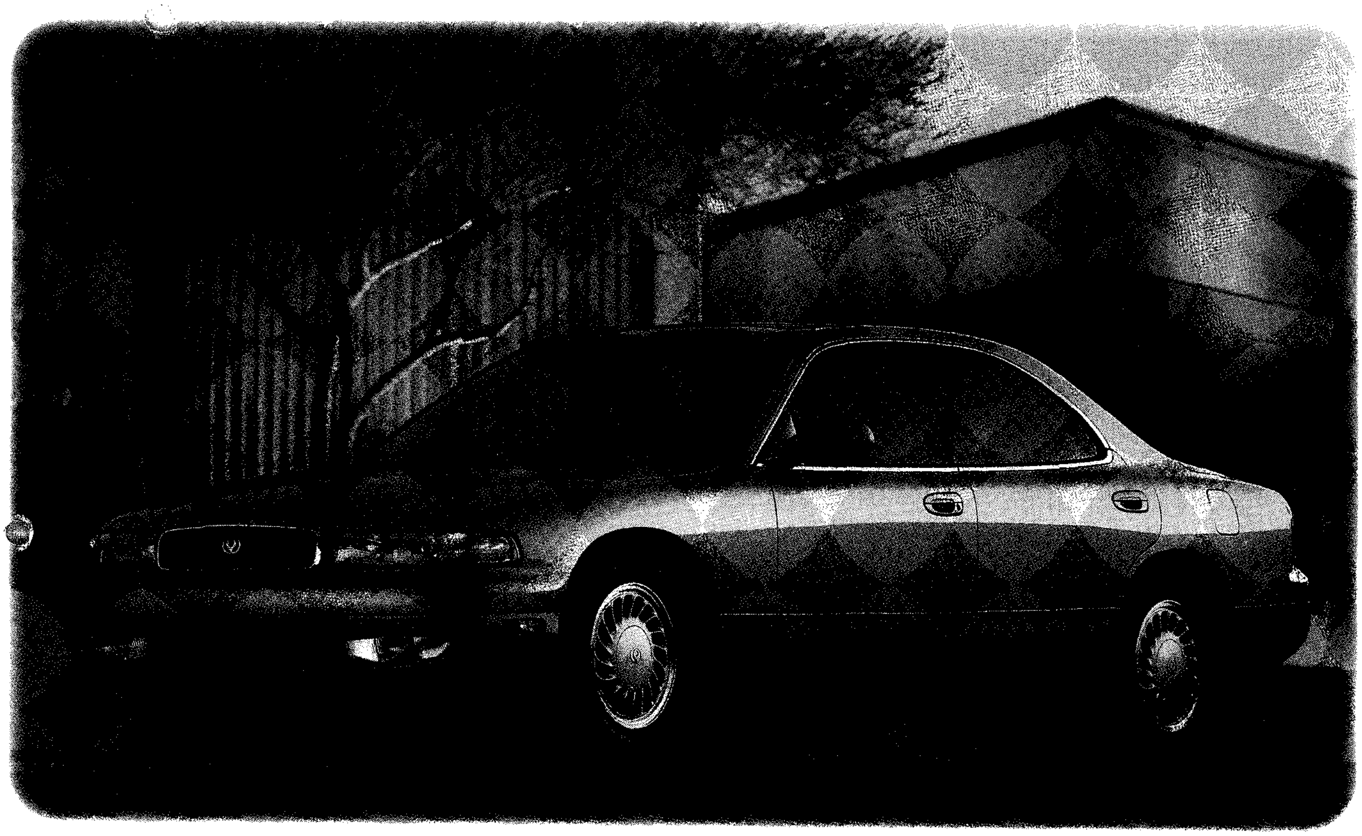
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Spike and Mike's Festival of Animation '93.
Theatre 2: "The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).
Theatre 3: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).
Theatre 4: "The Hawk" (David Hayman).

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).
Theatre 2: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill), with Wes Studi.
Theatre 3: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†).
Theatre 4: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 5: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Remains of the Day" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 8: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).
Theatre 9: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).

It uses sunlight to cool you.
Air to protect you.
And it's always thinking of you.

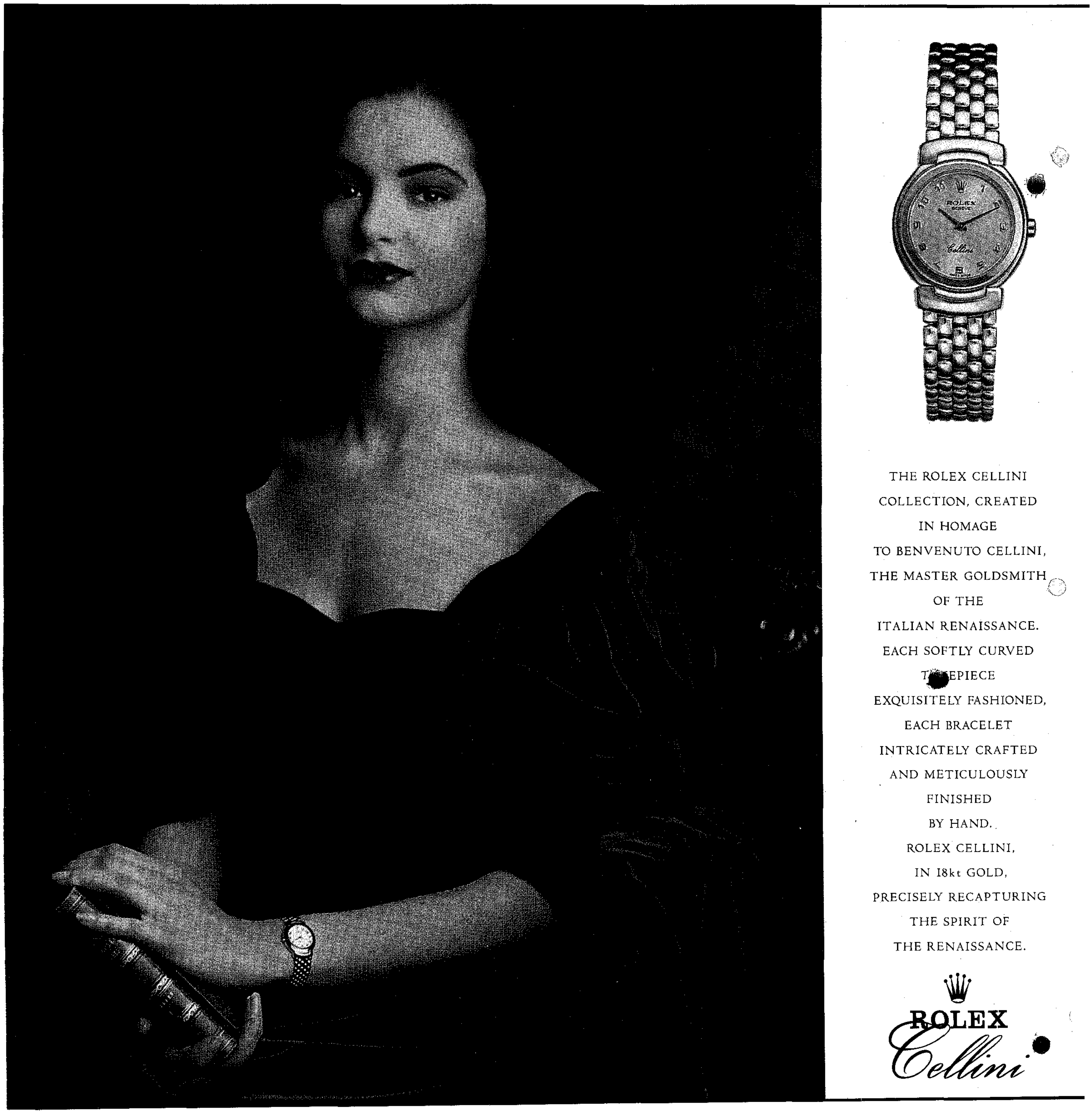
The Mazda 929 In a category of automobile where the machine so often selfishly monopolizes the attention, there is one luxury sedan that's surprisingly sensitive to the needs of its driver. ❖ The Mazda 929. ❖ Thanks to an available Solar Powered Ventilation System that helps cool the cabin while it's parked, the 929 makes you feel welcome from the moment you get in. ❖ Driver's- and passenger's-side air bags are ready to help protect you on the road. ❖ Why, it even remembers to defog the windows when you turn on the windshield wipers. ❖ Of course, the 929 also offers the unflustered performance that discerning drivers expect from a fine car. The engine, with 193 horsepower, is generous. And the suspension thoughtfully adapts to cope with the alternating demands of monotonous interstate or treacherous, serpentine back roads. ❖ So before you purchase a luxury sedan, we urge you to give some serious thought to the Mazda 929. After all, it would do the same for you.

mazda
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.®



Standard features include 4-wheel disc brakes with Anti-lock Brake System (ABS), 3.0L, DOHC, 24-valve V6 engine, automatic climate control, power moonroof and a 36-month/50,000-mile, no-deductible, "bumper-to-bumper" limited warranty. See dealer for limited-warranty details. For a free brochure on the 929 or any new Mazda, call 1-800-639-1000. © 1993 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.

500 YEARS AGO, TRUE CONNOISSEURS OWNED A WORK OF ART BY CELLINI. THEY STILL CAN.



THE ROLEX CELLINI
COLLECTION, CREATED
IN HOMAGE
TO BENVENUTO CELLINI,
THE MASTER GOLDSMITH
OF THE
ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.
EACH SOFTLY CURVED
TIMEPIECE
EXQUISITELY FASHIONED,
EACH BRACELET
INTRICATELY CRAFTED
AND METICULOUSLY
FINISHED
BY HAND.
ROLEX CELLINI,
IN 18kt GOLD,
PRECISELY RECAPTURING
THE SPIRIT OF
THE RENAISSANCE.

ROLEX
Cellini

TOURNEAU®
New York • Geneva • Palm Beach • Bal Harbour • Costa Mesa

THE TOURNEAU POLICY
BUY · SELL · TRADE

NEW YORK ☐ MADISON AVE.- 52ND ST. ☐ MADISON AVE. - 59TH ST ☐ 34TH ST.-7TH AVE.
FLORIDA ☐ PALM BEACH - WORTH AVE. ☐ BAL HARBOUR - BAL HARBOUR SHOPS **CALIFORNIA** ☐ COSTA MESA - SOUTH COAST PLAZA
Call or write for Free catalog **(212) 758-6234 / 1-800-221-0450**

NYR-RC1

MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story," an animated film; and "Fearless" (Peter Weir).
Theatre 2: "My Life" (Bruce Joel Rubin).
Theatre 3: "Addams Family Values" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 24: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).
From Dec. 25: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker).
Theatre 2: "Deception" (Graeme Clifford), with Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 3: "Fearless" (Peter Weir).
Theatre 4: "Gettysburg" (Ronald F. Maxwell).
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 24: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).
From Dec. 25: "Heaven and Earth" (Oliver Stone).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"A Dangerous Woman" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "The Summer House" (Waris Hussein), with Joan Plowright, Julie Walters, Jeanne Moreau, and Lena Headey.
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau, in Spanish).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"The Trial" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Remains of the Day" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 24: "My Life" (Bruce Joel Rubin).
From Dec. 25: "Grumpy Old Men" (Donald Petrie).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 2: "Faraway, So Close" (Wim Wenders; in German).
Theatre 3: "Blu[illegible]" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (†).
Theatre 6: Dec. 22: "The Piano" (†). From Dec. 23: "The Accompanist" (Claude Miller; in French).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Schindler's List" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Wayne's World 2" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).
Theatre 3: "Addams Family Values" (†).
Theatre 4: "A Perfect World" (†).
Theatre 5: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill), with Wes Studi.
Theatre 6: "The Pelican Brief" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Naked" (Mike Leigh), with David Thewlis.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).
Theatre 2: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†); and "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story," an animated film.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Demolition Man" (directed by Marco Brambilla).
Theatre 2: "Man's Best Friend" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Perfect World" (†).
Theatre 4: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 24: "We're Back! A Dinosaur's Story," an animated film; and "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro). From Dec. 25: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma).
Theatre 7: Through Dec. 24: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis). From Dec. 25: "Batman: Mask of the Phantasm," an animated film.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Dec. 24: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (†).
From Dec. 25: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Wayne's World 2" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World 2" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Addams Family Values" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Geronimo: An American Legend" (Walter Hill), with Wes Studi.
Theatre 2: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Dec. 28: "Great Expectations" (1946, directed by David Lean), with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and "Oliver Twist" (1948, Lean), with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, and John Howard Davies.
From Dec. 29: "The Red Shoes" (1948, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 22: "The Last Waltz" (1978, Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Tommy" (1975, Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver, and Roger Daltrey.
Dec. 23: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (†); and "The Woman in Green" (†).
Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
Dec. 25-26: "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire; and "Sabrina" (1954, Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Hepburn, and William Holden.
Dec. 27: "Day for Night" (1973, François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973, Truffaut; in French).
Dec. 28: "The Graduate" (1967, Mike Nichols), with Anne Bancroft, Dustin Hoffman, and Katharine Ross; and "Tootsie" (1982, Sydney Pollack), with Hoffman and Jessica Lange.
Dec. 29: "Fahrenheit 451" (1966, François Truffaut), with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner; and "Silent Running" (1972, Douglas Trumbill), with Bruce Dern.
Dec. 30: "The Dead Zone" (†); and "Dead Ringers" (1988, David Cronenberg), with Jeremy Irons and Geneviève Bujold.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Bananas" (†); and "The Producers" (1968, Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder.
Jan. 2: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972, Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen; and "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984, Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte.
Jan. 3: "Love and Anarchy" (1973, Lina Wertmüller; in Italian) and "All Screwed Up" (1974, Wertmüller; in Italian).
Jan. 4: "Stage Fright" (1950, Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951, Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Dec. 23 at 2:30: "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (1957, directed by Mario Camerini; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 3 and 6: "Street Songs" (1993, Craig McTurk) and "Freedom Bags" (1990, Stanley Nelson and Elizabeth Clark-Lewis). . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 6: "Il Cappello a Tre Punte" (1934, Mario Camerini; in Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 24 and 26 at 1: "Christmas Cantata" (1993, Bruno Garofalo; in Neapolitan and Italian, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2:30 and Jan. 2 at noon: "Un Avventura di Salvator Rosa" (1940, Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 2: "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964, De Sica; in Italian), with Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 3: "Making Up" (1993,

IT SLEEPS ALONE

A FRUGAL AND ANONYMOUS SCOT, LONG YEARS AGO, observed that the oaken casks which had been used for bringing sherry, port, or madeira into the country, might be employed thereafter to mature malt whisky.

A PRIME NOTION IT TURNED OUT TO BE. The casks (particularly those that had contained sherry) imparted both a lustrous golden colour and a beguiling hint of redolence to the malt.

SO SUCCESSFUL WAS THE PRACTICE, in fact, that soon all the malt whiskies (among them The Macallan) were matured in this way. But time passed.

SHERRY CASKS ONCE TO BE HAD FOR A FEW PENCE NOW COST SCORES OF POUNDS. And first one and then another *faint-heart* settled for more expedient alternatives, with the result that today The Macallan is the last malt whisky to be exclusively so matured. However...

A PROFUSION OF OPTIMUM RATINGS IN SUNDRY 'BLIND' TASTINGS of top malts has convinced us of the wisdom of our solitary course. Putting it another way, you might say our virtue is your reward.

THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY
Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol © 1991

MOVIE HOUSES-Cont'd

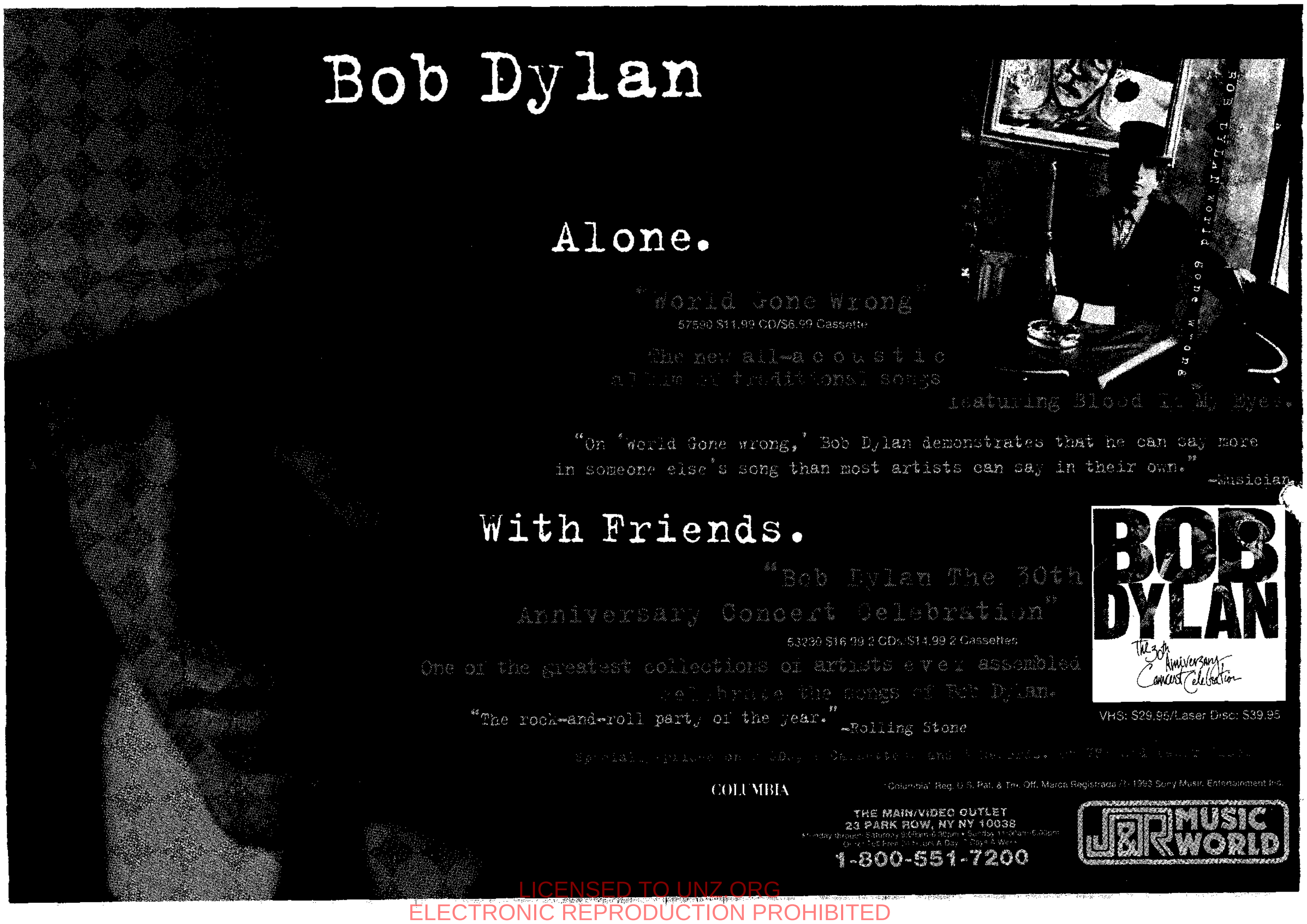
Katja von Garnier; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 5 and Jan. 4 at 2:30: "Filumena Marturano" (1951, Eduardo de Filippo; in Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 5 and Dec. 27 at 3: "Lost Landscape" (1992, Andreas Kleinert; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2:30: "I Thought It Was Love" (1991, Massimo Troisi; in Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6: "The Decameron" (1971, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6 and Dec. 31 at 3: "Shadow Boxing" (1992, Lars Becker; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2:30: "Saturday, Sunday, Monday" (1990, Lina Wertmüller; in Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "Le Quattro Giornate di Napoli" (1962, Nanni Loy; in Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "Scugnizzi" (1989, Loy; in Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 3 and 6: "Damned in the USA" (1991, Paul Yule), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6 and Dec. 31 at 2: "Carosello Napoletano" (1954, Ettore Giannini; in Italian), with Loren. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 6: "The Digger" (1979, Alfonso Brescia; in Italian). . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 6:30 and Jan. 1 at 3: "Gorilla Bathes at Noon" (1993, Dusan Makaveyev; in German and Russian). . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 1 and Jan. 4 at 6: "Silent Country" (1992, Andreas Dresen; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 5 and Jan. 3 at 3: "Justice" (1993, Hans W. Geissendörfer; in German), with Maximilian Schell. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2: "Città Canora" (1952, Mario Costa; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30 and Jan. 3 at 6: "Age of the Gods: The Sculptor Arno Braker" (1992, Lutz Bammbeck; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 5: "Addio Per Sempre!" (1957, Costa; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 5 and Jan. 4 at 3: "The Parrot" (1992, Ralf Huettner; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: "Two Cents Worth of Hope" (1952, Renato Castellani; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 6: "Non Ti Pago!" (1942, Carlo Ludovico Bradaglia; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "A Che Servono Questi Quattrini?" (1942, Esodo Pratelli; in Italian).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Dec. 22 at 2 and 6:30: "Army Nurse" (1985, Hu Mei). . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Swansong" (1986, Zhang Zemin). . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2 and 6:30: "Desperation" (1987, Zhou Xiaowen). . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 4:15 and 8:45: "The Black Cannon Incident" (1987, Huang Jianxin). . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2 and 6:20 and Jan. 26 at 4:30 and 8:45: "Red Sorghum" (1987, Zhang Yimou). . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 4 and 8:15 and Dec. 26 at 6:30: "King of the Children" (1987, Chen Kaige). . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 2: "The King and I" (1956, Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2 and 6:30: "Half Flame, Half Brine" (1989, Xia Gang). . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 4 and 8:30: "Arc Light" (1988, Zhang Junzhao). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2 and Dec. 29 at 4 and 8:15: "Black Snow" (1989, Xie Fei). . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 4:15 and Dec. 29 at 2 and 6:15: "Childhood in Ruijin" (1990, Huang Jun). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2 and 6:15 and Dec. 31 at 4 and 8:05: "Ju Dou" (1991, Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin). . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 4 and 8:15 and Dec. 31 at 2 and 6: "Bloody Morning" (1990, Li Chaohong). . . . ¶ Jan. 1-2 at 2: "National Velvet" (†). . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 4:30, 6:30, and 8:30 and Jan. 2 at 6:30: "The Swordsman in Double-Flag Town" (1991, He Ping). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 4:30 and 8:45: "Mama" (1991, Zhang Yuan). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2 and 6:30: "Life on a String" (1990, Chen Kaige). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 4:30 and 9: "Letting Go" (1992, Xio Gang).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A retrospective program of the museum's first five years. Dec. 26 at 2 and 4 and Dec. 27-Jan. 1 at 2: Two different programs of short cartoons by Bob Clampett. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (†). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 5: "The Last Movie" (1971, Dennis Hopper).

At Film Forum 2, Martita Hunt and Anthony Wager in "Great Expectations."

PHOTOFEST



Bob Dylan

Alone.

"World Gone Wrong"
57590 $11.99 CD/$6.99 Cassette

The new all-acoustic
album of traditional songs
featuring Blood In My Eyes.

"On 'World Gone Wrong,' Bob Dylan demonstrates that he can say more in someone else's song than most artists can say in their own." –Musician

With Friends.

"Bob Dylan The 30th Anniversary Concert Celebration"
53230 $16.99 2 CDs/$14.99 2 Cassettes

One of the greatest collections of artists ever assembled celebrate the songs of Bob Dylan.

"The rock-and-roll party of the year." –Rolling Stone

VHS: $29.95/Laser Disc: $39.95

Special prices on [illegible] CDs, [illegible] Cassettes and [illegible]

COLUMBIA

"Columbia" Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada/ © 1993 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

THE MAIN/VIDEO OUTLET
23 PARK ROW, NY NY 10038
Monday through Saturday 9:00am-6:30pm • Sunday 11:00am-6:00pm
Or by Toll Free 24 Hours A Day 7 Days A Week
1-800-551-7200

J&R MUSIC WORLD

MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING

The Accompanist—Claude Miller's film is set in occupied Paris and London during the Second World War and deals with a classical singer (Elena Safonova), her young pianist (Romane Bohringer), and the singer's husband (Richard Bohringer). Based on the novel by Nina Berberova. In French. Opening December 23.

Atlantis—A documentary on life beneath the sea by director Luc Besson ("Subway" and "La Femme Nikita"). Opening December 29.

Batman: Mask of the Phantasm—Warner Brothers' first foray into feature-length animation based on the current TV series. With the voices of Kevin Conroy as Batman, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., as the butler Alfred, and Mark Hamill as the Joker. Opening December 25.

Faraway, So Close—Wim Wenders' sequel to his "Wings of Desire," with Bruno Ganz, Nastassja Kinski, Otto Sander, Willem Dafoe, Peter Falk, Lou Reed, and Mikhail Gorbachev. In German. Opening December 22.

Grumpy Old Men—The love-hate relationship between two Minnesota neighbors (Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon) changes when a beautiful teacher (Ann-Margret) moves in across the street. With Daryl Hannah and Kevin Pollak. Directed by Daniel Petrie. Opening December 25.

Heaven and Earth—Oliver Stone's saga of Vietnam, based on Le Ly Hayslip's two autobiographies. With Hiep Thi Le, Tommy Lee Jones, Joan Chen, Haing S. Ngor, and Debbie Reynolds. Opening December 25.

In the Name of the Father—Director Jim Sheridan ("My Left Foot") and Daniel Day-Lewis reunite for this film, based on a true story, about the wrongful conviction and imprisonment of an accused I.R.A. terrorist. With Emma Thompson. Opening December 29.

The Legend of Fong Sai-Yuk—A kung-fu comedy from Hong Kong, with Josephine Siao and Jet Li as a mother-and-son martial-arts team. Directed by Corey Yuen Kwai. In Cantonese. Opening December 25.

Philadelphia—Jonathan Demme's film about AIDS. With Tom Hanks and Denzel Washington. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening December 22.

Shadowlands—The story of the romance between the New York writer Joy Gresham (Debra Winger) and the British writer C. S. Lewis (Anthony Hopkins). Directed by Richard Attenborough, from William Nicholson's screenplay of his play. Opening December 29.

Tombstone—The latest treatment of the gunfight at the O.K. Corral. With Kurt Russell, Val Kilmer, Sam Elliott, Bill Paxton, and Dana Delaney. Directed by George Cosmatos. Opening December 25.

Valley of Abraham—Manoel de Oliveira's story of the beautiful Ema Cardeano (Leonor Silveira) and the men in her life. In Portuguese. Opening December 22.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

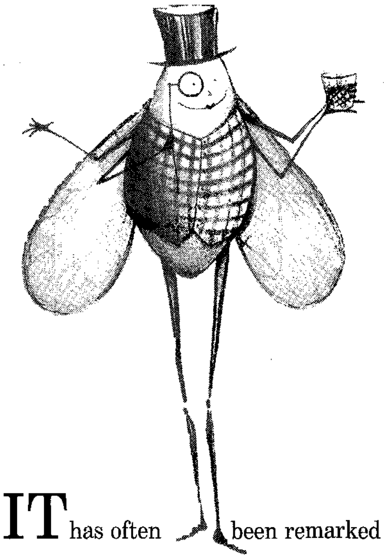
Addams Family Values—Some bold anti-wholesome gags pepper the scenes that chronicle the arrival of Baby Pubert (Kaitlyn and Kristin Hooper), the homicidal jealousy of young Wednesday (the uncanny Christina Ricci) and Pugsley (Jimmy Workman), and their subsequent banishment to Camp Chippewa. The marriage of Uncle Fester (Christopher Lloyd) to a clumsy, tacky black-widow murderer (Joan Cusack) doesn't work out as well; there's something off about the way this bad-taste, sick-joke movie condemns the villainess for her nouveau-riche style and affectations. But Anjelica Huston's murmuring understatement as Morticia is still amusing; she's delicious when she sniffs at pastels and glumly reads "The Cat in the Hat." Raul Julia returns as the dashing Gomez, and Christopher Hart as the dexterous Thing. Barry Sonnenfeld directed, more nimbly than usual.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

The Age of Innocence—Martin Scorsese returns to form with this hectic adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel. Everything looks right, from roast duck to waistcoats, but the movie has no ambitions to be a costume museum; it homes in on the passions that had to be veiled by good manners. As the film begins—a showy, overwhelming scene at the opera—we see Newland Archer (Daniel Day-Lewis) about to announce a perfect match with the young May Welland (Winona Ryder). Such perfection is a prison, with no hope of escape, and the vigorous sadness of Day-Lewis tells the whole story; he will never rebel, but in his eyes you see him wishing he could. Less fruitful is the casting of Michelle Pfeiffer as May's older cousin, the mysterious Countess Olenska, with whom Archer falls hopelessly in love.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/13/93.) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.... ¶ 59th Street East Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

Beethoven's 2nd—A fetching mate named Missy for America's favorite St. Bernard. Four adorable puppies (including one named Tchaikovsky). A loving couple (Charles Grodin and Bonnie Hunt) who risk their comfy Pasadena manse for the husband's professional dream of putting an air freshener in every gym bag. Three kids (Nicholle Tom, Christopher Castile, and Sarah Rose Karr) who go through crises gleaned and updated from fifties sitcoms. A Cruella De Vil character (Debi Mazar)—a rapacious divorcée—and the obligatory "Home Alone"-style mayhem. These are the ingredients of this smug family-comedy sequel; it's like an oversugared breakfast cereal served up in a doggie bowl. With Ashley Hamilton as a sleazy teen Lothario and Chris Penn as the Mazar character's boyfriend. Rod Daniel directed Len Blum's script.—M.S. (Bay Cinema, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Blue—After "The Double Life of Véronique," the Polish director Krzysztof Kieślowski has come up with another lovely and perplexing film. Julie (Juliette Binoche) loses her husband and daughter in a road accident and sees that loss as a chance to break free. She moves to Paris, sheds a lover, and takes an apartment, but at every turn the past catches up. Her memories tend to rush back in with a burst of music (the husband was a composer); at times, the movie is more like a sound-and-light show than a drama. It could easily have been too grand and mournful for its own good, but it's lightened, against all expectation, by a glancing comedy—Kieślowski sprinkles the story with random details and loose ends, and Binoche gives her most responsive performance to date. See it once, and "Blue" will most likely annoy you so much that you'll have to see it again. In French.—A.L. (12/13/93) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

A Dangerous Woman—As Martha, the dimwitted, shortsighted heroine of Stephen Gyllenhaal's picture, Debra Winger pulls out all the stops, but you can't help wishing she'd push a few back in. The cunning intensity of her playing is almost embarrassing, and it certainly lacks support; the rest of the movie drags sullenly behind, and the other characters harden into stereotypes, Gabriel Byrne's blue-eyed drinker being the worst offender. As he did in "Paris Trout," Gyllenhaal tries to build up dramatic pressure by keeping a lid on the tension, but he forgets to take it off. You keep waiting for the film to explode, as Martha's stubborn ways pull her toward disaster, but it stays marshy and joyless. Only David Strathairn—miscast as a



HAMISH

NOT

SQUEAMISH

IT has often been remarked that devotees of The Macallan Malt Whisky nurture an almost mystical belief in the 'water of life' qualities of their favourite dram. But seldom has it found such expression as in the following true anecdote kindly related to us by Mr C. Wemyss of Ravenhead, Notts.

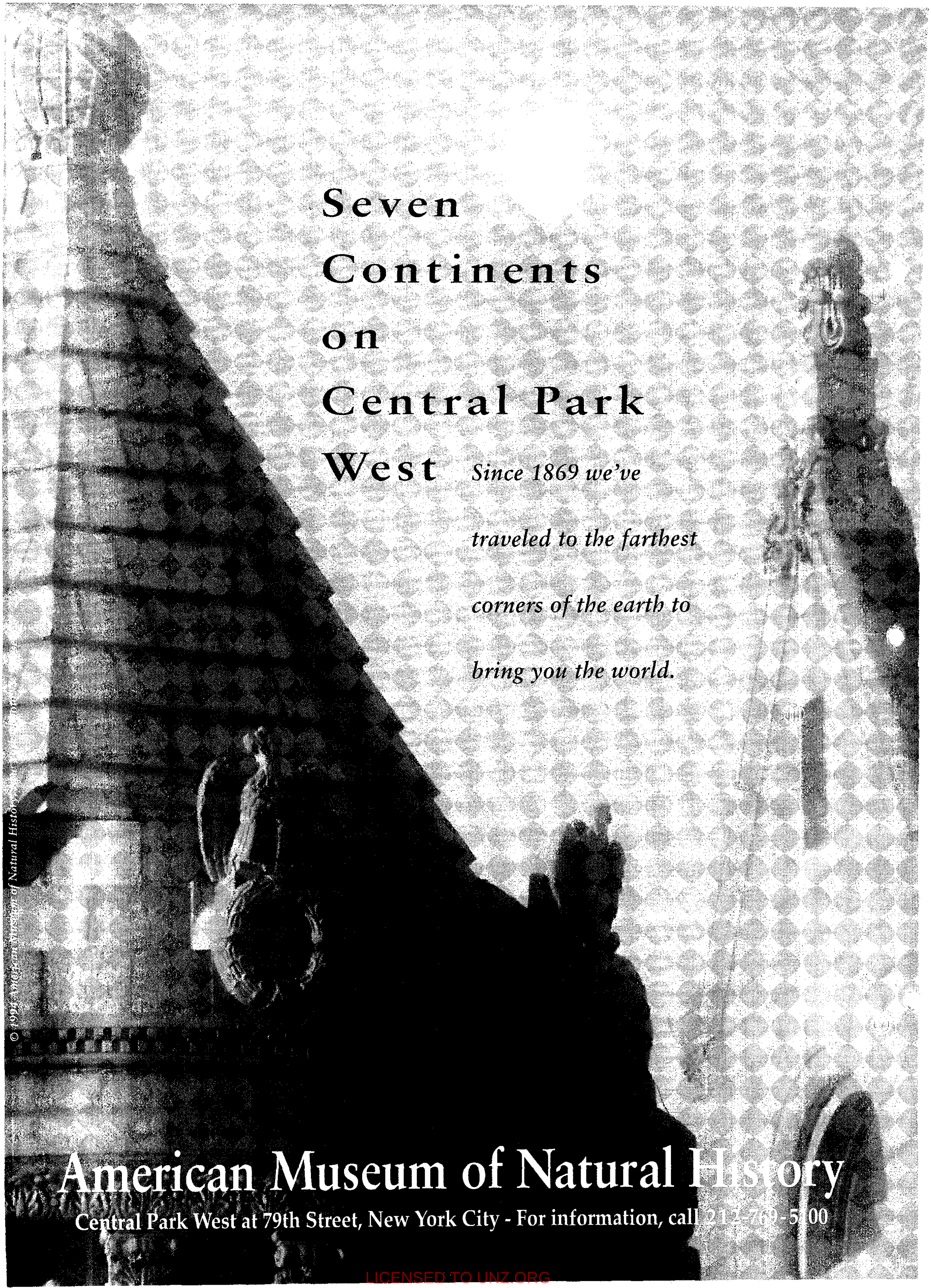
'My friend Hamish, at a pre-Christmas party in my garden, found a fly had landed in his glass, and drowned. "Don't worry, Hamish," said I. "Have another Macallan in a clean glass." "I shall do nothing of the sort," he replied, removing the tiny creature from his glass and sipping the sherry-gold elixir.

"The Macallan never hurt a fly, and nor does a fly hurt The Macallan!" Ten minutes later indeed the insect stirred and flew off.

"There you are," said Hamish triumphantly. "And now you can give me a *gnat's more.*" '

THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT
SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol. © 1993



Seven Continents on Central Park West

Since 1869 we've traveled to the farthest corners of the earth to bring you the world.

American Museum of Natural History

Central Park West at 79th Street, New York City - For information, call 212-769-5100

© 1991 American Museum of Natural Histo

sleazeball, but still as watchable as ever—gets the action moving; he and Winger share one bloody and breathless scene that puts the rest of the movie to shame.—A.L. (12/13/93) (19th Street East 6, and Festival.)

Farewell My Concubine—Chen Kaige's film is a big, eventful historical soap opera of the "Doctor Zhivago" school. The movie follows a pair of male Beijing Opera performers, Cheng Dieyi (Leslie Cheung) and Duan Xiaolou (Zhang Fengyi), from their school days, in the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, to their farewell performance together, in 1977. Chen keeps the action charging forward breathlessly, for more than two and a half hours, and at a certain point you begin to realize that the obvious theatre-versus-life ironies are only a small part of what the movie is about. The real subject is whether it's possible, in times that demand perpetual revolutions in values, to remain true to anyone or anything: an art, an ideal, a friend, a wife, oneself. In Mandarin.—T.R. (10/11/93) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

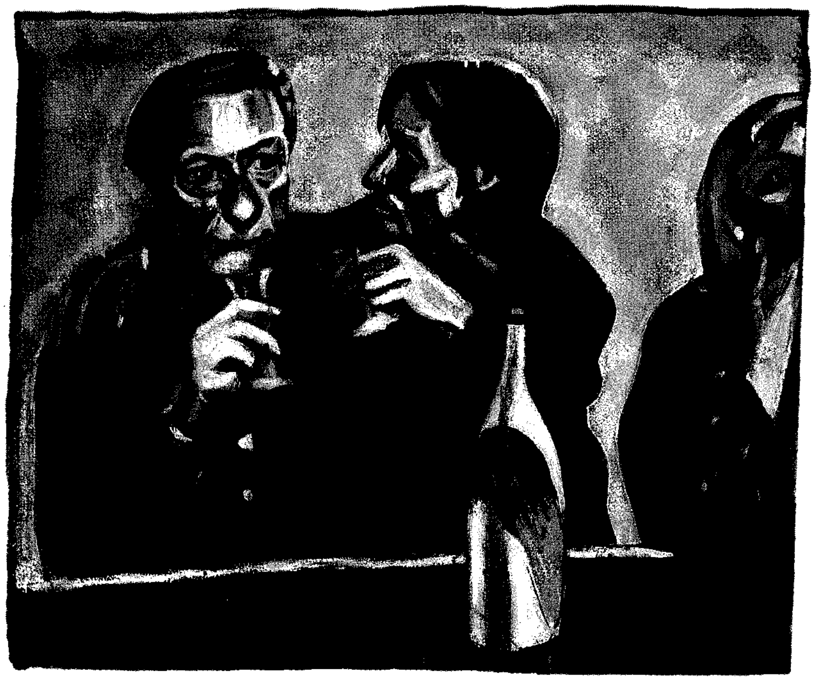
The Joy Luck Club—Amy Tan's 1989 novel is actually a collection of sixteen linked short stories about Chinese immigrant mothers trying to impart their knowledge of life to their Americanized daughters. Unfortunately, Tan and Ronald Bass ("Rain Man"), who wrote the movie, have attempted to cram all her mini-narratives into the script, diminishing instead of enlarging them. The contemporary scenes of marital discord and generational strife seem pat or trite, while the flashbacks to the mothers' woeful lives in China seem overblown or empty and portentous. Wayne Wang's limp direction is only part of the problem. Tan and Bass rely so heavily on voice-over narration that it sponges up the possibilities for genuine drama and emotion. By the end, the filmmakers just about beg for tears.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 68th St. Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Man's Best Friend—The idea of doing a dirty Lassie movie is wittier than its execution in this go-for-the-gonads sci-fi flick about a huge guard dog named Max who becomes ultra-possessive of a feckless TV reporter (Ally Sheedy) after she springs him from an animal-experimentation lab. Max, it turns out, isn't just the canine of everybody's dreams and fears; he's a genetically engineered psycho-Frankendog, and his drugs are wearing off. The writer-director, John Lafia, combines increasingly gory black-comic bits involving the species' traditional enemies—a paperboy, a mailman, a sadistic junk-yard owner—with a plethora of gimmicks (Max has superpowers and can alter his appearance like a chameleon). The mixture is far from boring, but it coarsens the comedy about the hidden life of dogs. Lance Henriksen does one of his best strung-out baddies as the lab owner, but the picture belongs to the eloquent-eyed Tibetan mastiff who plays Max.—M.S. (Criterion Center.)

Mrs. Doubtfire—Robin Williams impersonates a stocky, middle-aged female housekeeper, and he's too inventive an actor not to get a few gigantic laughs out of the stunt. But the picture as a whole isn't in the class of "Tootsie" and "Some Like It Hot," mostly because its premise is sentimental, not cynical: Williams's character, a divorced man, becomes Mrs. Doubtfire in order to get around a court-ordered custody arrangement and spend more time with his adorable children. Lessons are learned, loved ones are hugged, and personal growth is achieved—as usual, at the expense of comedy. Some, apparently including Williams, like it warm and cuddly, too. Nobody's perfect. Directed—with a very heavy hand—by Chris Columbus.—T.R. Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

The Pelican Brief—With Julia Roberts and Denzel Washington, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

A Perfect World—Clint Eastwood's oddly absorbing new movie tracks the wayward progress of an escaping convict (played by Kevin Costner) and his eight-year-old hostage (T. J. Lowther); Eastwood plays the Texas Ranger who leads the pursuit. It's Costner's picture all the way: the movie, like his character, seems to be making itself up as it goes along, and Eastwood, who's nominally in charge, just follows blindly and doggedly, a director eating the dust of a runaway story. The script, by John Lee Hancock, has a manic, self-destructive quality. By the end, the picture has recalled so many other films that it achieves an almost surreal incoherence; it feels as if it had been written by a movie buff on Sodium Pentothal. But as jarring and fundamentally goofy as the movie is, it never



ANDREA VENTURA

Opening December 22, Otto Sander and Willem Dafoe in "Faraway, So Close."

IN BRITAIN, there is a tradition of modesty at the very top.

Thus, a tremor ran round at Macallan when it was suggested that *a pictorial representation* of their malt whisky bottle should appear in an advertisement.

It smacked too much of the **'hard sell'.**

Their Publicity Advisers, however, assured them that there is occasionally a need for this sort of thing.

So, with some misgiving, they have consented to a small scraperboard reproduction being displayed.

The MACALLAN
Single Highland Malt Scotch Whisky
12 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

"One sip is worth one thousand pictures."

**THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT
SCOTCH.**

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol. © 1993

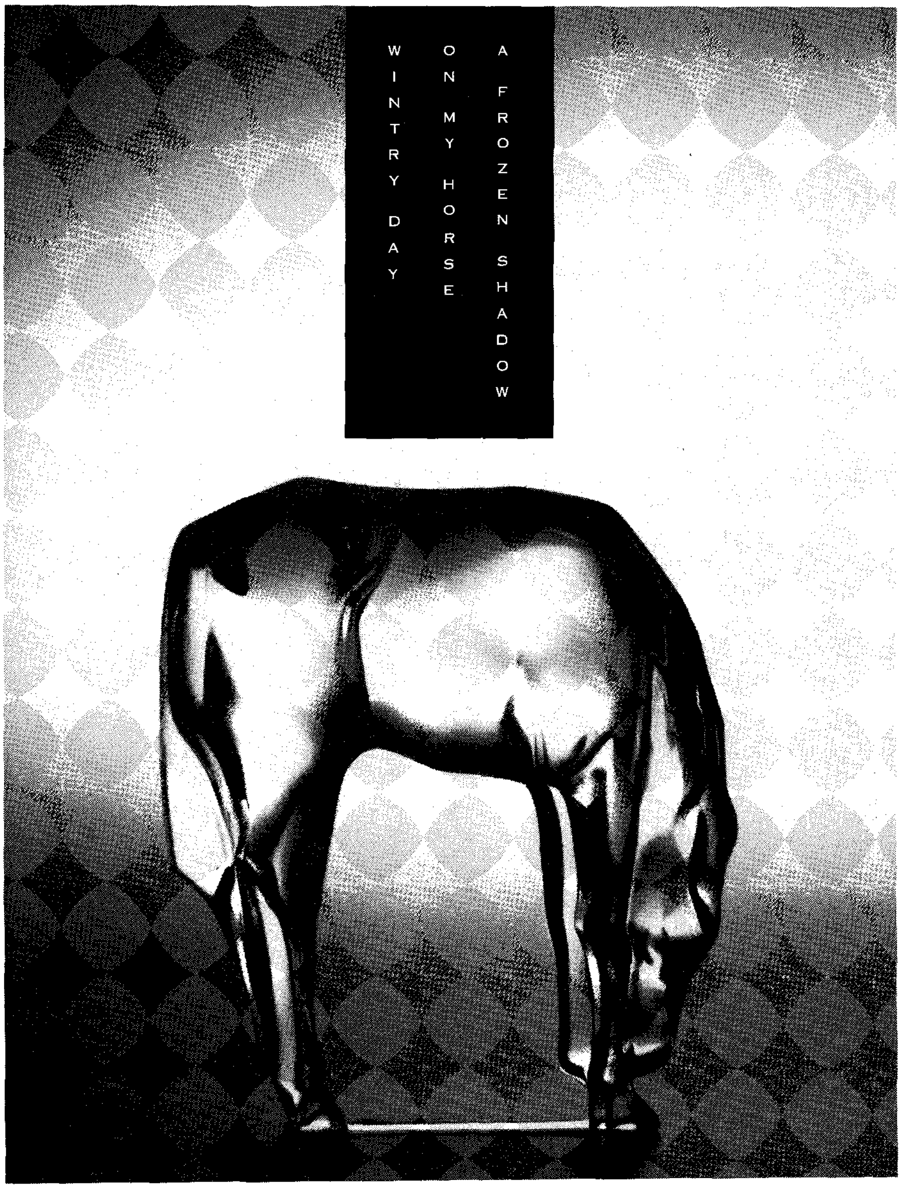
IN BRIEF-Cont'd

feels like an ordinary, generic Hollywood product: at every moment, there's something to gape at—sometimes in admiration, often in disbelief.—T.R. (12/6/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Philadelphia—With Tom Hanks and Denzel Washington, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini.)

The Piano—Sometime in the last century, a Scottish mute called Ada (Holly Hunter) travels to New Zealand with her beloved piano and her daughter Flora (Anna Paquin). She is engaged to Stewart (Sam Neill), but it is his right-hand man, Baines (Harvey Keitel), who becomes the focus of her interest. He buys the piano, and gives her a chance to win it back: an erotic agreement that gathers intensity and drives the film onward to its gasping conclusion. The writer and director, Jane Campion, has turned her native New Zealand, with its desolate beach and writhing forests, into a potent backdrop; the rain and mud make the love story look like trench warfare—you come away from the movie battered and amazed. It's almost too wrought and compressed for its own good, but the performances breathe it full of life. Hunter, especially, gives a fiery portrait of a rebellious Victorian spirit.—A.L. (11/29/93) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Dec. 28.)

The Remains of the Day—Anthony Hopkins plays Stevens, a butler who has given long and faithful service at Darlington Hall and maintained his emotional temperature at absolute zero. This has cost him dearly: first, he failed to see that his master (James Fox) was dangerously bent on appeasement with the Germans in the nineteen-thirties; and, second, he refused to accept, or even acknowledge, the love offered to him by the housekeeper (Emma Thompson). Adapted by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala from the novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, this Merchant-Ivory production strains so hard to portray dignified restraint that it almost seizes up with good manners. This is especially unfair to Thompson, who is forced to smother her naturally high spirits.—A.L. (11/15/93) (Village Theatre VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Paris.)



Grazing Horse by Umemoto. Haiku by Hokushi. Height 4¾". $295. Hoya Crystal Gallery, 450 Park Avenue at 57th St., New York 10022. **(800) 462-HOYA** for animal/gift brochures or $5 catalogue. Also at Marshall Field's Chicago, Gump's San Francisco, Geary's Beverly Hills.

MUSEUM CRYSTAL
HOYA

Schindler's List—The story of Oskar Schindler (Liam Neeson), a dashing and resourceful German Catholic businessman who saved over a thousand Polish Jews from almost certain annihilation by the Nazis, is extraordinary even by the standards of Holocaust literature. Steven Spielberg's film, adapted by Steven Zaillian from the 1982 book by Thomas Keneally, runs better than three hours and doesn't seem a minute too long. Spielberg respects the essential mystery of the protagonist's heroism, and uses his prodigious skills with an intensity that he hasn't shown in a long time: he captures images of experiences that most of us thought we would never see represented adequately on the screen. This is by far the finest, fullest dramatic (i.e. nondocumentary) film ever made about the Holocaust. And few American movies since the silent era have had anything approaching this picture's narrative boldness, visual audacity, and emotional directness. Along with Neeson, who is brilliant, the standouts in the large cast are Ralph Fiennes, Ben Kingsley, and Embeth Davidtz. The wonderfully expressive black-and-white cinematography is by Janusz Kaminski.—T.R. (12/20/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit—This weary sequel comes to life only when Whoopi Goldberg does a Vegas girl-group medley, or when she puts her singing nuns through routines that flirt with sacrilege, such as a bopping rendition of "Ball of Confusion (That's What the World Is Today)." So why don't the producers go all the way and hand the next sequel over to John Waters? With troopers like Goldberg, Kathy Najimy, Mary Wickes, Wendy Makkena, and Maggie Smith, it's a pity that the screenwriters (James Orr, Jim Cruickshank, and Judi Ann Mason) can't come up with anything funnier than this "Bells of St. Mary's" retread about Whoopi saving a closure-threatened Catholic school. In the most ludicrous subplot, a poor African-American widow treats her daughter's love for singing as if it were a drug addiction or an unwanted pregnancy. This time, the sisters are matched with ecclesiastic brothers (including Barnard Hughes, Michael Jeter, and Brad Sullivan) and a classroomful of supposed teen-age scene-stealers. James Coburn is wasted as an administrative baddie. Bill Duke directed.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Dec. 25.)

The Snapper—A return trip to the Dublin of "The Commitments," and every bit as welcome as the earlier film. The Curley family is in trouble: young Sharon (Tina Kellegher) is going to have a snapper—a baby, that is, conceived after a drunken fumble on a car hood. Sharon knows who the father is, but she won't let on to her friends, let alone to her father (Colm Meaney). It sounds like a drab little tale, but in the hands of director Stephen Frears it becomes a headlong tumble into good humor; he seems as fascinated by his characters as the family is by the new arrival, and the camera scuttles around, tolerantly picking up details. The script is adapted by Roddy Doyle from his own novel, which guarantees a string of firecracker jokes, caustic but never cruel; look out for the bemused parents discovering the joy of sex.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas—This full-length animated movie was shot in stop motion, with all the febrile, twittery fascination that the medium exerts; it has a magic-toyshop feeling, with unexpected objects stuttering into life. Directed by Henry Selick, it was devised and co-produced by Tim Burton, who leaves a trail of his familiar obsessions: graveyard humor, whirling snow, a velvety darkness. But the atmosphere is too rich for the pallid plot: Jack Skellington, the bony master of ceremonies in Halloweentown, discovers the spirit of Christmas and tries to import it into his ghoulish world. The clash of styles—demonic vs. cute—pays off only toward the end; for all the witty, festering

BUSINESS MEAL COUNT WITH LOHA CLUB AT CHART HOUSE.

If you spend a lot of time entertaining clients, be sure to take them to Chart House.

They'll be impressed by our great food and service, and as a member of our Aloha Club, you'll earn points for every dollar you spend.*

Before you know it, you'll be redeeming those points for a complimentary dinner with the companion of your choice. And if you visit all of our spectacular locations, we'll send you on a trip around the world. Just a few of the many benefits of the Aloha Club.

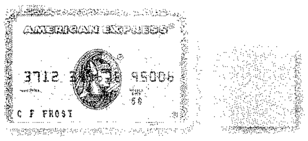
Now, where's the nearest Chart House? Find it and you'll find that the American Express card is always welcomed.

CHART HOUSE
MICHAEL H OLSON

The Aloha Club Membership Card

*LIQUOR CONTROL LAWS IN SOME STATES MAY LIMIT THE COLLECTION AND/OR REDEMPTION OF ALOHA CLUB POINTS FOR ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

© 1993 CHART HOUSE, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



Don't leave home without it.

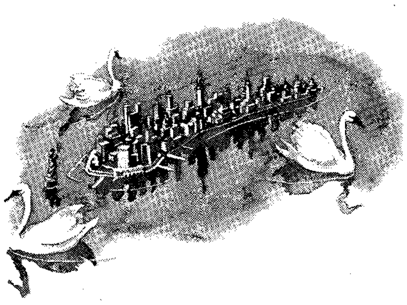
CARDIFF-BY-THE-SEA
NEWPORT BEACH
OCEANSIDE
LA JOLLA
AND 60 OTHER
GREAT LOCATIONS

CHART HOUSE.

GREAT FOOD. GREAT SERVICE. OR IT'S ON US!

CALL 1-800-CHT-8787
FOR THE NEAREST CHART HOUSE.

ONCE YOU'VE STAYED AT THE HOTEL MILLENIUM, "SWIMMING WITH THE SHARKS" TAKES ON A WHOLE NEW MEANING.



The Hotel Millenium—the first business hotel with a Wall Street address and a Wall Street philosophy: nothing's unreasonable, including the impossible. A fresh shirt at 2 a.m.? A perfectly grilled steak at 3? We do it all. Every day. 24 hours a day. In short, we provide every executive requirement, including serenity.

When you're ready to experience executive travel the way you want it, where you want it, call (800) 835-2220, (212) 693-2001 or your travel planner.

THE HOTEL MILLENIUM
(800) 835-2220
55 Church Street
New York, NY 10007
Across from the
World Trade Center

THE HOTEL
MILLENIUM
IT'S ABOUT TIME.

details, the film is strangely static.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Olympia. . . . ¶ Guild; through Dec. 24.)

The Trial—Fans of Kafka—or of Orson Welles, who did the first film version—must have thought How dare he? when learning that David Jones ("Betrayal," "84 Charing Cross Road") had retold the story of Joseph K., bank employee and victim of the Law. Actually, Jones doesn't dare anything. He merely mounts a conventional, blow-by-blow adaptation, with dialogue that the screenwriter, Harold Pinter, has put into typically clipped and knowing Pinterese. The result is like a translation of a translation of a translation; it has zero vitality. If Welles turned Kafka's simultaneously defeatist and rebellious comedy into spectacle (a prophetic achievement), Jones and Pinter turn it into mannerism. Their lack of imagination dulls the stellar cast: Kyle MacLachlan (Joseph K.), Anthony Hopkins, Jason Robards, Polly Walker, Juliet Stevenson, and Alfred Molina.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, and Angelika 57.)

Wayne's World 2—The premise of this pleasantly messy sequel is that Wayne (Mike Myers) and Garth (Dana Carvey) have grown up. As Wayne puts it, "I'm a little older, I'm a little wiser, I'm starting to get hair in really weird places." The film is pretty hairy itself, although it lacks the sheer pointlessness of the original. In his dreams—funny the first time, less so as the movie goes on—Wayne meets Jim Morrison, who tells him to stage a rock concert in Aurora, Illinois. As if that weren't tricky enough, he has problems with his girlfriend (Tia Carrere, the Margaret Dumont of our time). Meanwhile, Garth is being introduced to the terrors of sex by Honey Hornée (Kim Basinger, in one of her more thoughtful roles). There are cameos from Charlton Heston and Drew Barrymore, snappy parodies of "The Graduate" and "Mission: Impossible," and a sublime Village People routine that comes out of nowhere. The director is Stephen Surjik, although it's hard to spot exactly what he does.—A.L. (19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, Waverly, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

Bananas (1971)—The title refers to the chief cash crop of San Marcos, a fictional banana dictatorship, but it also signals the first time Woody Allen went irresistibly bananas as a director and star. Written by Allen and Mickey Rose, this anything-goes farce remains his most uproarious movie. It captures the late sixties/early seventies: sexual liberation and the self-consciousness accompanying it, quasi-paranoid political awareness, a collegiate culture that turned names like Kierkegaard into conversational gambits. Allen plays a college dropout, Fielding Mellish, a products tester who falls into an affair with a social activist (Louise Lasser). She's more fired up about a revolution in San Marcos than about Fielding. She's not ready "to give or to receive"; she feels "there's something missing." The humor has an enduring, funky charm.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31-Jan. 1)

The Dead Zone (1983)—Christopher Walken is fascinating as a tormented psychic in David Cronenberg's film of Stephen King's novel. Walken's character, a teacher named Johnny Smith, emerges from a five-year coma as a paranormal superhero. He has the power to see the future and to ferret out the secrets of the past. He's also a victim: his fiancée (Brooke Adams) married another man during Johnny's unconscious half decade. And he's a bit of a martyr, too: each time he has a vision, he loses physical strength. Walken's "normal" range of emotion has always been far out, and here he seems to throw his consciousness to the camera the way a ventriloquist throws his voice to a hand puppet. In several frightening trance scenes, his throbbing, spooky-eyed expressions blend eerily well with Cronenberg's hyperbolic visuals. Despite Jeffrey Boam's primitive script, Walken never lets up.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

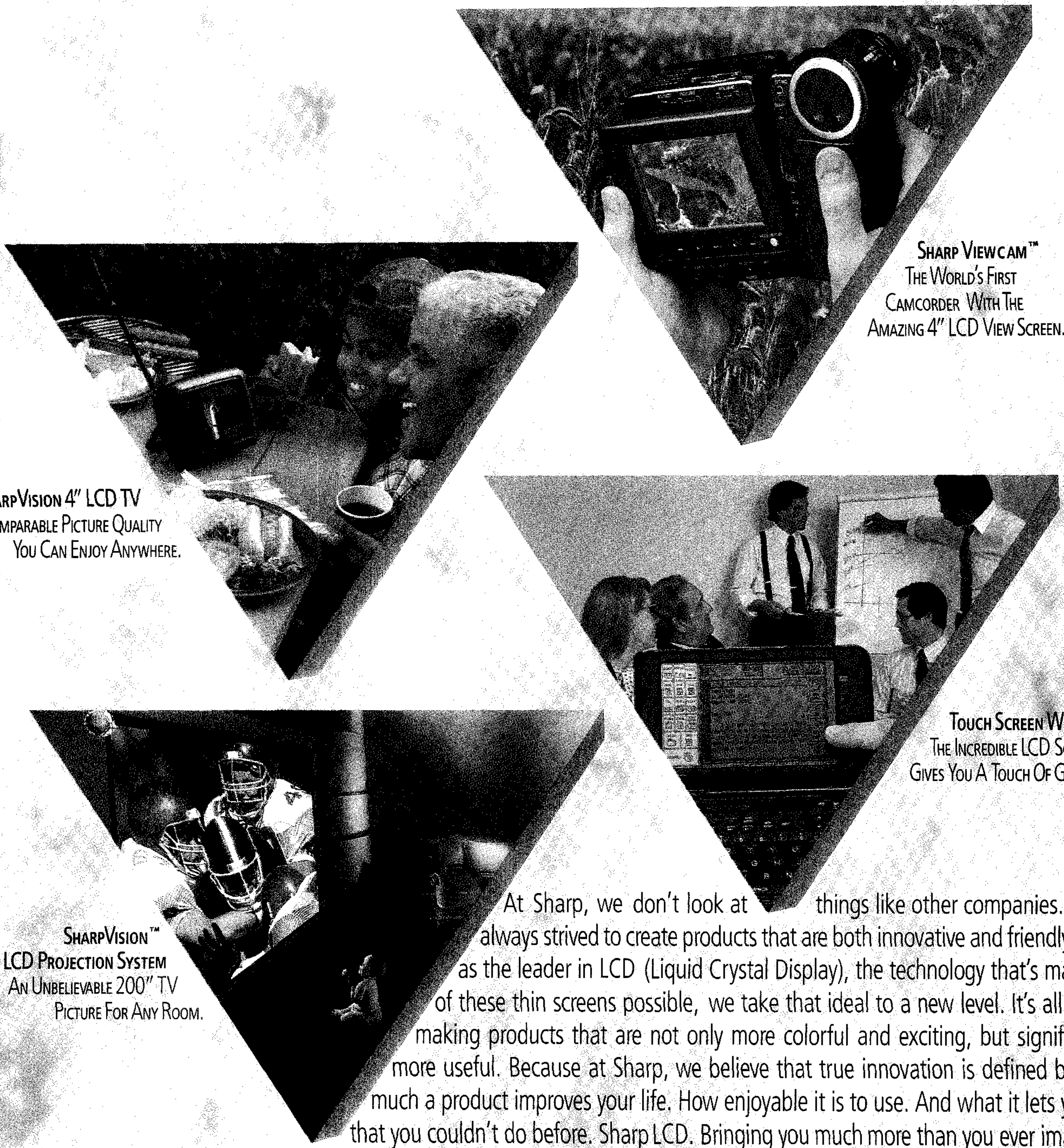
National Velvet (1944)—One of the most likable movies of all time. Under the direction of Clarence Brown, the twelve-year-old Elizabeth Taylor rings true on every line she speaks; she gives what is possibly her most dedicated performance as Velvet Brown, a little English girl who wins a horse in a village lottery and is obsessively determined to enter him in the Grand National. The film is a high-spirited, childish dream; like "The Wizard of Oz," it makes people smile when they recall it. As the jockey who coaches Velvet, Mickey Rooney is very fine in some scenes; in others, he's a shade too professional, too ready with his lines. As Velvet's mother, who was the first woman to swim the English Channel, Anne Revere is convincingly strong and daring, even though she is made all-wise, in the M-G-M parental tradition. Donald Crisp is Velvet's father, Angela Lansbury is Velvet's dreamy, out-of-it older sister, and Jackie (Butch) Jenkins is the little brother of everyone's dreams.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Jan. 1-2.)

Once Upon a Time in the West (1969)—Zesty Claudia Cardinale is the woman who owns a watering hole near the first transcontinental railroad; Henry Fonda is the sleek, flinty-eyed bad man who tries to drive her off; Jason Robards is the grungy outlaw who defends her; and the electrically laconic Charles Bronson is the mysterious Man with the Harmonica. In this Sergio Leone epic, their glowering star presence holds the camera even with Monument Valley as competition. The conquest of space—a hidden theme in Leone's early films—emerges here full force. Leone tracks beyond the railroad and captures the heroes and villains in outsize closeups. His imagery combines with Ennio Morricone's score and the peerless actors to make this the ne plus ultra of spaghetti Westerns: the Iron Horse Opera. In the most notorious scene, Leone deploys character actors Jack Elam, Woody Strode, and Al Mulock with such sardonic precision that a train wait—punctuated by dripping water and a buzzing fly—becomes a paradigm of comic irritation.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Jan. 2.)

Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon (1942)—After they starred for Twentieth Century Fox in a solid "Hound of the Baskervilles" and an even better "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Basil Rathbone (as Holmes) and Nigel Bruce (as Watson) did a series of quickies for Universal and director Roy William Neill. Set in the nineteen-forties instead of the nineteenth century, they were like lively, literate Saturday-matinée serials. All this one shares with the credited Conan Doyle source, "The Adventure of the Dancing Men," is a code in which the figures of dancing men in different positions stand for the letters of the alphabet. The screenwriters (Edward T. Lowe, W. Scott Darling, and Edmund L. Hartman) surround it with an espionage tale about a Swiss scientist (William Post, Jr.) who invents a sophisticated bombsight and escapes the Nazis en route to London—only to fall prey to Moriarty (Lionel Atwill). There are entertaining bursts of deduction, along with a nod to Poe's "The Purloined Letter," and a climax wherein Holmes shrewdly comes up with the slowest, cruellest way for Moriarty to finish him off—and Moriarty takes him up on it.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 23.)

The Woman in Green (1945)—More of Holmes and Watson's modern shenanigans in fog-shrouded London (actually the backlot at Universal). This time Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce crack the mystery of why the corpses of several young women are found with one finger amputated. Is it the work of a compulsive serial killer? Or just another dastardly scheme by Moriarty (Henry Daniell)? High points are the florid banter of the title villainess (a hypnotist played by Hillary Brooke) and a classic ploy involving the bust of Caesar at 221-B Baker Street. Directed, as usual, by Roy William Neill; Bertram Millhauser wrote the script.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 23.)

THE TECHNOLOGY IS LCD.
THE TECHNOLOGY LEADER IS SHARP.



SHARP VIEWCAM™
THE WORLD'S FIRST
CAMCORDER WITH THE
AMAZING 4" LCD VIEW SCREEN.

SHARPVISION 4" LCD TV
INCOMPARABLE PICTURE QUALITY
YOU CAN ENJOY ANYWHERE.

TOUCH SCREEN WIZARD®
THE INCREDIBLE LCD SCREEN
GIVES YOU A TOUCH OF GENIUS.

SHARPVISION™
LCD PROJECTION SYSTEM
AN UNBELIEVABLE 200" TV
PICTURE FOR ANY ROOM.

At Sharp, we don't look at ▼ things like other companies. We've always strived to create products that are both innovative and friendly. And as the leader in LCD (Liquid Crystal Display), the technology that's made all of these thin screens possible, we take that ideal to a new level. It's all about making products that are not only more colorful and exciting, but significantly more useful. Because at Sharp, we believe that true innovation is defined by how much a product improves your life. How enjoyable it is to use. And what it lets you do that you couldn't do before. Sharp LCD. Bringing you much more than you ever imagined.

SHARP LCD. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PICTURE LIFE WITHOUT IT.

LCD

1-800-BE SHARP

SHARP®
FROM SHARP MINDS
COME SHARP PRODUCTS™

APPLIANCES • AUDIO • CALCULATORS • CAMCORDERS • COMPUTERS • COPIERS • ELECTRONIC ORGANIZERS
FACSIMILE • LCD PROJECTION SYSTEMS • PRINTERS • TELEVISIONS • VCRs

© 1993 Sharp Electronics Corporation. Screen Sizes Measured Diagonally. Screen Images Simulated. Models Shown Clockwise From Top Right: VL-HL 100U Camcorder, OZ-9600 Touch Screen Wizard, XV-H30U LCD Projection System, 4M-T30U LCD TV.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO
FRENCH HENS, TURTLEDOVES AND
PARTRIDGES IN PEAR TREES, GIVE
THIS TO YOUR TRUE LOVE.

MARTIN COG
Rémy Martin
FINE CHAMPAGNE
V.S.O.P.
REMY MARTIN
DEPUIS 1724
Rémy Martin
COGNAC
PRODUCED IN FRANCE BY E. REMY MARTIN & CO
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

REMY MARTIN FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC. EXCLUSIVELY FROM GRAPES OF THE COGNAC REGION'S TWO BEST AREAS.

Sole USA Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY. 80 Proof, 40% Alc/Vol. © 1993

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE WORLD AFTER NAFTA, ACCORDING TO PAZ

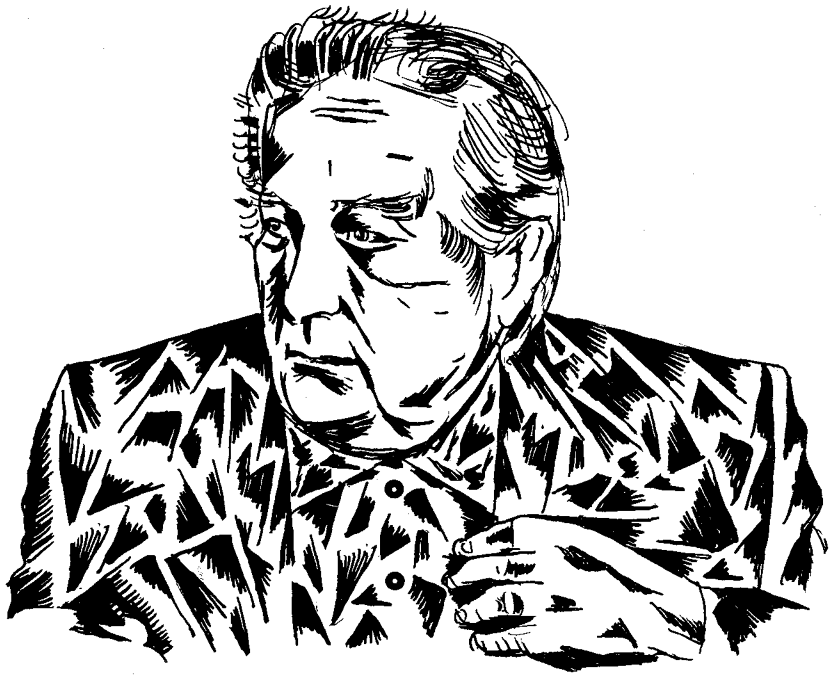
THE North American Free Trade Agreement, which President Clinton signed into law a few weeks ago, has been framed for and by Americans as having to do only with this country's economic future—or, more narrowly still, with what and where tomorrow's jobs will be. But nothing that further entangles the cultures and the histories of the United States and Mexico could be quite so circumscribed, quite so simple, and that is why it seemed a good idea to talk about the post-NAFTA world with Octavio Paz. Paz, Mexico's greatest poet and essayist and the recipient of the 1990 Nobel Prize in Literature, was in town recently to read from his work at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and he graciously accepted our invitation to meet him for a drink early one evening at the Drake Swissôtel, where he was staying. The lobby of the Drake was bustling, holiday festive, and it took some time to spot the poet, who was wearing a green corduroy shirt and gray slacks, standing before the elevators, squinting calmly in our direction through an obstacle course of tall blond women in furs, au pairs with baby strollers, businessmen speaking numerous languages, and half a dozen Swissair flight attendants. He looked as though he might have just woken up from a comfortable afternoon nap and wandered downstairs to check out what was for supper.

Once we were seated in the cocktail lounge, a waitress bent over the poet and sweetly intoned, "A Chivas, Mr. Paz?"

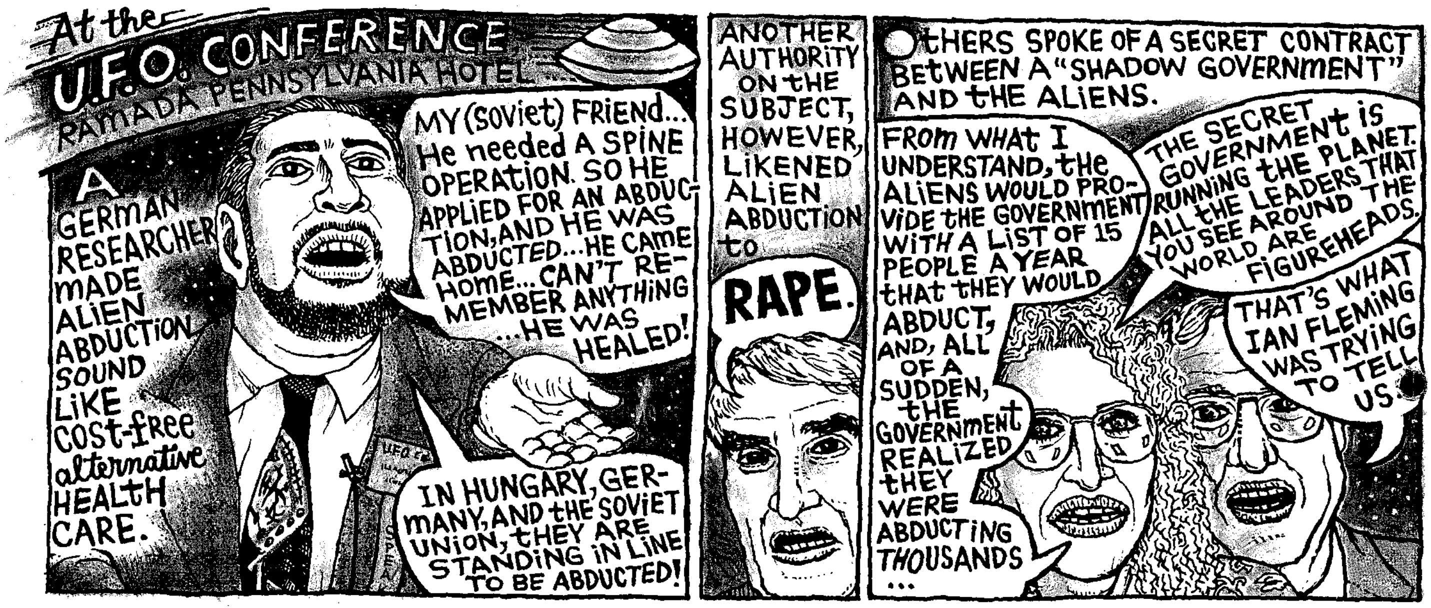
"No. Tea," he replied. He was fighting a cold.

Speaking in precise, accented English, Paz, whose next birthday will be his eightieth, told us that he had supported the free-trade agreement, and that its passage here and in Mexico was a historic event. "NAFTA will be important for Mexicans because it is a chance finally for us to be modern," he said. "We have failed to be modern for centuries. We only started trying to be modern at the end of the eighteenth century, and our conscious model of modernity has tended to be the United States. This is the first time in the histories of our two nations that we are going to be in some ways partners with each other."

After taking a sip of tea, he talked of a visit he made to the United States fifty years ago, when he was a not very young poet (he'd been publishing since his teens) and a not very active leftist (he'd broken with the Trotskyists) travelling on a Guggenheim fellowship to observe at first hand and reflect upon the vast social and psychic distances separating Mexico and the United States. It was during that trip that he began writing what would become "The Labyrinth of Solitude," which is still, forty-three years after its publication, the most influential book on the differing characters of these neighboring countries. "When I was living here, during the Second World War, Americans were discovering the very complicated world of international relations—it was only then that the United States began to perceive itself as part of the larger world," he said. "Before that, there was isolationism, no? You were born, as a nation, in the eighteenth century, without the historical stains of the past societies: nobility, monarchy, papists, Crusades. Without all this history, the country perhaps naturally became very intent on itself. And now, in all the fighting about



ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY PANTER


At the U.F.O. CONFERENCE RAMADA PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL...
A GERMAN RESEARCHER MADE ALIEN ABDUCTION SOUND LIKE COST-FREE alternative HEALTH CARE.
MY (SOVIET) FRIEND... He needed A SPINE OPERATION. SO HE APPLIED FOR AN ABDUCTION, AND HE WAS ABDUCTED... HE CAME HOME... CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ...HE WAS HEALED!
IN HUNGARY, GERMANY, AND THE SOVIET UNION, THEY ARE STANDING IN LINE TO BE ABDUCTED!
ANOTHER AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT, HOWEVER, LIKENED ALIEN ABDUCTION TO
RAPE.
OTHERS SPOKE OF A SECRET CONTRACT BETWEEN A "SHADOW GOVERNMENT" AND THE ALIENS.
FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, THE ALIENS WOULD PROVIDE THE GOVERNMENT WITH A LIST OF 15 PEOPLE A YEAR THAT THEY WOULD ABDUCT, AND, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE GOVERNMENT REALIZED THEY WERE ABDUCTING THOUSANDS ...
THE SECRET GOVERNMENT IS RUNNING THE PLANET. ALL THE LEADERS THAT YOU SEE AROUND THE WORLD ARE FIGUREHEADS.
THAT'S WHAT IAN FLEMING WAS TRYING TO TELL US.

NAFTA, there was again this isolationism in the air, with many of your leaders saying they wanted to be left alone."

What did he think had brought on this latest bout of isolationism?

He began his reply by referring to the sixties, Vietnam—"a period," he said, "in which Americans, many of them, had begun losing their confidence, their security." But then, after a pause for another sip of tea, he changed his tack, growing—well, more Pazian. "Isolationism is a fixture of the United States," he said. "It has its roots in the very myth of the birth of the United States: this idea that you are unique, that history and the world that made this history were bad things, and the idea that all the other nations and societies are the same, and are all dangerous, and that you should not mix with them. Leave them alone. *Leave us alone!*"

He was warming to the subject. "But here we see this very strange paradox, for the United States is in fact the product of an openness—a mix of peoples and religions—and is a country that values change, that considers change good, while to Mexicans change is a mixed benediction. And, of course, this faith in change is there from the birth of your country as well. Three words define the United States: 'new,' 'youth,' 'future.' The future is the great common thread tying together Americans. In Mexico, we are obsessed with the past, rather oppressed by the past. Perhaps, after NAFTA, this form of oppression will begin to be lifted."

And how would NAFTA change the United States?

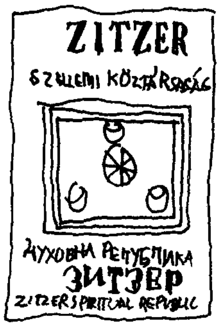
"I don't think the change will be explosive," he said. "In a sense, you face great cultural change every generation: the influence of the blacks, the Hispanics, the Asians, all the waves of immigration. You are already a hybrid culture, which to me is a positive thing. I believe all cultures are richer when they assimilate others, and change. I don't believe in a pure culture. Here we are sitting and talking in New York, a city populated by the minorities that are the world's majority. It is marvellous, no?"

To make his point about cultural hybridization more specifically, Paz talked a little about himself—about his coming of age as a poet. "When I started to write poetry, the first thing I did was learn my craft from the Spanish classics," he said. "I then read the great Latin Americans who came before me. Then, suddenly, I discovered the Indian past through modernity—that is, through anthropology and translation, and so on. And then I found out that I was not complete—that I needed to assimilate the great lessons of modern literature. Whitman showed me enormous areas of reality that traditional Spanish poetry ignored as being not poetical. From Eliot, Pound, and William Carlos Williams I came to understand formal experimentation. But, despite all this, I am not a foreign writer, I am a Mexican poet."

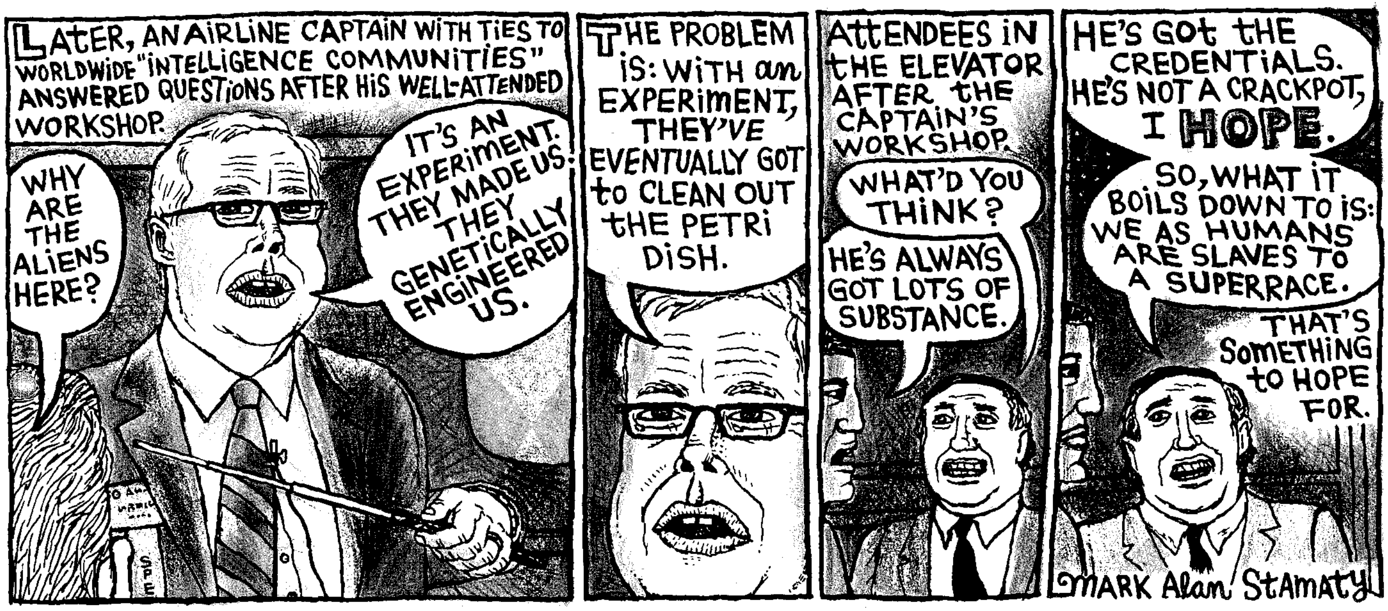
Today, we observed, a young North American poet would need to discover Octavio Paz in order to complete his or her education—and by doing this would assimilate, among other things, the Aztec past. Wasn't this proof that free trade had already existed in our hemisphere in the realm of the imagination?

Paz shyly agreed, shook our hand, and left us with our drink and his thoughts.

RIGHT ON, LOG ON


ZITZER
SZELLEMI KÖZTÁRSASÁG
ДУХОВНА РЕПУБЛИКА
ЗИТЗЕР
ZITZER SPIRITUAL REPUBLIC

THE one indispensable tool for today's draft resister is a computer with a modem and a printer—this according to Bill Weinberg, one of the organizers of a recent marathon benefit staged to raise money to buy such electronic hardware for Serbian draft evaders. The fund-raiser was held in and around CBGB and featured performances by five bands, among them Maggot, Public Nuisance, and Hands in Your Head, at the club itself, and numerous "spoken word" artists, among them Donny the Punk and Sister Mykel Board, in the pizza place next door. Mr. Weinberg—who describes himself as an anarchist, wears his hair in a scraggly ponytail, says things like "all that jazz" and "cool cat" a lot, holds down a day job as news editor of the cannabis-friendly *High Times*, and has spent many evenings volunteering for the two antiwar groups (Neither East nor West and the Balkan War Resource Group) that were the hosts of the nine-hour-long benefit—had


LATER, AN AIRLINE CAPTAIN WITH TIES TO WORLDWIDE "INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITIES" ANSWERED QUESTIONS AFTER HIS WELL-ATTENDED WORKSHOP.
WHY ARE THE ALIENS HERE?
IT'S AN EXPERIMENT. THEY MADE US: THEY GENETICALLY ENGINEERED US.
THE PROBLEM IS: WITH an EXPERIMENT, THEY'VE EVENTUALLY GOT to CLEAN OUT tHE PETRI DISH.
AttENDEES IN tHE ELEVATOR AFTER tHE CAPTAIN'S WORKSHOP.
WHAT'D YOU THINK?
HE'S ALWAYS GOT LOTS OF SUBSTANCE.
HE'S GOt tHE CREDENTIALS. HE'S NOT A CRACKPOT, I HOPE.
SO, WHAT IT BOILS DOWN TO IS: WE AS HUMANS ARE SLAVES TO A SUPERRACE.
THAT'S SOMETHING to HOPE FOR.
MARK Alan StAmAty

joined us on a banquette at the back of the club to explain how, for Serbians wanting to protest the draft, and also for peace in general, (1) communication is of the essence, (2) E-mail is the essence of communication, and (3) a modem is the essence of E-mail.

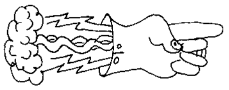
We were kind of wishing for E-mail ourself while we chatted with Mr. Weinberg; communication lines were bad, owing to the tortured howls of Maggot's lead singer. Mr. Weinberg leaned close and shouted that the benefit (and thus the computer with modem and printer) wasn't for just any old Serbian draft resisters but for the Zitzer Spiritual Republic, a country without "territory, economy, borders, or other activities" that had been founded on June 26, 1992, by a group of draft resisters from the village of Tresnjevac while they were holed up in a local bar, the Zitzer Club (*Zitzer* being Serbo-Croatian slang for an easy pool shot), protesting the presence of the Yugoslav National Army, which had surrounded the town with troops and tanks to enforce conscription. The republic has its own constitution, official anthem (Ravel's "Boléro," the one record in the club at the time of the founding), coat of arms (a pizza surrounded by three billiard balls), and, as of the benefit, an American envoy, Mr. Weinberg.

When we observed that it seemed a little odd to have hard-core and metal bands playing a benefit for peaceniks, Mr. Weinberg yelled that many of the performers were affiliated with the downtown political-art collective ABC No Rio, and were demonstrating a commitment to the Zitzer Spiritual Republic principle that rejects any law that "forces citizens to act against their free will and conscience"—or, anyway, that's what we think he said.

Red neon beer signs suspended from the ceiling bathed the literature provided by the republic's United States Embassy in a bloody glow: pamphlets entitled "War at the Crossroads: An Historical Guide Through the Balkan Labyrinth" and "War & Peace in the Balkans: A Resource Guide on Ex-Yugoslavia"; a historical synopsis of the Zitzer Spiritual Republic. There was also a stack of Zitzer citizenship cards—cardboard passes a little smaller than playing cards emblazoned with the Zitzer coat of arms and with "Zitzer Spiritual Republic" written in Serbo-Croatian, Hungarian, and English. Reeling a little from the feedback in one of Public Nuisance's songs, we went next door to the pizza joint—a venue that Mr. Weinberg maintained had been chosen for its resemblance to the hangout of the Zitzers. As a poet calling herself Chris Snake recited "I dreamt i was henry miller," we asked Mr. Weinberg how, since United Nations sanctions make any shipment of computers to Serbia highly unlikely, he and his comrades planned to get the hardware to the draft resisters. Staring down, his hands clasped, he said, "If they can't buy it themselves, we'll just get it and ship it to Hungary. The border is full of holes."

We stayed at the benefit long enough to hear Darryl Cherney, of the environmental group Earth First!, perform his original songs "Xerox the Money" and "You Can't Clearcut Your Way to Heaven." That song, in particular, proved a very catchy tune, and now, days later, we still can't get it out of our head—nor the idea of illicit E-mail zinging its way over telephone lines from a pool club in a little village in Serbia to Belgrade through Hungary to a computer-communications hub in Vienna, then back to the former Yugoslavia, and on to some other protest center, in another beleaguered village, all the while spreading the word.

JARON LANIER IS VIRTUALLY SURE



A COUPLE of weeks ago, we sat down at an actual table in a real café and ate a solid lunch with the virtual-reality guru Jaron Lanier. Still looking, at the age of thirty-four, like a high-school Deadhead, with waist-length blond dreadlocks and a patchy beard framing his pale, sleepy face, Lanier held forth on the future of electronic media, as he is inclined to do, and also on his recent move from Northern California, the center of post-print experimentation, to New York. Having coined the phrase "virtual reality" and also played a key role in the development of the complexly wired goggles-and-gloves outfit that allows those who don it to visit the computer-generated worlds it opens up, Lanier is in the process of regrouping, preparing to teach graduate seminars on virtual reality at New York University next semester, and pursuing a number of independent projects in the aftermath of losing control of V.P.L.—a company devoted to new technologies which he started nine years ago in Silicon Valley—to French investors. Even when making introductory small talk, he spoke rapidly, breathlessly, as if trying to keep up with the future he is so keen to describe, and, in headier conversation, his idea-bursts tended to be punctuated by self-deprecating "my, my"s—indicating, we gathered, both dissatisfaction at not being able to render for those mired in the present moment the perfect clarity of what he sees and an ironic awareness of the comic potentialities of his predictions.

We began by asking him to describe what he sees as he looks at the mid-nineteen-nineties, without benefit of goggles and gloves: What's it like out there?

"My, my," he replied. "Well, we've all observed this phenomenon that there's not a style currently. All there is is a collage of old styles. And you can either view this as a sort of dismal end of Western civilization *or* there's a very positive way to view it, which is that our culture is fragmenting in order to turn what used to be finished thoughts and texts into the raw stuff of vocabulary—which will be useful to have when a new means of communication between people develops, which will happen as everything goes interactive. One way of looking at our present media culture is that everyone simply receives these whole products—whole movies, whole TV shows, and so on. The new culture is going to be an interactive culture, in which everybody creates, in a sense, his or her own products. And so, as we set out on this great adventure, it's not surprising that we are more interested in the fragments, the pieces."

Lanier went on to say that even some of the things that are understood to be futuristic—video games, for instance, or CD-ROMs—are "whole products" and not truly interactive. If somebody buys, say, a video game, Lanier maintained, he or she doesn't really have *access* to it. "The only way you can really have access to interactive material is if you're participating in the creation of it yourself. What I'm really interested in doing is creating social situations in which people, especially children, learn to *make* things—learn to *make* virtual worlds, or, even if you don't have a virtual-reality system, learn to make other stuff, so that it's not just access to something created by someone else, and people become creators."

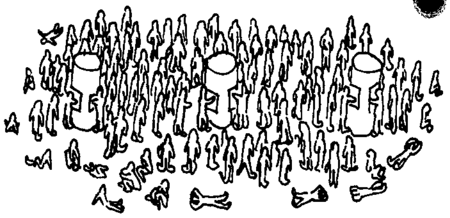
We said we thought that often the main point of mass entertainment was precisely one's immersion in someone else's world, someone else's story, to which one wouldn't otherwise have access, because one could never conceive it.

"Absolutely," he responded. "I'm not in any sense opposed to that. But here's the issue: I mean, the big difference between a book and a movie is not that one's on a page and one's on the screen. The big difference is that everybody can write a little bit—or at least that's what we are after in our ideal vision of society. Somebody who can write, even a little bit, reads in a very different way from somebody who can't write at all. I mean, I don't have any objection to movies; I just think it would be a much . . . *cooler* world if people could actually create in a medium from which they gather information and meaning. That's not in any sense an attack on the notion that some people are better than other people at creating. That argument wouldn't apply any more than it does with books. Rather, there's a kind of a joy and a beauty in having a lot of people who share a level of literacy together that's just not possible otherwise. My, my."

Lanier said that, while most of the available interactive computer technology has been (and continues to be) developed out West, New York is—in real life—a model for future electronically interactive communities. "New York is really sort of the Great Commons of the United States," he said. "New York is the place where you're confronted with thousands of people at once on a constant basis." He paused, and then he said, "I think what will happen in the end is that the rest of the country will start to inhabit virtual New York."

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING, AND THAT'S O.K.

For all the recent talk about reinventing government, so far there's only one place in New York where it's a reality, or soon will be, anyway—the ninth floor of 346 Broadway, a decayed old wedding cake of an office tower near City Hall. Here you will find, beyond the airport-style metal detectors that greet you as you leave the elevator, a spotless, hushed, rigorously postmodern lobby, with muted-gray walls, marble floors, and chairs occupied by quiet-faced young African-American and Hispanic men. Where are you? In the Manhattan office of the New York City Department of Probation.



Just off the new lobby, and discreetly concealed from it by venetian blinds, is the nearly completed kiosk room. Kiosks are interactive video screens in boxes—like cash-machine screens but with more sophisticated graphics. Beginning in February, Probation, which supervises the lives of sixty thousand convicted criminals—most of them men in their teens and twenties—who haven't been sentenced to serve time in jail, will use several prototype kiosks to monitor nonviolent offenders. Under [illegible] current system, probationers are sent questionnaires in the mail, and thirty clerks are required to process the data that are returned. Now, thanks to interactive video, the probationers will come in, identify themselves on a screen, and process their own data. (The computer system will readily and accurately point up no-shows.) Eventually, the money saved—the salaries of the thirty clerks—will go to people with the skills to work intensively, therapeutically with young men who are more violent.

Ten years from now, most routine government business—renewing a driver's license, paying taxes or fines—may well be handled by kiosks, no clerks. Does this mean that government is not being reinvented so much as retooled—that it's simply growing mechanized, computerized, faceless, affectless? We prefer to think of a city where long lines and simmering vats of rudeness, inefficiency, crankiness, and distractedness have suddenly been zapped away. ♦

Far below the surface of the Gulf of Mexico, one of the first treasures of its kind can be found. It's an artificial reef, created from a former Phillips Petroleum production platform.

And while you can't see it, this reef has attracted the attention of hundreds of species of fish. As a result, this is something that has also been attracting the attention of many commercial as well as recreational fishermen.

Although we left this underwater paradise years ago, we took with us an unforgettable picture of life that will remain deep within us all. And it is one which will endure for generations to come. To us, that's what it means to be the performance company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

To understand our concern for the environment, sometimes you have to look beneath the surface.

To find out more about environmental innovations from Phillips, write to: Rigs to Reefs, Phillips Petroleum Company, 16 D-2 Phillips Building, Bartlesville, OK 74004.

Everything e

The future has never looked better. Without a doubt, the new Accord Sedan from Honda is more aerodynamically beautiful than ever. A classic combination of form and function.

However, a closer examination reveals that this Accord is unlike any you've ever seen before. Everything about it has changed, with all-new technology.

Testing showed how changes in the body's internal structure could reduce road noise. So we added high-tech baffling materials. It's very quiet.

To make the Accord stronger, we reinforced the outer body panels with thicker steel and we added steel beams and pads inside the doors. It is easy to see why the new Accord meets the federal side-impact standards for 1997, three years early.

While we're on the subject of safety, you'll find that driver's and front passenger's airbags SRS are standard. The Accord EX, here, even includes a refined anti-lock braking system (ABS). Which, of course, is also available on the LX and DX models.

The compact 2.2 liter, 16-valve engine in the new Accord will be a topic of engineering lectures for years to come. The version in DX and LX models produces 130 horsepower, while the EX model develops 145 horsepower, the most ever in an Accord. Both are fuel-injected and feature Honda's innovative second-order balance system that cancels vibrations that cause other engines to twist and shake. Both are very smooth.

You'll find a new version of our Variable Valve Timing and Lift Electronic Control system (that's VTEC for short) increases both power output and fuel efficiency in the Accord EX engine.

After computer analysis of how our automatic transmission shifted, our engineers designed a new transmission so smooth and quiet that you will hardly notice when it changes gears.

A computer inside the new Accord's transmission uses an advanced Grade Logic Control System that can detect special driving situations, such as hills or stop-and-go traffic. Automatically, it then changes the transmission shift points for the best possible performance. For example, it knows when the Accord is going uphill and shifts to third gear for more pulling power.

© 1993 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

lse is history.

Grade Logic is smart enough to know the difference between up and down, too. When going downhill, it downshifts to help control your speed. Which adds a higher level of refinement and further driving enjoyment.

On the inside, you'll find the look is warm and inviting, with pleasing textures and soft, plush fabrics. A rich, leather-trimmed interior is available on the Accord EX model, naturally.

Seats have been reshaped to better fit your shape. They are wider and more supportive in the hip, back and shoulder areas. The front seatbacks are new as well. Their concave design frees up more knee room for those passengers riding in the back. Up front, a padded center armrest with storage is ideally positioned for driver and passenger comfort in the new Accord.

The new instrument panel is a model of intelligent design and layout. It gracefully wraps around the interior and is darker on top to reduce irritating glare. Gauges are large and easy to read. And switches are right where they should be. The center console is slanted to improve your access to heater and ventilation controls and audio components.

Honda engineers wrote the book on ride and handling. The Accord adds yet another chapter. Its four-wheel double wishbone suspension system expertly soaks up bumps, dips and rough pavement without sacrificing responsiveness or agility. You'll find that it tracks steadily and accurately through tight curves and corners, responding immediately to steering inputs from the driver. At highway speeds, you'll feel more comfortable and in complete control.

But since you need to feel the road, we have designed a new power steering system to do the same. It works like this. As you turn the steering wheel, it senses resistance from the tires and provides a precise amount of power assist. It never feels unnecessarily heavy, numb or over-assisted.

The Accord has always had a history of sending everybody else back to the drawing board. With the new Accord, history is bound to repeat itself.

A Car Ahead

HONDA

LEGACY

“This Is Art Deco”
CT/CK 57111
20 classics that capture the essence of Art Deco.

“The Crooners”
C2T/C2K 52942
Bing, Frank and much more on 2 CDs.

“Sophisticated Ladies”
C2T/C2K 52943
The best of the female vocalists on 2 CDs.

“The Cosmopolitan Marlene Dietrich”
CT/CK 53209
Before Madonna there was Marlene.

“Can't Help Lovin' That Man”
CT/CK 52855
Featuring “Gay Love” and much more.

MUSICAL WONDERS FROM THE GOLDEN AGE.
INTRODUCING LEGACY'S ART DECO SERIES—
LIVELY, HIGH-SPIRITED AND IN RECORD STORES NOW.

For more information on these and other Legacy releases, write to:
Legacy, Radio City Station, P.O. Box 1526,
New York, N.Y. 10101-1526
“Legacy” and L Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada./©1993 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

AVAILABLE AT...
TOWER RECORDS | VIDEO
OR ORDER BY PHONE
CALL 1-800-648-4844
TOWER RECORDS MAIL ORDER
AVAILABLE EVERYDAY 8AM-8PM EST

ANNALS OF POLITICS

OLLIE'S NEXT MISSION

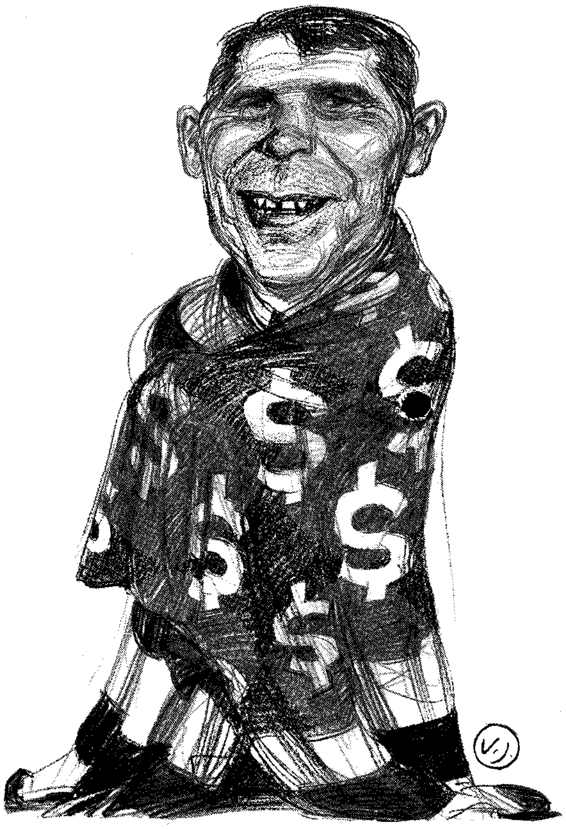
Seven years after Iran-Contra, Oliver North is a very wealthy man launching a run for the U.S. Senate—but guess who won't be supporting him?

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

THE Iran-Contra affair. Say the words and your heart sinks. So complicated, so obscure. Arms for hostages, that much was pretty clear, but how did the cake and the Bible fit in? Didn't Ollie North take a cake to Iran—or was it a potted plant? Shredding: that was Iran-Contra—we remember that. We remember Fawn Hall, but Richard Secord and Albert Hakim? Who really knew the difference, and did it matter? What did?

This national befuddlement, the general indifference, started early. In January of 1987, just a few weeks after Attorney General Edwin Meese III announced that some of the money from illegal arms sales to Iran had been diverted to support the Nicaraguan Contras, I was hired as a junior prosecutor on the staff of Lawrence E. Walsh, the independent counsel who conducted the criminal investigation of the Iran-Contra affair. My friends reacted with unanimity. “What a great job!” they'd say. And then, after a pause, they'd add, a little embarrassed, “You know, I haven't really followed this one as closely as I did Watergate.” I worked on Walsh's staff for two and a half years, and left on May 4, 1989, the day that North was convicted of three of the twelve felony charges against him. Throughout, the feeling had lingered that we Iran-Contra aficionados were grasping at the coattails of a fleeing nation. “Hey, come back here!” we'd shout. “This is important! *Pay attention!*”

But, if Iran-Contra never really took hold in this country, it never really disappeared, either, and as 1993 comes to an end it is reëmerging with a vengeance. The release of Walsh's final repo[illegible] which contains the findings of nearly seven years of investigation, is imminent. More important, the most celebrated figure in the Iran-Contra affair is preparing to storm back into public view. Shortly after the New Year, Oliver North will officially declare his candidacy for the Republican nomination to the United States Senate from Virginia. North is no dabbler, and his campaign in no way resembles the halfhearted attempts of many celebrities—from Norman Mailer to Maureen Reagan—to transform renown into votes. “Ollie did about a hundred political events around the state in 1992 and more than that in 1993,” Mark Merritt, who has been North's political aide since



In 1990, North founded Freedom Alliance. It has raised nearly nine million dollars—and spent the bulk of it promoting him.

VICTOR JUHASZ

IMPORTED
The Original
Canton
Delicate
Ginger
Liqueur

Introducing
Iced
Stem
of
Ginger.

Wait till you try it!

Simply call 1-800-854-7092. Leave your name and address. We will send to you, absolutely free, a stem glass. Also, a coupon for a free Canton miniature.

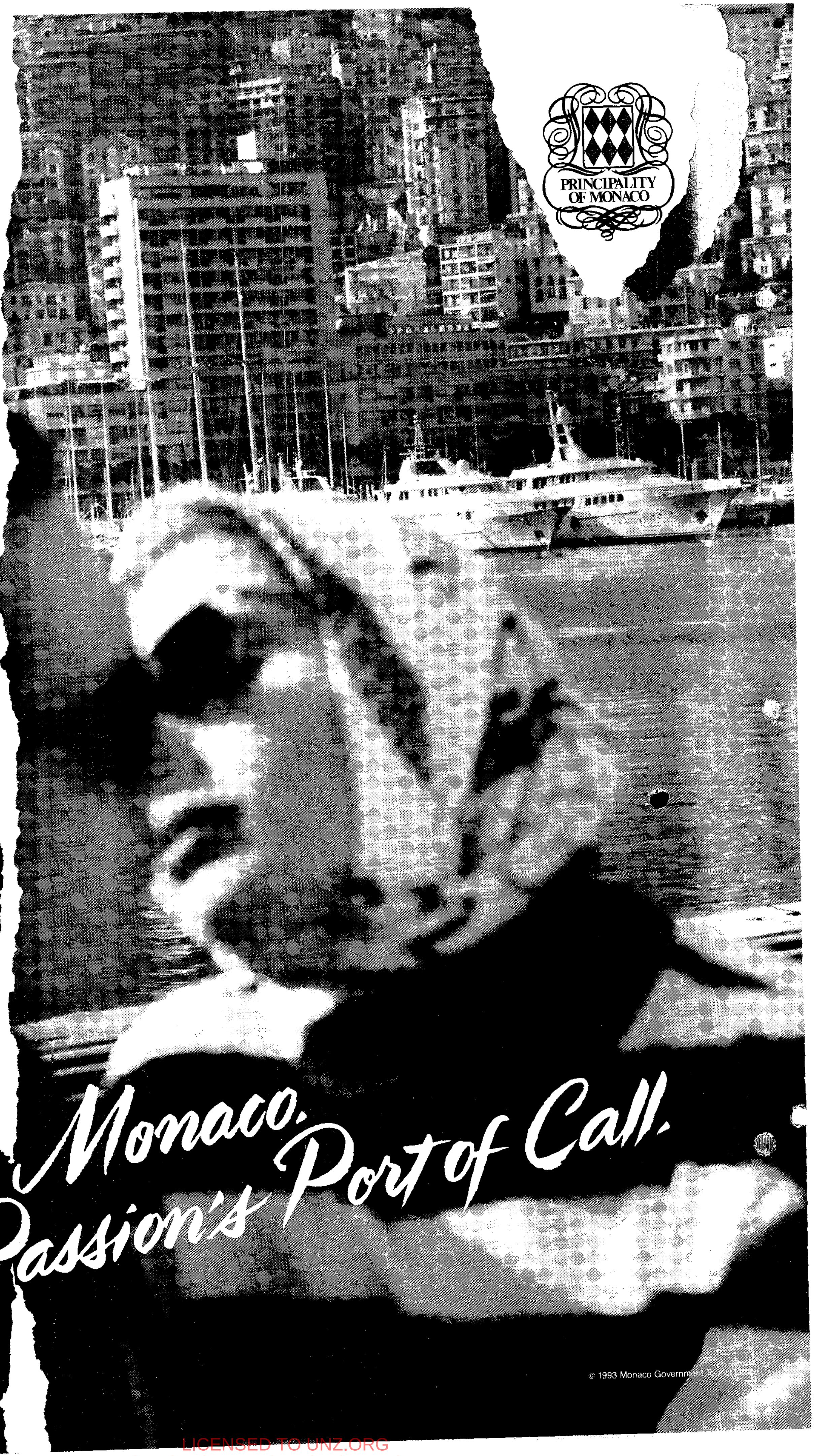
The Secret: enjoy a little Canton with a lot of ice. (To crack ice use a blender or a kitchen cloth.)

nported by World Ltd., Philadelphia, PA 19125 20% ALC/VOL (40 Proof).

Here is a Major Culinary Discovery

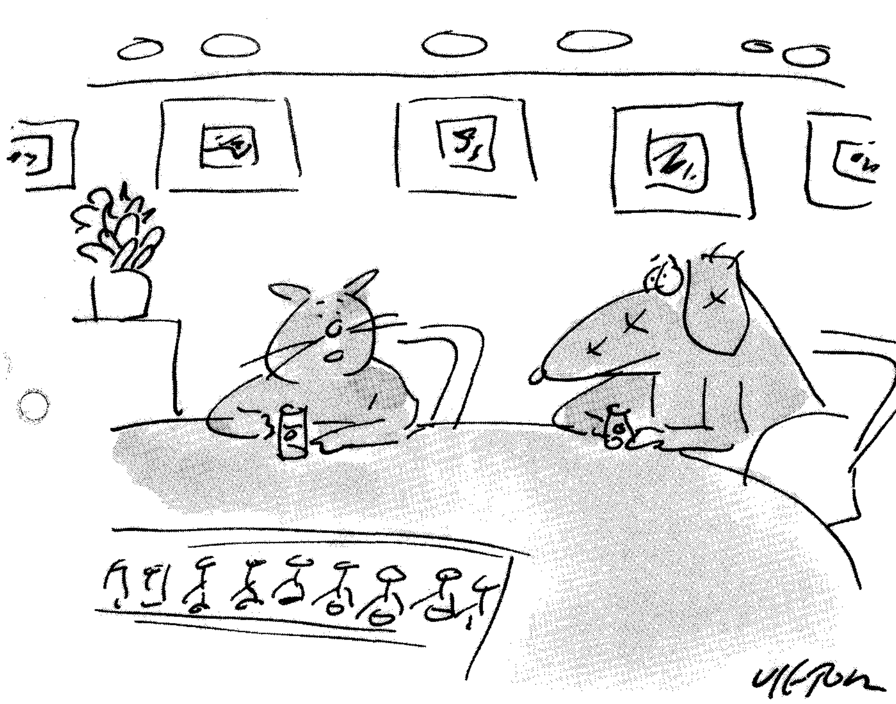
The Original Canton Delicate Ginger Liqueur in a tall stem glass filled with cracked ice. Cool. Stimulating. After all, this superior liqueur is made from six varieties of fresh ginger harmonized with a touch of gentle herbs and ginseng, the finest spirits and rich brandy. Rounded with honey. A delicate liqueur capturing all of the goodness of Old Canton.

The Original Canton...Delicate Ginger Liqueur.


PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO
Monaco. Passion's Port of Call.

Come to Monaco,
a safe haven
for romantics
everywhere.
To learn more call
1-800-753-9696.

© 1993 Monaco Government Tourist Office



"I'm sorry I scratched you, but you had me in a corner."

• •

1990, told me. "Our rule was that we went to everything, from the statewide convention to the smallest fund-raisers for candidates for the House of Delegates." As a result of those efforts—and his enormous name recognition—North will enter the race as the favorite for the Republican nomination. The Democrats, for their part, are divided and weak. The incumbent senator, Charles S. Robb, has been dogged for much of his term by afflictions concerning libido and law. He must now face a Democratic-primary challenge from L. Douglas Wilder, the Virginian who in 1989 became the nation's first black elected governor. In polls taken last August by Mason-Dixon Political / Media Research, the latest surveys available, North trailed Robb in a head-to-head race by only nine percentage points. In a race with Wilder, North led by one point. More recent developments have perhaps enhanced North's chances: the Republican George Allen won a landslide victory in last November's race for governor. According to more than a few independent experts on Virginia politics, North stands about an even chance of winning next November.

I spent much of the fall following North around the country to learn how the "new" North compared with the one I'd known. For two people who never officially met, we have had a complicated relationship. Though I worked on Walsh's staff—and principally on the case against North himself—our connection was not exclusively one of predator and prey. After I left Walsh's staff, I wrote a book about my experiences. For a variety of reasons, including concern about grand-jury secrecy, Walsh did not believe that I should be allowed to publish my book, and a nasty court fight between us ensued. (I won, and the book was published.) For North, then, I became the enemy of his enemy—if not exactly his friend.

In keeping with the protocol of criminal trials, North and I had never so much as shaken hands, but the proximity of a four-month trial yields an undeniable intimacy. When I first approached him, last October, after a rally for the Republican ticket in the Washington suburb of Oakton, he smiled broadly. For him, the criminal side of the case has faded into insignificance. The Court of Appeals reversed the convictions, and Walsh was compelled to drop all charges against North, so he is a completely free man. For North today, Iran-Contra is just another "issue" in the campaign, like NAFTA or health care. "Iran-Contra cuts about seventy-thirty for us," he told me during one of several talks we had, referring to polls his campaign has taken. So he greeted me as he might one of his box-

PRINCIPALITY
OF MONACO

If luxury is your
passion, choose
Loews Monte-Carlo.
The grand hotel with
take-your-breath-away
Mediterranean views
and make-your-heart-
beat-faster packages.
When you stay
three nights, you're
treated to deluxe
accommodations,
complimentary
breakfasts and
dinners, and
indulgences galore.
Starting at just
$260 per night,
per room,
double occupancy.
For reservations and
more information, call
1-800-235-6397.

Restrictions apply.

Loews
Monte-Carlo

ing opponents from his days at the Naval Academy—an old sparring partner, no harm done.

North likes to complain about what he calls his "thinning hair and thickening waistline," but on first (and second) glance he looks much the same as he did when he held Americans transfixed in front of their televisions six summers ago. As ever, his shave never quite catches up with his five-o'clock shadow, but his cheeks still have a healthy glow. His teeth are generously spaced, but his big, openmouthed smile transforms that flaw into a Huck Finn charm. He has the easy gait and slow handshake of a celebrity: he knows that people are happy to wait for him. North laughed when he heard I had long ago left Walsh and the legal profession. "You've had enough of Iran-Contra," he said, "and *I've* had enough of Iran-Contra." But as I learned about North's life in the nearly five years since we crossed paths it became clear that the echoes from that ultimate crisis have continued to shape him in profound and sometimes unexpected ways.

NORTH came to the National Security Council, where he served as a middle-level aide from 1981 to 1986, spectacularly unprepared for the challenges that awaited him. After the Vietnam War, and before he came to the N.S.C., his most demanding professional assignment had been to serve as the third-ranking officer commanding a Marine training center at Camp Lejeune, in North Carolina. By 1985, North was negotiating for the delivery of missiles to the government of Iran to encourage that government to help free American hostages being held in Beirut. He was also leading the Reagan Administration's secret effort to fund, arm, and command the Contra rebels as they fought a guerrilla war against the government of Nicaragua. North did not speak Arabic, Farsi, or Spanish. He was hopelessly out of his depth, almost poignantly so. A colleague at the N.S.C. once made the mistake of complaining to North about having high blood pressure. "That's not too bad," he replied. "Mine is 205 over 180." And then he pulled an eyelid down to reveal that the blood vessels in his eyes were breaking under the tremendous pressure.

Oliver North today is rather grand. He flies in a private plane and often travels with bodyguards. He is the author of a best-selling book about his ordeal. Not a day goes by when someone doesn't ask to have a picture taken with him. He lives in a converted farmhouse, two hours' drive from the capital, for which he paid a million one hundred and seventy thousand dollars; he bought it in 1989, just after his conviction. (Two years later, he sold his former house, in McLean, Virginia, for two hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars.) A corner of an office complex in Chantilly, Virginia, near North's Senate-campaign headquarters is called Freedom Plaza, and it features a flagpole and a plaque that reads "Dedicated to Oliver North and the Freedom Fighters of the World Who Made a Stand and Paid a Price. Dedicated at Family Salute to Oliver North—September 24, 1989." While I was watching North autograph copies of his latest book at Waldenbooks, on Wall Street, he beckoned me close and whispered, "You know, Tom Clancy's pushing me to write a novel."

Money—millions upon millions of dollars—has been the leitmotiv of North's life since Iran-Contra. His testimony before the congressional Iran-Contra committees in the summer of 1987 did more than make him a household name. It turned him into a magnet for money—first, for his survival, then for his political career, and, finally, just for himself.

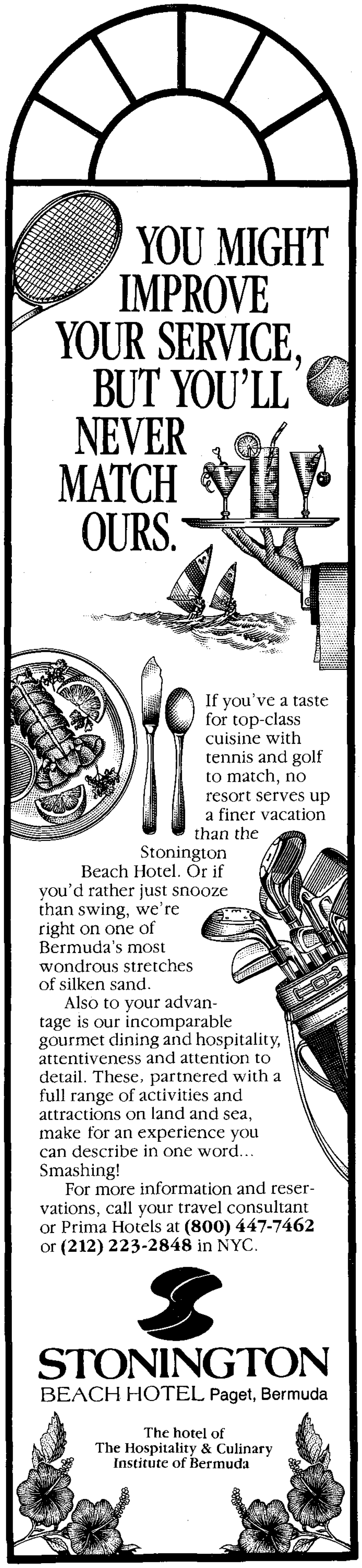
So North probably does not think very often about Mary Dix, even though she may represent the biggest difference between his old life and his new one. During North's tenure at the N.S.C., Dix served as its director of administration—that is, among other things, as the keeper of the petty-cash box. Dix's testimony about her relationship with North provided some of the most riveting moments of his trial.

"Did you have any occasions," one of the prosecutors, David Zornow, asked Dix, "to have contact with Lieutenant Colonel North regarding reimbursement for moneys that he had expended for taxi fare?"

"Yes," Dix said. "There were troubles at times in keeping money in the cashbox. . . . Colonel North would get very upset if we didn't have the cash right there when he needed it."

Zornow asked if Dix remembered any specific incidents.

"Yes," Dix replied. "There were occa-


YOU MIGHT IMPROVE YOUR SERVICE, BUT YOU'LL NEVER MATCH OURS.

If you've a taste for top-class cuisine with tennis and golf to match, no resort serves up a finer vacation than the Stonington Beach Hotel. Or if you'd rather just snooze than swing, we're right on one of Bermuda's most wondrous stretches of silken sand.

Also to your advantage is our incomparable gourmet dining and hospitality, attentiveness and attention to detail. These, partnered with a full range of activities and attractions on land and sea, make for an experience you can describe in one word... Smashing!

For more information and reservations, call your travel consultant or Prima Hotels at **(800) 447-7462** or **(212) 223-2848** in NYC.

STONINGTON
BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda

The hotel of
The Hospitality & Culinary
Institute of Bermuda

"He Can Sit,

Roll Over, Beg, Play Dead and Even Sing.

But He Couldn't

Read

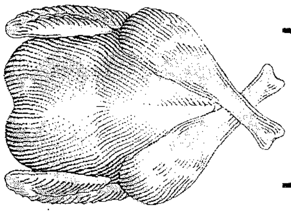
An Ingredient Label

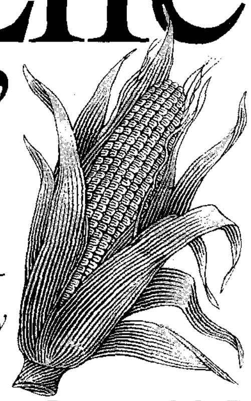
If His Life

Depended On It."

—Robert Urich

ON·E
DOG FORMULA





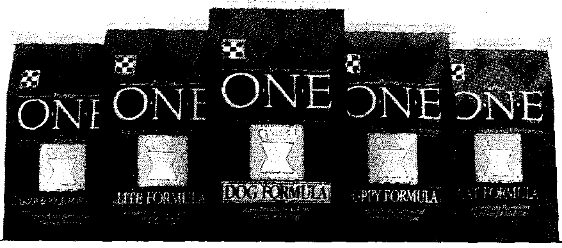
Do your dog a favor and read a few dog food labels. What you'll find out is that they're not all the same.

Most dry dog foods have corn as their first ingredient. But Purina O·N·E Dog Formula starts with chicken, a more concentrated source of high-quality protein, and then adds other wholesome ingredients like corn and wheat.

You'll also find out that Purina O·N·E has no added artificial colors or flavors. And it's more digestible than most other dry dog foods.

And you'll find out that Purina O·N·E makes other quality formulas for dogs and cats of all life stages.

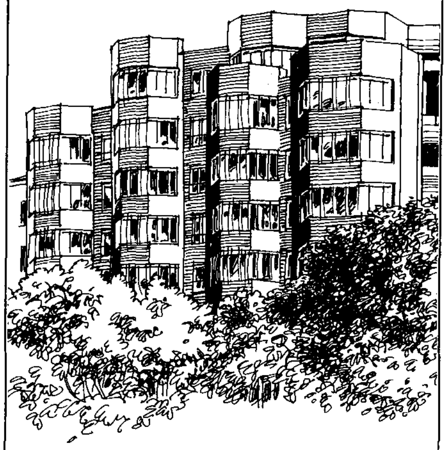
So don't play tricks on your dog. Get him Purina O·N·E brand Dog Formula. No dog food is better. For your free sample of Purina O·N·E, simply call 1-800-787-0078, ext. 480.



© 1992 Ralston Purina Company

PURINA O·N·E® SECOND TO NONE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RENT AN EXCLUSIVE LONDON APARTMENT OVERLOOKING KENSINGTON PALACE GARDENS

If you are planning a stay in London, consider Thorney Court. The last word in sheer style, it is the perfect place for business or leisure.

These magnificent two, three and four bedroom serviced apartments are furnished and equipped with everything you can possibly need, including cable television and private telephones.

At your disposal are maid service, laundry and secretarial facilities. Complete privacy and security are assured by twenty four hour porterage. And the underground car park has space for sixty cars.

It's like staying at one of London's top hotels, but with far more space and at considerably less cost.

You will also be close to Knightsbridge, Kensington High Street and the West End, with Heathrow Airport just thirty minutes away. For full details contact our resident General Manager, Michael C Garner.

Thorney Court

Luxury home from home

Thorney Court, Palace Gate, Kensington,
London W8 5NJ, England.
Tel: 011 44 71 581 5324
Fax: 011 44 71 584 1659

sions when I would be walking down the hallway to leave work at night and I would hear him yelling, 'Mary! Mary!' And he would need cash to go home; that he didn't have enough cash for gas." On two occasions, she said, North ran into her office. "His face was red, and he was very upset with my staff because they didn't have money. . . . He either would say that he didn't have enough money for gas to go home or he didn't have enough lunch money."

I thought of Mary Dix on the Indian-summer day when I drove by North's home, which is situated on a ridge along the Shenandoah River, in Clarke County, Virginia—a gorgeous stretch of land west of Washington. On an isolated stretch of the river, where the trees do lazy arabesques over the bank, Oliver North's farmhouse sits on a hundred and ninety-four acres. He named it Narnia, after the fairy-tale land of C. S. Lewis's chidren's books.

According to a friend, North says that his property possesses at least one unusual feature: a series of widely spaced metal grates set into the ground, which, as it turns out, top airshafts leading to the federal government's once supersecret doomsday bunker. The so-called Mount Weather facility, which is buried deep underground, was designed to house the President, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Cabinet Secretaries, and other high-ranking government officials in the event of a nuclear war. North's penthouse at the Armageddon Inn has a security fence, as did his former home, in McLean. At his trial, North was convicted of receiving an illegal gratuity, because Richard Secord, the retired Air Force general who was running some of North's off-the-books operations at the White House, had paid fourteen thousand dollars for the fence in McLean. It was rather rinky-dink—little more than an electronic gate with an intercom—but the gate at Narnia is constructed of metal, stone, and mortar. Like North's new prosperity, this fence is built to last.

NORTH first took advantage of his popularity in April of 1988, when he established the North Legal Defense and Family Safety Trust, which was designed to pay his Iran-Contra legal fees and to provide for his personal protection. The trust organized some fund-raising events—Richard Nixon's close friend Bebe Rebozo held one at his Florida home—but the bulk of the money was raised through direct-mail appeals. In the remaining months of 1988, according to documents on file with New York's Office of Charities Registration, the defense fund raised $4,652,649. In 1989, the fund raised an additional $6,487,517. By the time the fund ceased its money-raising activities, in late 1992, it had raised more than thirteen million dollars. It had also provided North with another, less obvious asset: Duane Ward, an employee of the fund and a former public-relations director for Jerry Falwell, who would eventually become a crucial figure in the securing of North's personal fortune.

North took over an inactive charitable corporation called the Interamerican Partnership, rechristened it Freedom Alliance, and started raising money anew. ("On March 22, 1990," an early Freedom Alliance brochure reads, "Ollie accepted the presidency of Freedom Alliance because he believes that all citizens blessed to live in a free country have a moral duty to work vigilantly to guard their God-given liberties.") The result was another direct-mail fund-raising bonanza. "They had the list of contributors from the defense trust, and they just mailed to the same people," I was told by a person who has worked closely with North over the past several years. "That list was pure gold."

In 1990, the Alliance raised $3,775,225. The following year, it took in $2,737,557, and in 1992 the total was $2,196,197. An early North letter to potential contributors denounced both the Walsh investigation and the "increasingly imperial Congress, dominated by the far left and containing too many members mired in immoral personal behavior." As North's subsequent letters made more and more clear, his passions were those of the New Right: he decried the "arrogant army of ultra-militant feminists," "homosexual activists," and "the appalling legacy" of Justice William J. Brennan, who "used his power on the Supreme Court to conform the law of our land to meet the radical agenda of the Left." Some of North's fund-raising techniques were unconventional. After the Gulf War, Freedom Alliance mounted an appeal for funds to assist the families of Gulf War veterans. Included in the solicitations was a handsome color photograph of General H. Norman Schwarzkopf, the com-

Whose island is this anyway?

Maybe it's your island.
So it's a tropical island. Only it hardly ever rains.
So there's lots of sun. And cactus.

But beaches, too. Long beautiful beaches with white sand and blue water.
The kind you see in your dreams.

Every face you see has a smile on it. Which makes you happy.
Maybe you'll go water skiing, snorkeling, scuba diving, windsurfing,
dancing, gambling, or deep sea fishing.

Or maybe not.
It's your island. Right?

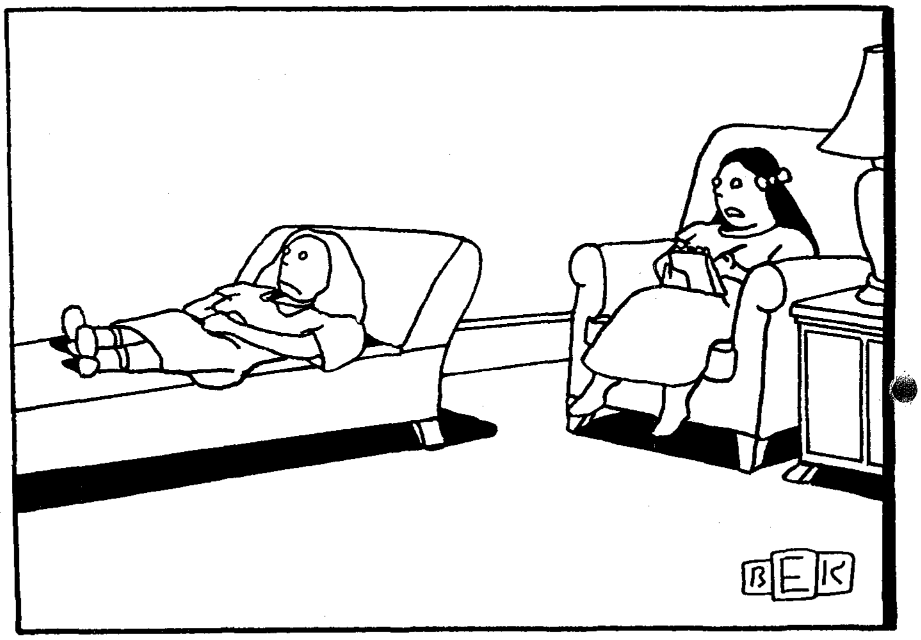
A R U B A

An island all your own.

For our brochure, or more information, see your travel agent or call: 1-800-TO-ARUBA © 1993 Aruba Tourism Authority mander of Operation Desert Storm. According to Marvin Josephson, the General's agent, Schwarzkopf had not been consulted about the use of his name or his likeness. "He was very upset—really outraged—over the shameless use of his name," Josephson told *Legal Times*. (Neither Josephson nor Schwarzkopf will now comment on the matter.)

Freedom Alliance has raised nearly nine million dollars. It pays North only a modest annual salary, but it spends the great bulk of its funds promoting him. (A 1993 Alliance wall calendar mailed to contributors contained no fewer than thirty-five photographs of North—at a graduation ceremony, speeches, and book signings, and posed in front of the Jefferson Memorial.) According to the Alliance's 1992 tax return, for example, it spent about ninety-three per cent of its program budget of a million seven hundred thousand dollars on "public-policy research," "community outreach," and "public information"—all of which appear to be euphemisms for speeches by and other public-relations activities featuring North. Just seven per cent went to "military family outreach." Also in 1992, the Alliance spent thousands of dollars of contributors' money on what its annual report called the President's Roundtable—a two-day "conference," in which North and about fifty friends and contributors rented two private railroad coaches for a round-trip journey from Washington to a private box at the Army-Navy football game in Philadelphia.

"But the real money for North came from the book—and then from Duane Ward," a person who has worked with North told me. North's autobiography, "Under Fire," was one of the great publishing success stories of the early nineteen-nineties. After an exclusive excerpt from the book was the cover story in the October 28, 1991, issue of *Time*, "Under Fire" became a best-seller. The book, published by HarperCollins, spent thirteen weeks on the *Times* best-seller list and sold a total of six hundred and twenty-five thousand copies in hardcover and paperback editions. North was also making speeches, for fees reported to run as high as twenty-five thousand dollars each, to an assortment of trade and business groups. But Duane Ward took that idea and went one better. "From his days with Falwell, Duane knew that there were lots of churches that would be happy to pay Ollie's fees to get him to speak," the person who has worked with North said. "And then Duane figured out that HarperCollins would sell North hardcover copies of 'Under Fire' for next to nothing as it was going out of print. He bought fifty or sixty thousand for less than three dollars apiece." (Neither Ward, North, nor HarperCollins would confirm the numbers or prices involved in the transaction.) After every speech he gave, North would graciously agree to autograph copies of



"I find it very significant that you would rather play house."

James Schriber
New Works

PETERJOSEPHGALLERY

Wendy Wahl
Textural
Compositions

John Dunnigan
New Works

Wendy Wahl
Charted Course 1993

John Dunnigan
Tall Cabinet 1993

December 2, 1993
to January 15, 1994

PETER JOSEPH GALLERY
745 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10151
(212) 751-5500

HOW THE WEST WAS ONCE

...And still is at Grapevine Canyon Ranch.

GRAPEVINE CANYON GR RANCH

Come spend unhurried time at one of Arizona's premier guest ranches...

First class food, accommodation, horses
Call 1-800-245-9202 for free color brochure or
write Box 302, Pearce AZ 85625, FAX 602 826 3636

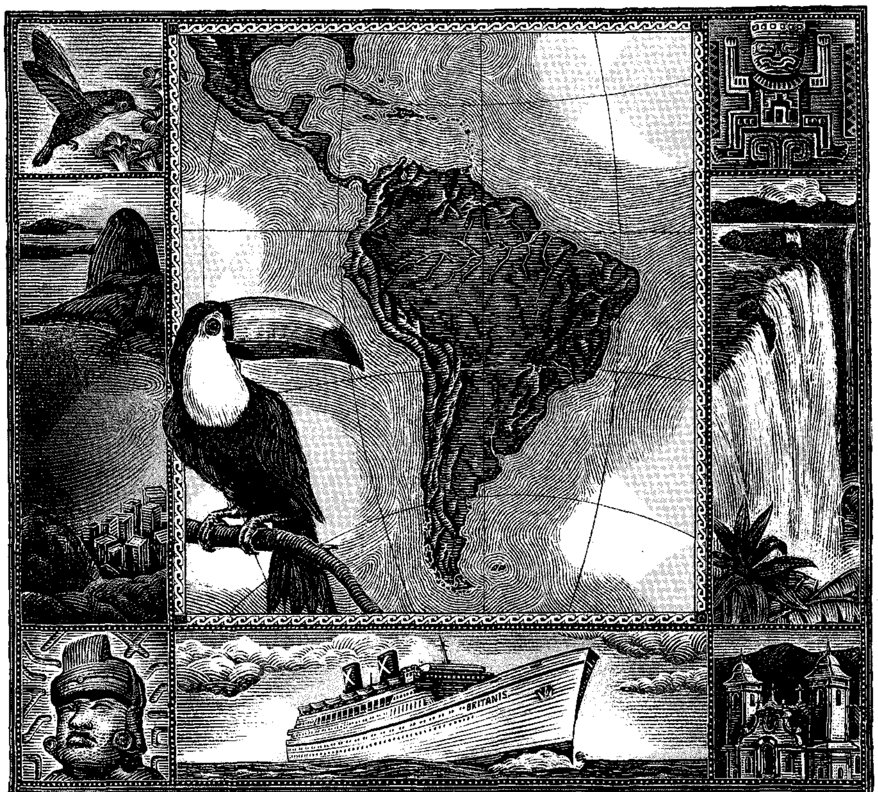
Why invest in furniture from a one-man shop on a dirt road in New Gloucester, Maine?
CATALOG $5.00
C. H. BECKSVOORT
FURNITUREMAKER
Box 12, New Gloucester
Maine 04260. (207) 926-4608

The Chili Pepper Christmas stocking
the original gift!
Bright red felt, green fleece leaves.
With lots of room for stocking stuffers!
$14.95 plus S/H
(qty. discounts available)
1-800-684-4332
Check/M.O./MC/Visa/AE accepted
Brith of a Notion, Co., Inc.

his book at a table off to the side. The person explains, "North would sell the books to the folks for list price"—twenty-five dollars—"and make more than twenty dollars profit for every book sold. People would buy three or four copies at a time. North could sell hundreds in a night." One experience was especially memorable, this person said: "Toward the end of the Bush Administration, the Fraternal Order of Police held an event on the Mall in Washington, where North spoke. Afterward, they backed up a truck that was full of boxes and boxes of books."

North is now a very rich man. In 1992, according to the financial-disclosure form he filed in connection with his Senate race, he earned about sixty-two thousand dollars from Freedom Alliance, twenty-one thousand dollars in retirement pay from the government, and, as an author and lecturer, $1,096,879. As of last October 6th, when North reported how much he had made in the first three quarters of 1993, he had earned amounts comparable to those he had earned in that period of the prior year from Freedom Alliance and in retirement pay, and $602,981 from speaking fees and royalties. The form also shows that the value of North's personal financial assets—stocks, bonds, and the like—is somewhere between $2,329,000 and $4,760,000. More than a million dollars of that amount comes from North's stake in Guardian Technologies, a small manufacturer of bulletproof vests. North is a co-owner of Guardian with Joseph Fernandez, a fellow Iran-Contra figure, who won dismissal of an indictment for obstructing justice when the Bush Administration failed to disclose enough classified information to assure him a fair trial. Guardian and Freedom Alliance have adjoining offices.

North has spent much of November and December travelling around the country promoting his new book, "One More Mission," which is an account of his military exploits in the Vietnam War and of a trip he made back to Vietnam last April. Even as a committed Senate candidate, North remains an assiduous bookseller. He recently wrote a letter to all Freedom Alliance contributors on behalf of his Senate campaign committee. "You don't have to wait in line for *One More Mission!*" North announced. "As an expression of my gratitude for your past



RETURN WITH US TO THE BRILLIANT DAYS OF CRUISING

55 Days/$6,995*

September 5-October 30, 1994. Departs from Miami. Airfare Included.

Join Our 8th Annual Circumnavigation of South America

Follow in the wake of Magellan. Retrace the path of Darwin. Explore the mystery of South America in the comfort of our classic steamer, and you'll feel like you're cruising through the doors of time. At Fantasy, we remember how cruising was in the glory days, and you'll experience that rich tradition on our voyage around the exotic continent to the south.

Remarkably Affordable

We believe the perfect cruise is one you can afford, so we've made ours one of the least expensive long-distance cruises on the Seven Seas. In fact, it's only about $127 a day, including airfare from more than 150 major U.S. gateways. But don't let this low price fool you. You'll still receive world-class service and the elegance you'd expect on an ocean liner built in the days when comfort was king.

Free Brochure And Discount Certificate

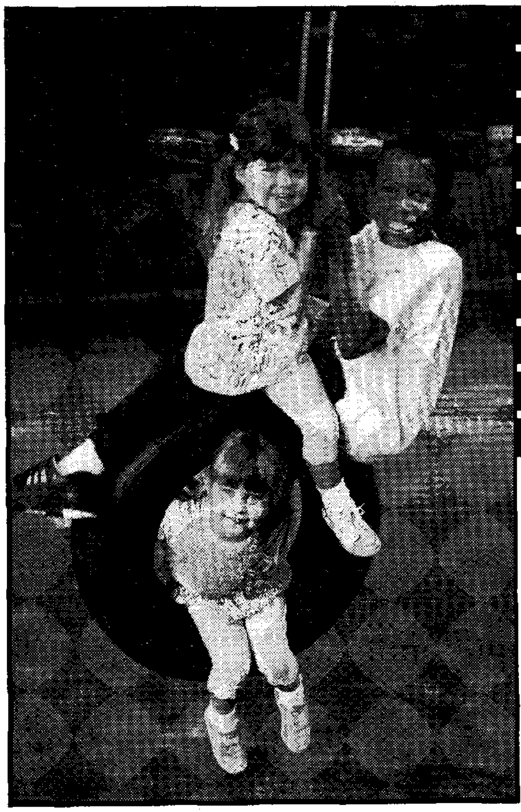
Just call our 24-hour hotline and ask for your full-color brochure. In it you'll find the complete itinerary, special singles' rates, plus helpful hints on preparing for your journey. We'll also include a special discount certificate for savings up to $1,799 per cabin† if you place a deposit with your travel agent before April 15th. A brilliant adventure through time awaits you.

CALL **1-800-926-3800**
Ask for brochure 426SA

FANTASY CRUISES

*Price per person, double occupancy, minimum accommodation. Port charges $325 per person. †Early booking savings based on double occupancy, category M. Registry: Panama.

1/2 PRICE! HUGE WORLD FAMOUS INDIAN RIVER FRUIT!
100% GUARANTEED
Full 20 lbs. Of Delicious Fruit
REG. $28.95
YOUR ONE-TIME PRICE:
$14.47 (per box)
WHAT A GIFT!
Sugar sweet Navel Oranges and delicious Ruby Red Grapefruit. Delivered in a beautiful gift box. The perfect treat for family and friends. (Limit 2 boxes, please.)
PRICE: $28.95 minus $14.48 = $14.47
Order 1/2 Bushel #31RN
handling $4.50
Total $18.97
ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-678-1154
FAX 407-567-1160
Order 8am to 6pm EST Mon thru Sat until Nov. 24. Order from Thanksgiving thru Christmas 7 days a week 8am to 9pm EST.
Mail Orders To:
GRACEWOOD GROVES
9075 17th Place
P.O. Box 2590-Dept. YM 4
Vero Beach, FL 32961-2590



A little green can make a big difference to a city kid.
By donating a little of your green, The Fresh Air Fund can continue to make a world of difference to city kids. Your $297.00 will not only send a child to the country for two weeks... it'll give a child memories that'll last a lifetime. Please donate. A little green from you now can mean a lot of green for them this summer.
Photo by F. N. Kinney II
THE FRESH AIR FUND
Because we all have enough to share.
A copy of the last financial reports filed with the Department of State may be obtained by writing to: New York State Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany NY 12231, or The Fresh Air Fund, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 ©1993 Fresh Air Fund

support—and as a way of helping the North for Senate Committee, I want to send you a personally autographed copy of my book *One More Mission.*" He went on to say that a minimum contribution of forty dollars to his Senate campaign was required to receive a copy of the book, which retails for twenty-two dollars. "Frankly," North explained in his letter, "my author's royalties are going to be our family's principal source of income in the months ahead."

ON the last Saturday of October, just two days before Virginia's gubernatorial election, North nearly missed his chance to give the keynote speech before a rally of the Republican faithful of Virginia's Dickenson County, which is near the southwestern tip of the state. Starting early that morning, a thick rag of fog settled over the county, and a steady rain soaked the region's oak and pine forests and abandoned coal mines. Word reached Clintwood High School, the site of the rally, that North's private plane couldn't make it to the small landing strip nearby. Still, by two o'clock in the afternoon, the time the rally was to have started, the high-school gym was packed with nearly three hundred people—a formidable turnout in a heavily Democratic county of seventeen thousand. They had p[illegible] ten dollars apiece for speeches and a reception—ham-salad sandwiches and the local specialty, "stack cake." Refined sugar was a luxury in the days before railroad tracks first snaked their way through the narrow valleys, so the locals grew their own sugarcane and melted it into molasses during daylong "stir-offs." Apples were among the few other crops to flourish amid the jagged hilltops. The combination of these culinary exigencies yielded a kind of Appalachian napoleon: multiple layers of molasses-sweetened pastry and thick applesauce. Lacking speeches, the Republicans ate cake.

But North does not miss speeches. He phoned Charlie Krum, the Clintwood pharmacist who had organized the rally, and asked him where the next-nearest airport was. It turned out to be outside Bristol, Tennessee, a rugged two-hour drive from Clintwood. "Be there," the former lieutenant colonel ordered Charlie Krum. When the word went out that Ollie was coming after all, almost no one left the building. Passing the time, some in the crowd bought political buttons: "Dr. Jack Kevorkian for White House Physician!" and "First Hillary, Then Gennifer, NOW YOU!" and "Run Ollie Run!" It was just after four-thirty when North leaped out of Krum's van and into the gym.

North is, as the world remembers, a compelling speaker—fluid, articulate, and confident, even without a prepared text. His high, almost squeaky voice vibrates with a distinct tremble, which conveys intimacy and warmth, even in a large group. Like many politicians, he has a standard stump speech. It is high on exhortation, low on issues. "There are three things we've got to do in these last days of this campaign," he told the crowd that afternoon, in words that he had already spoken throughout the state. "We honestly have to pray. I deeply believe that. I'm living proof of the power of prayer or I wouldn't be standing here. I said that the other day down in Texas, and afterwards the chaplain of the police department came up and said, 'Son, if you're gonna pray for our President, you ought to use a Bible verse.' I said, 'Which one, chaplain?' He said, 'It's Psalm 109, verse 8.' I said, 'Gosh, I don't have that one committed to memory, chaplain. What is it?' He said, 'No, go look it up. It'll be good for you.' I did. Psalm 109, verse 8, that he recommends for our President, reads as follows: 'May his days be few and may another take his office.' " Psalm 109, verse 8, got a big laugh. (The two other tasks were to contribute to Republican candidates and to vote on Election Day.)

Besides admonishing his supporters to pray for victory, North always lobs a few grenades at the news media. An interview he gave on G. Gordon Liddy's Washington-area radio program was typical. North told the Watergate convict turned celebrity, "You know, Gordon, I will never be forgiven, for having served in the [Reagan] Administration or having done the things that we did, by the Washington *Compost*, the New York *Crimes*, the *Reader's Disgust*, or the Nasty Broadcasting Company." Every speech of North's contains at least one reference to the *Crimes*, the *Compost*, and the *Disgust*, but, even to a casual political observer, North's list of villains sounds like a question on a standardized test: Which one does not belong? One could make a case that the *Times*, the Washington *Post*, and even NBC belong on a roster of arch-liberals, but the *Reader's Digest* has reigned for decades as the grande dame of American conservatism. North's reference to the *Digest* was neither accidental nor mistaken, however. In fact, North has a very specific grievance against the *Digest*—one that reveals a fissure in the outwardly overwhelming support for his candidacy among the American Right.

The headline on the lead story of the June, 1993, issue of the *Reader's Digest* asked, "Does Oliver North Tell the Truth?" The article, by a *Digest* staffer named Rachel Flick Wildavsky, who had interviewed many of North's former colleagues in the government, left no doubt about the answer. "Too much of what North has said and written, they believe, is false," Wildavsky wrote. "Many now say he cannot be trusted to tell the truth—in speech or in print, about Iran-Contra or much else." The

CHALLENGING GREENS, OPTIONAL WHITES, SUBLIME BLUES.

Las Croabas, Puerto Rico

COLOR YOUR WORLD AT EL CONQUISTADOR. El Conquistador is every vacation you've ever dreamed of. It's a medley of five environments. Unique, personalized in every detail, and sharing the Caribbean's most impressive resort facilities, not to mention some of the most spectacular views in all the world! So you're sure to find a place that matches your mood. And, if you are in the mood for sports, El Conquistador features unlimited activities ranging from championship golf and tennis to unparalleled water sports and fitness facilities. For those seeking other definitions of sport in their vacation, there's the lure of world-class shopping, exquisite cuisine, and exotic nightlife. For romantics, El Conquistador is a paradise of fragrant breezes and luxuries of every kind. So make your dream vacation come true, at El Conquistador.

EL CONQUISTADOR
RESORT & COUNTRY CLUB
LAS CROABAS, PUERTO RICO

A ONCE IN A LIFETIME EXPERIENCE.
UNTIL YOU COME BACK.

PREFERRED® HOTELS & RESORTS WORLDWIDE

For reservations and information, please call your travel professional of preference.
For a complimentary video or additional hotel information, please call 1-800-468-5228.

El Conquistador Resort & Country Club, El San Juan Hotel & Casino, and Condado Plaza Hotel & Casino, Puerto Rico's finest hotels and resorts, are operated by Williams Hospitality Group, a subsidiary of WMS Industries, Inc.

story did not break much new ground on the scandal, nor did it mention that in his Iran-Contra committee testimony North had admitted previously telling repeated lies to Congress about his role with the Contras. But Wildavsky's meticulous recital of several other North whoppers had a devastating collective impact: North said the C.I.A.'s director, William Casey, sent him encryption devices—false. North said Casey's widow invited him to his wake—false. North said he persuaded a superior to stop walking to work because of the threat of terrorism—false. Wildavsky's article certainly rang a bell with me. One of my assignments while on Walsh's staff had been to collect, in a binder, a list of provable lies that North had told while he worked in the White House. It included things like North's lie to White House lawyers about who was helping him raise funds for the Contras and his false claim to John Poindexter that he had telephoned Costa Rican president Óscar Arias and threatened him with a cutoff of American assistance. John Keker, the lead prosecutor, used the binder in cross-examining North at his trial. "Ollie's Tall Tales," we called my weighty volume.

The idea for Wildavsky's story had come from Kenneth Y. Tomlinson, the editor-in-chief of the *Reader's Digest*. Tomlinson is a man of impeccable conservative credentials; he served as the director of the Voice of America, under President Reagan, from 1982 to 1984. "Over the course of months and years, I had heard from lots of different people that North was not a truthteller," Tomlinson told me. "I asked Rachel to go explore it. And the more people we talked to, the more we realized it was a story."

After the *Digest* story appeared, North wrote a full-page letter to his Freedom Alliance contributors announcing that he and his wife, Betsy, had "canceled our subscription. Why? Because *Reader's Digest* has now joined Time-Warner, Sam Donaldson, the Washington *Post* and a host of other media élites in their vengeful effort to destroy me." He added that "these attacks have intensified since Freedom Alliance opposed President Clinton's plan to allow open homosexuals in our Armed Forces." In response, Tomlinson pointed out that the issue in which Wildavsky's piece appeared also contained a column by the Chicago

Let a Smile be your umbrella

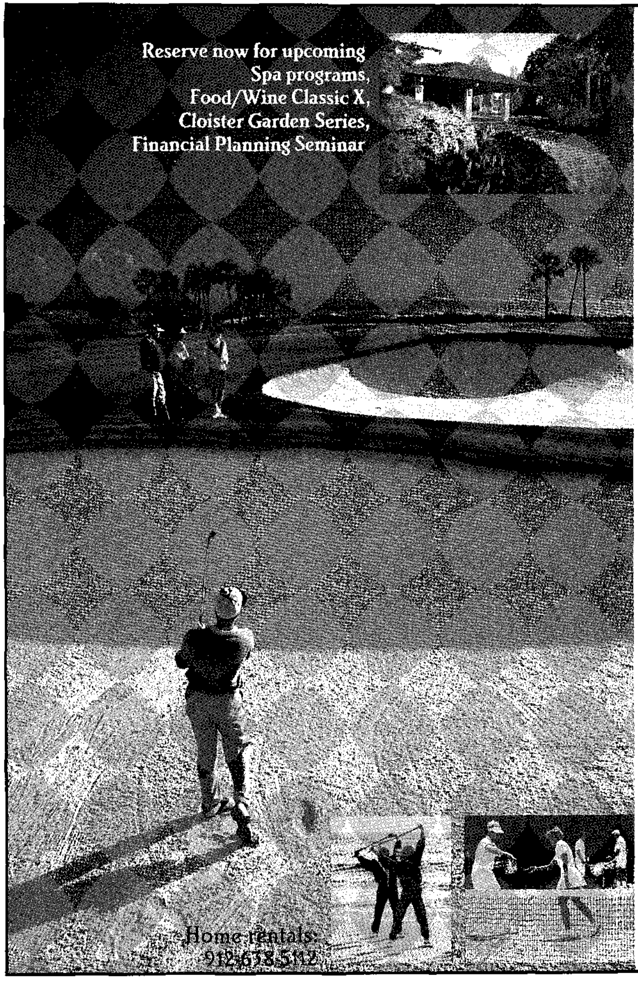
A sunny masterpiece silk screened with New Yorker cartoonist George Booth's signature dogs and cats.

36" span
wind resistant

Call Toll free:
1-800-678-5681 or
send order to:
New Yorker Wear
P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA 50336
Dept. 672162

Name ______	___ red 112003 ___ yellow umbrellas 112011
Address ______ UPS will not deliver to P.O. Box - use street address.	@ $34.95 each $______
	Sales tax* $______
City ______	Shipping @ $4.95/each $______
State & Zip ______	check or money order total $______

* Include sales tax in CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY. Please allow 4-6 weeks delivery. U.S. only. © 1992 The New Yorker & G. Booth



Reserve now for upcoming
Spa programs,
Food/Wine Classic X,
Cloister Garden Series,
Financial Planning Seminar

Home rentals:
912-638-5112

Our world, your pace.

There is simply more to life at the 5-Star Cloister and Sea Island.

Nature's daily show invites you—enhanced by activities and family programs admired worldwide.

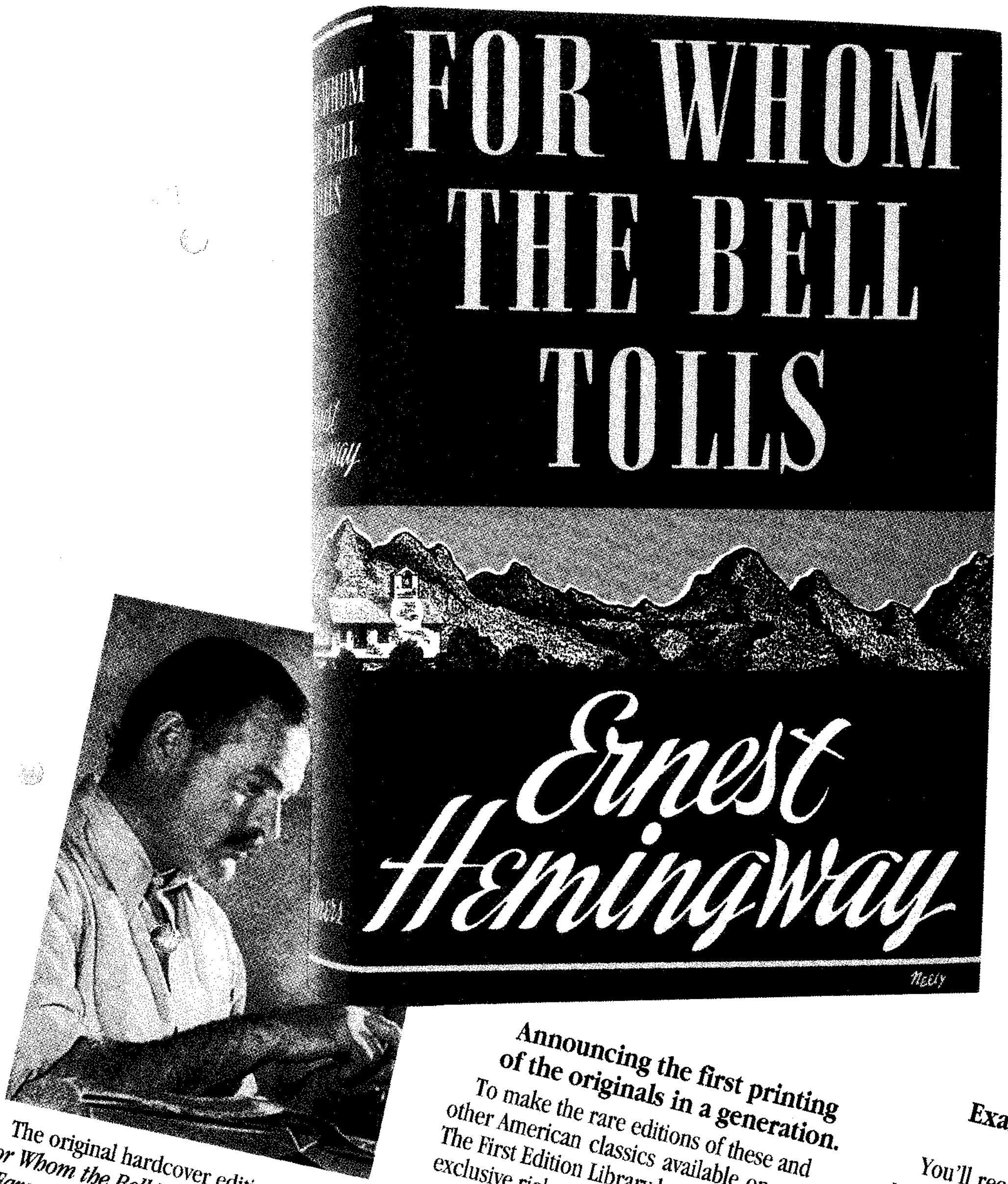
Discover fifty-four holes of golf once the domain of antebellum Retreat Plantation. Instruction led by Hall-of-Famer Louise Suggs and Golf Digest pros. Waterway cruises. Restful beach club and spa. Award-winning tennis. Marsh and beach horseback outings.

With all-inclusive dining (dressy or casual), intimate evenings and more to share.

Our world, your pace. The Cloister, Sea Island, Georgia 31561.

*Call 800-SEA-ISLAND.
Spa/golf, spa/tennis packages available.*

Sea Island®
THE CLOISTER®



Own a 1940 Hemingway at the 1940 price, $2.75

Call 1-800-367-4534 today. The original editions of Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Steinbeck, available again, only from The First Edition Library

The original hardcover editions of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* — together with *A Farewell to Arms, The Great Gatsby, Tender is the Night, The Sun Also Rises, Cannery Row, On the Road, The Fountainhead, Miss Lonelyhearts, East of Eden* — have long been out of circulation, unavailable to all but the rare book trade where their value has skyrocketed.

Announcing the first printing of the originals in a generation.

To make the rare editions of these and other American classics available once again, The First Edition Library has now obtained exclusive rights from the original publishers.

The striking design of each First Edition Library volume is unique to its own era: the dust jacket artwork, hardcover bindings, typefaces, illustrations, dedications: even the minor errors which collectors look for to identify genuine first editions.

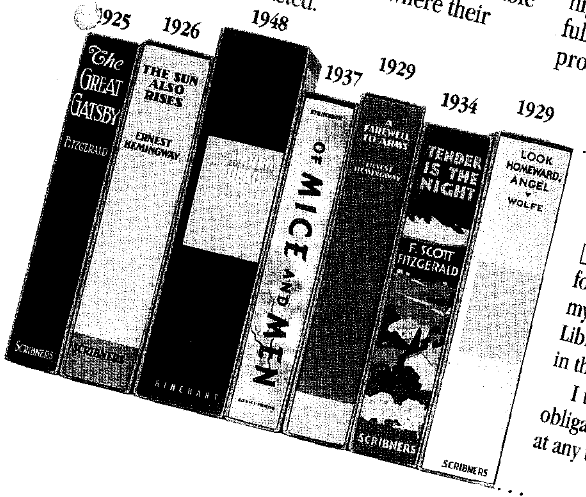
These books have been produced to today's highest physical standards — acid-free paper, full-cloth covers, durable sewn bindings with protective slipcases.

Examine your first volume for 10 days, free

You'll receive *For Whom the Bell Tolls* as your introduction to The First Edition Library. Enjoy it at home for 10 days, free. You may return it within 10 days and be under no further obligation or add it to your library for only $2.75, the price at which it was originally published (plus postage and handling).

Then about every four weeks, you'll receive another classic volume on the same 10-day, free-examination basis, for the subscription price of $29.95 plus $3.45 postage and handling, and applicable sales tax. There's no obligation to buy and you may cancel any time.

Secure your copy of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* by mailing the coupon or calling today.



CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-367-4534 Ext.271-552

FREE 10-DAY EXAMINATION ACCEPTANCE

☐ Yes, send *For Whom The Bell Tolls* for free 10-day examination and enter my subscription to The First Edition Library under the terms described in the ad.

I understand there's never an obligation to buy and I may cancel at any time.

Name
(please print)
Address
Apt.
City
State
Zip

THE FIRST EDITION LIBRARY, 88 Long Hill Cross Road, Shelton, CT 06484

271-552

THE
NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers.

Daedalus Books
Erudite. Opinionated. Distinctive. Seven catalogs a year featuring the finest literary remainders. For a free issue, please call: 1.800.395.2665

Maine Office of Tourism
Maine's a great place to visit – to explore, relax, shop, and enjoy. For the best activities and adventures, call for your free guide: 1.800.835.0232

L.L. Bean
Free Christmas catalog: Features active and casual wear, winter sporting equipment, furnishings for the home and camp. Toll-free telephone services: 1.800.543.9071

Harrington's of Vermont
Introductory offer includes 40% off Smoked Ham and Turkey Breast with FREE Cheddar and Bacon. Call for details and catalogue 1.802.434.4444 ext. 5

Green Mountain Coffee
Green Mountain Coffee Roasters presents over 60 freshly roasted gourmet coffees. Free catalog includes $5 certificate on first order. 1.800.335.2326

Jaeger-LeCoultre
"Reverso – The Living Legend" by Manfred Fritz: This lavishly produced book traces the traditional art of fine watchmaking and the 60-year history of the renowned Reverso wristwatch. 1.800.JLC.TIME

Papua, New Guinea – Office of Tourism
The world's last link to Stone Age cultures. Deluxe expeditionary Sepik cruises. Known for primitive art and isolated villages. Witness colorful tribal clans. Experience world-class diving. 1.714.752.5440

Stowaway Transport Chair
An ultra-light wheelchair with a unique folding mechanism, which makes it ultra-compact for storage. For information, call: 1.800.CHAIRS.9

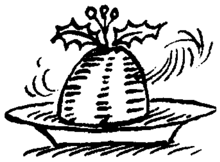
Classic Steaks – Omaha, Nebraska
Free catalog. For gift giving, holiday entertaining, or your own dining pleasure. Enjoy the midwest's specialty, Gourmet Steaks from Omaha, Nebraska. Call toll-free: 1.800.288.2783

ADVERTISEMENT

Tribune's Mike Royko attacking the idea of gays in the military.

Later, North told me he had heard that the story ran because the editor of the *Digest* was planning to run for the Virginia Senate seat himself. Tomlinson, who has been a voting resident of New York's Westchester County since 1981, laughed when I repeated North's claim and said, "There he goes again!"

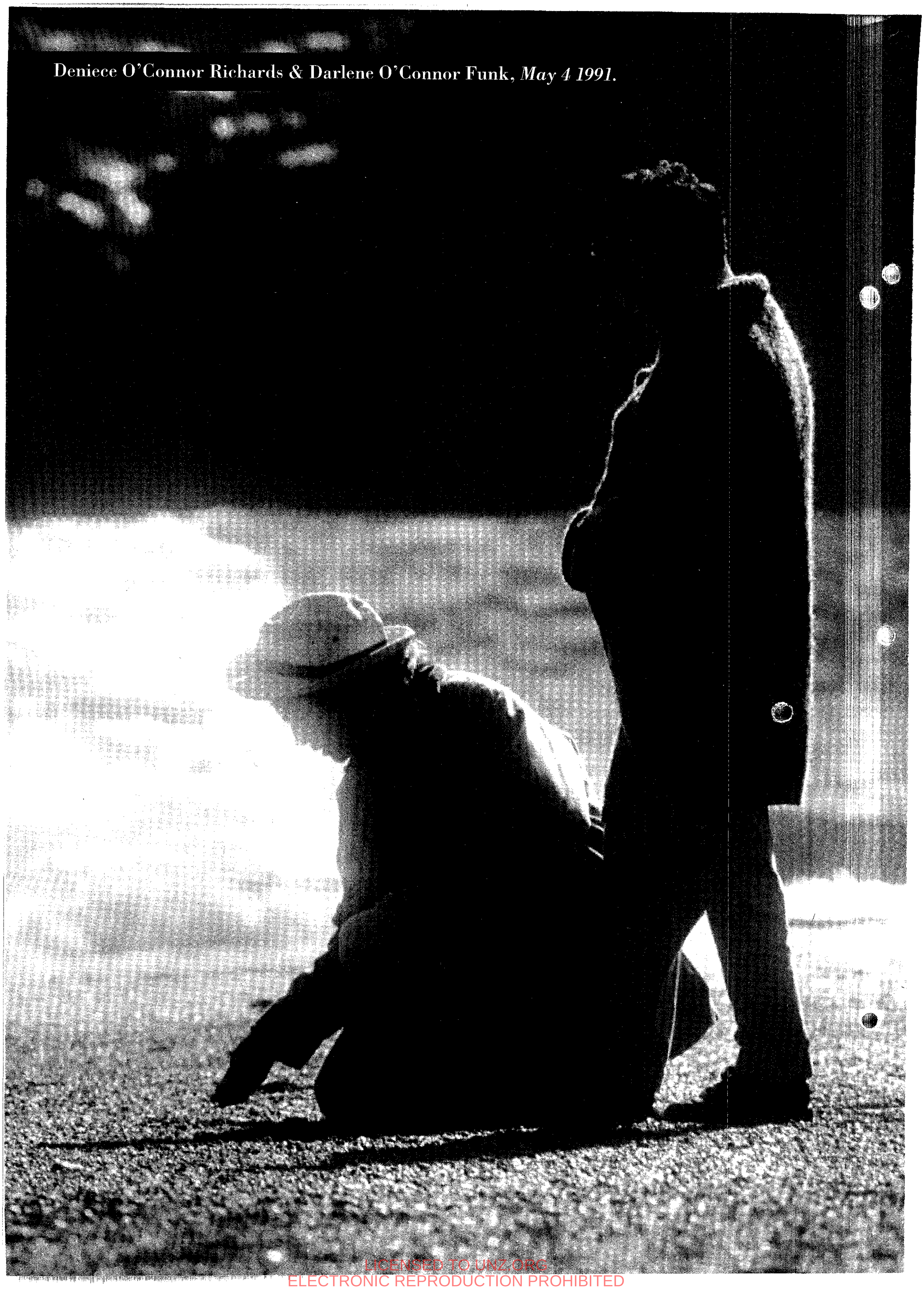
Among veterans of the Reagan White House, Tomlinson's misgivings are far from unique. As it turns out, the Virginia Senate race has generated near-unanimity on the part of these Reaganites against North, and they have expressed their disaffection by backing his opponent for the Republican nomination, Jim Miller. Although Miller served as the chairman of the Federal Trade Commission and later as the director of the Office of Management and Budget, both under Reagan, he is virtually unknown; indeed, he cheerfully shared with me an internal campaign poll showing that seventy-three per cent of Virginia's Republicans had never heard of him. With some sadness, Miller recognizes that he will probably not be able to win the most important blessing of all for his candidacy. "I just saw President Reagan out in California," he told me, "and I think I know how he feels about this race, but he believes very strongly in the Eleventh Commandment": Thou shalt not speak ill of thy fellow-Republican. (In "Under Fire," North did not observe this rule: the greatest revelation in the book was his contention that Reagan knew all along of the covert mission to aid the Contras.) Yet Miller is drawing overwhelming support from people who served with both him and North in the Reagan Administration: Alexander Haig and George Shultz, the former Secretaries of State; Caspar Weinberger and Frank Carlucci, the former Secretaries of Defense; H. Lawrence Garrett III, a former under-secretary of the Navy; and Charles Cooper, a senior official in the Reagan Justice Department. Both Edwin Meese, the former Attorney General, and Lyn Nofziger, an old California friend of Reagan's, who served as his White House political director, have written fund-raising letters on Miller's behalf. Elliott Abrams, too, is supporting Jim Miller. As Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, Abrams was an unapologetic cheerleader for the Contra cause—the dark prince of "Nightline." In 1991, he pleaded guilty to the misdemeanor of withholding information from Congress, which set off a festival of Schadenfreude among his legion of liberal detractors. (He was later pardoned by George Bush.) "I do think North should have been fired from the White House, but I don't think he should have been prosecuted," Abrams told me. "But having been unjustly prosecuted—as I believe North was—is not a qualification to be in the U.S. Senate. He became the target of the entire Washington establishment, and the prospect of his going up to the Hill and saying 'Screw you!' is a great part of his appeal. But can he be a spokesman on health care? The budget? I don't see it."



"I certainly would not support Oliver North," John Singlaub told me. A retired Army major general, Singlaub worked closely with North in the White House on the fund-raising efforts for the Contras and served as a leading anti-Communist spokesman. "In the course of our dealings, North constantly referred to meetings he had with the President and others that turned out never to have taken place," Singlaub said. "He tried to blame Bill Casey for decisions he had made himself. He was disrespectful and disloyal with his superiors. I don't consider him a moral person, and we have enough immorality in the U.S. Senate." Vincent Cannistraro was a colleague of North's on the National Security Council staff and was also the first witness North called in his defense at his trial. "I went through Iran-Contra with North and I certainly won't vote for him," Cannistraro told me. "He's a zealot. He has a great deal of trouble distinguishing fantasy from reality."

It is true that a number of Iran-Contra veterans have taken neither side in the North-Miller contest. Richard Secord, a former neighbor of Miller's as well as a former collaborator with North, will say only, "I consider them both super-good men." Alan Fiers, who was chief of the Central American Task Force at the C.I.A., is steering clear of the matter. (Like Abrams, he pleaded guilty to withholding information from Congress, and then he, too, was pardoned.) Fiers is now an executive at

The Durney Family, *December 9 1990.*



Deniece O'Connor Richards & Darlene O'Connor Funk, *May 4 1991.*

Keith Heavenridge, *January 3 1990.*

Dawn Gregerson

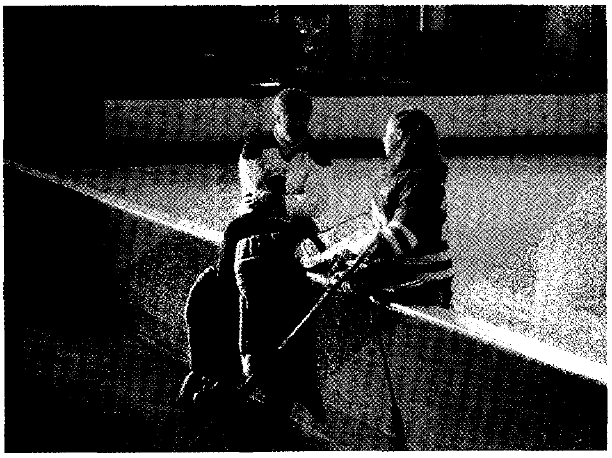
December 28 1988.

Scott Galson
Matt Lyon &
Jamie Baxter

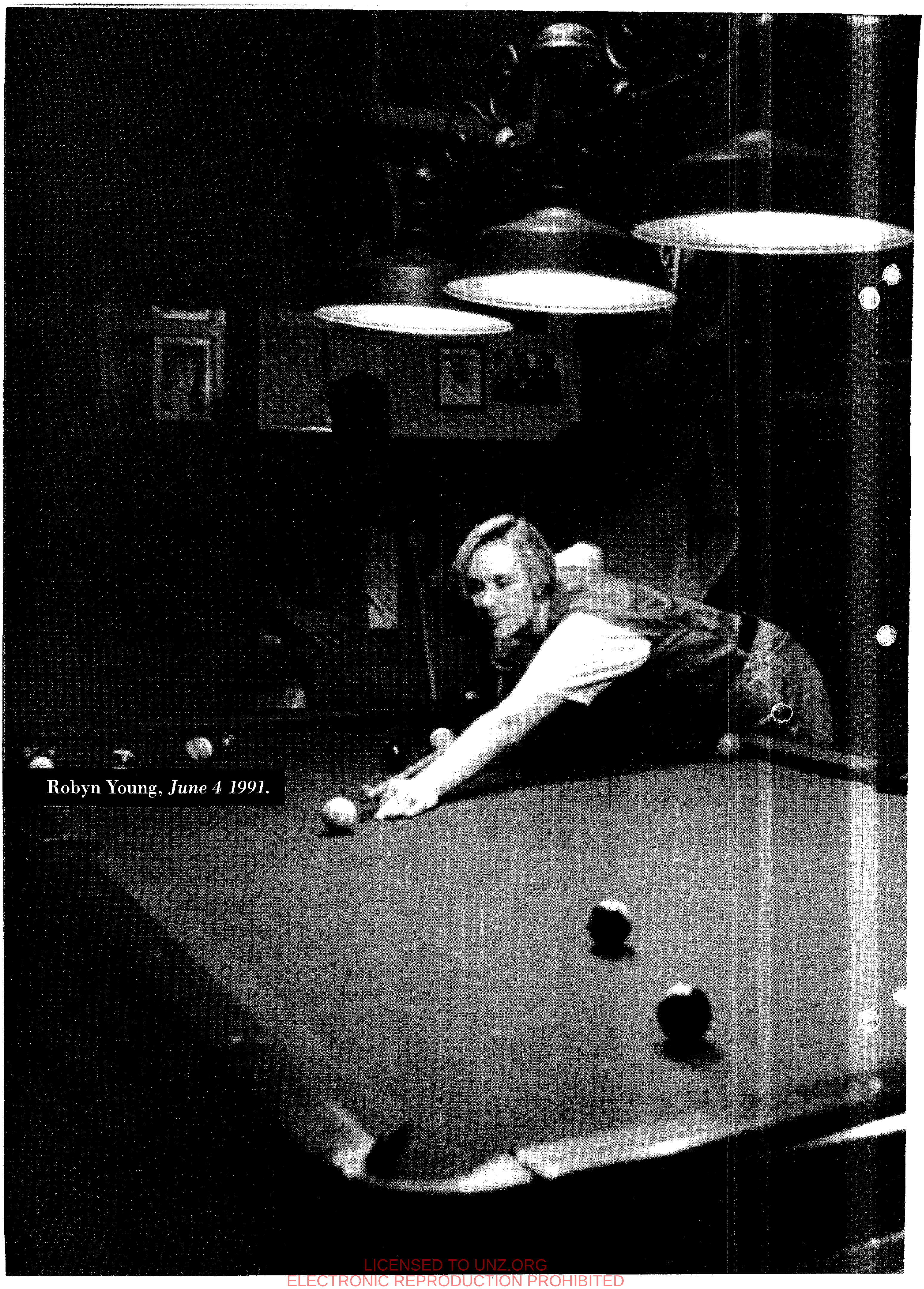
April 29 1989.

J.C. & Jessika Audet

January 31 1991.



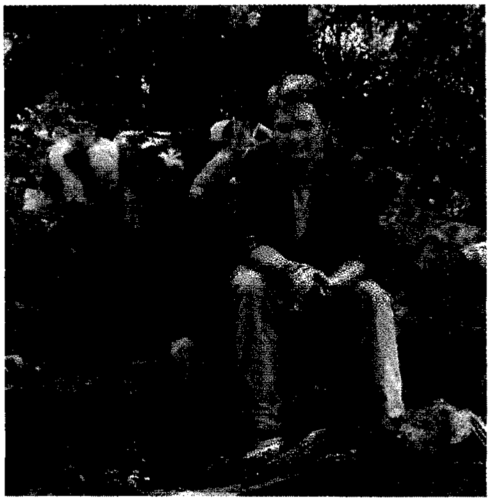
Helen & Ralph Capo, *January 3 1989.*



Robyn Young, *June 4 1991.*

The Taylor Family
November 7 1989.

Brent Mills & Max
August 11 1990.



The MacLeod Family
December 22 1991.

Christine & Allen Gutterman
September 24 1989.

THE PEOPLE ON THE PRECEDING PAGES ALL SHARE
A COMMON BELIEF:

THAT A CAR SAVED THEIR LIVES.

VOLVO
Drive Safely

To further discover how Volvo can help contribute to your safety and that of your family, including information on the "Volvo Saved My Life Club," please call 1-800-500-6550.

© 1993. Volvo Cars of North America, Inc. Drive Safely is a trademark of Volvo Cars of North America, Inc. Always remember to wear your seat belt.

W. R. Grace in Wisconsin. "I'm totally uninvolved in politics," he told me, laughing. "I've joined a monastery as far as these things are concerned." Robert McFarlane, North's longtime boss and mentor at the N.S.C., and Fawn Hall, his former secretary, did not return phone calls.

John Poindexter, the former national-security adviser, is the lone prominent Iran-Contra figure to come out for North. Poindexter was the only government official to be sentenced to prison as a result of Iran-Contra, but his conviction was overturned before he served any time. "I'm supporting Ollie," he told me, speaking publicly on the subject for the first time. "I'm supporting him because I think he would be a good senator and support the principles I believe in. I'm very loyal both up and down, both to President Reagan and to Ollie. By and large, everything considered, he did a very good job for me." Now running a computer-software-development company in Maryland, Poindexter said that, in retrospect, he didn't think Iran-Contra was such a big deal. "The way the press treated Iran-Contra, you would think that it was the only thing we were doing at the White House, when in fact it was just a small part of what we were doing. I believe that Iran-Contra was overblown." What about the way he destroyed documents in the White House, so that investigators wouldn't find them—was that no big deal? "I think I better talk to my attorney before I answer that," he said and thereupon ended our conversation.

North could not be less concerned that most of the people who worked closely with him are backing Jim Miller in the June nominating convention, for he clearly views the Republican nomination as already locked up. "We're working on setting up an organization for the general election now," he said.

IF Oliver North does win next November, he will become the first Virginia senator in more than a decade who did not marry into celebrity. When John W. Warner ran for the Senate, in 1978, he was an almost unknown former official in the Nixon Administration. Warner's candidacy coincided, however, with his brief tenure as Elizabeth Taylor's sixth husband. (He followed Richard Burton's second tour and preceded the incumbent, Larry Fortensky.) In spite of Taylor's aura, the plodding Warner managed only to finish second at the Republican nominating convention. But the winner was almost immediately killed in an airplane crash, and Warner became the nominee. He narrowly won the 1978 general election and has subsequently enjoyed an uneventful career in the Senate.

Charles Robb, who is North's putative Democratic opponent, has been famous for nearly thirty years. On December 9, 1967, Robb donned the spotless dress blues of the Marine Corps and married Lynda Byrd Johnson, L.B.J.'s elder daughter, in a televised ceremony at the White House. After seeing combat in Vietnam, Robb attended law school and worked briefly at a law firm with another young attorney, Brendan V. Sullivan. (Many years later, Sullivan aggressively defended Oliver North and earned a measure of fame for quipping that he was an attorney, "not a potted plant.") In 1977, Robb won his first race for public office, becoming Virginia's lieutenant governor and launching a political juggernaut. Four years later, he easily won election as governor. After the single four-year term that Virginia governors are permitted, Robb was so popular that the incumbent United States senator resigned rather than face a challenge from him. In the 1988 general election, Robb took seventy-one per cent of the vote, and his supporters were all but picking draperies for the Oval Office.

Thus began one of the more spectacular flameouts in recent American political history. "I don't live and die by poll numbers," Robb told me, "but if I did, I'd be dead." Shortly before his election to the Senate, news began leaking out about Robb's social life as governor. It appeared that Robb, who is now fifty-four, had suffered a midlife crisis of sorts in his early forties. As governor, he spent many weekends with a fun-loving crowd in Virginia Beach that included con artists and drug dealers. In 1991, a statuesque former Miss Virginia named Tai Collins went on NBC to assert that she had had an affair with Robb while he was governor. Indignities multiplying, Robb denied the charge but admitted that he had removed his clothes and received a massage—but *only* a massage—from Collins at a New York hotel. Meanwhile,

How to spell *love* in the Hmong language.

Mrs. Di teaches 40 children in Hua Tat, a Hmong village 11 hours west of Hanoi. We helped fund her training and provided a school kit for each child.

The *American Friends Service Committee (AFSC)* has worked in Vietnam since 1966. We're helping ethnic minorities, the Hmong, Black Thai and Zao peoples. In over 25 villages our development aid promotes income generation, food security and women's health.

AFSC sponsors technical training to increase fish farming in rice paddies; coffee, fruit and tung tree planting; dry season gardening; poultry and pig raising, and malaria control.

Management skills are vital. Our partners—cooperatives, communes and the Women's Union—learn to administer revolving loan funds, keep books and foster savings. For example, pig raising loans have boosted participating family incomes, and repayments in piglets are on schedule.

With your help, Mrs. Di's students can hope for a better future in a country with a $200 per capita annual income and a punitive U.S. embargo. Here's a way around it:

Join the celebrations of the holiday season and show what you can do in the language of love. Please make your gift to *AFSC* today.

American Friends Service Committee
Finance Department, 1501 Cherry
Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102

My gift of ☐$35 winter & summer clothes for 3 children; ☐$50 books for all 65 students, one semester; ☐$75 vitamins for all students for 3 months; ☐$100 to train 3 women in management skills for 3 days; ☐Other $________

Name

Address

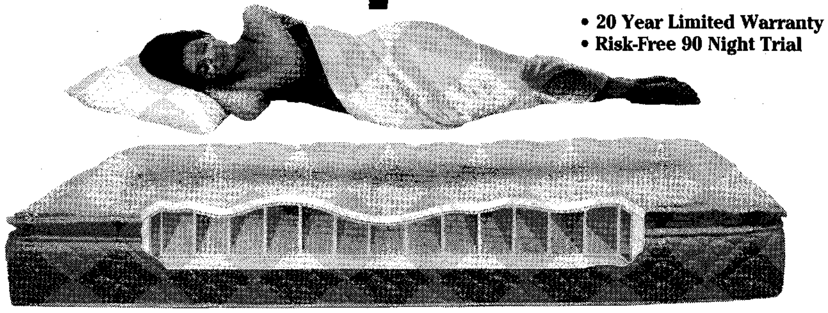
City/State/Zip 181MA

1-800-226-9816 for VISA or MasterCard

Photo by the Blairs, AFSC, Hanoi.

Discover the new mattress technology that allows you to

Get The Best Night's Sleep Ever

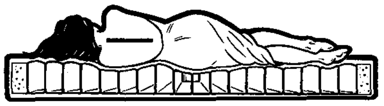


- 20 Year Limited Warranty
- Risk-Free 90 Night Trial

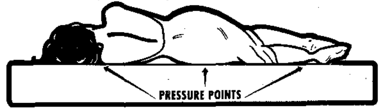
Only Select Comfort's unique air cushion design allows you to select different firmness levels for each side of the bed.

Do any of the following apply to you?

YES	NO	
☐	☐	Do you crave a more comfortable night's sleep?
☐	☐	Do you frequently toss and turn during the night trying to find a comfortable position?
☐	☐	Do you and your partner disagree on how firm your mattress should be?
☐	☐	Do you need to have more energy during the day because of your busy life?
☐	☐	Do you want your mattress to give you perfect body support?
☐	☐	Do you sometimes get out of bed with morning aches and pains?



Select Comfort provides proper back support and contours to your body, distributing weight evenly.



Innerspring mattresses create pressure points and uneven support.

Waterbeds rely on displacement and can cause a "hammock effect," bending your spine unnaturally.

If you answered yes to any of these questions, you owe it to yourself to call now for more information.

FREE VIDEO And Brochure

Call 1-800-831-1211

☐ **YES!** Please rush me all the facts on how I can receive a more comfortable night's sleep with Select Comfort's breakthrough mattress technology...and details on your RISK-FREE 90 Night Trial!

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ____ Zip ______
Evening Phone (____)______

SELECT COMFORT
CORPORATION
9301 75th Ave. N., Minneapolis, MN 55428-1003
© Select Comfort Corp. 1993 Dept 2275

F·I·R·E·B·A·C·K·S

The classic way to protect your fireplace

A beautiful, hand-cast Country Iron Foundry Fireback will protect the back wall of your fireplace from dangerous and costly heat damage, while radiating more heat into your home.

Our catalog, containing 35 antique and contemporary designs, is available for $2.00 (refundable with purchase).

Dept. N312, P.O. Box 600, Paoli, PA 19301
(215) 296-7122

THE COUNTRY IRON FOUNDRY

Wilder's election as governor, in 1989, elevated a man with whom Robb had squabbled in the past. Their relationship deteriorated further when it turned out that a former member of Robb's staff had played for reporters a tape of Wilder speaking on his car phone about politics. A Republican United States Attorney launched an investigation of the incident and obtained guilty pleas from three members of Robb's staff by invoking a seldom used (and rather minor) anti-wiretapping statute. Robb himself narrowly avoided indictment. Robb hinted to me that after he officially declares his candidacy in the spring he will be "addressing some of the issues about me personally." It appears that a Southern-fried "Checkers" speech may be in the offing. He needs it. In a state where Tai Collins may have better name recognition than John Warner—and where Wilder has asserted that Robb is "unfit" to serve in the Senate—Robb's career is in a shambles.

Wilder, for his part, affects a boundless and elegant confidence. I visited him in his office in the State Capitol in Richmond—the building where Robert E. Lee accepted command of the Confederate troops during the Civil War. Despite the recession and cutbacks in support from Washington, Wilder has during his four years in office managed to avoid tax increases, and he also sponsored a widely praised gun-control law. Notwithstanding this commendable record, his popularity runs as low as Robb's. Some of his problems no doubt stem from a prickly temperament, but, just as surely, Virginians seem less willing to tolerate a black egocentric politician than a white one. Nevertheless, the sixty-two-year-old Wilder, who has long flourished in the state's white political culture, impatiently dismisses talk of the Senate race as boiling down to who was the more heroic serviceman. "I've never been a colonel, but I was a sergeant on the front lines in Korea. Army, infantry, doughboy. Don't tell me about defending your country. I was there. I fought for my country when my country wasn't fighting for me." He prefers to run on his accomplishments as governor: "What has Oliver North done for Virginia as compared to what Doug Wilder has done for Virginia? That's where the campaign takes off—on records." He said that he won't make an issue out of Iran-Contra, but his eyes had a knowing glow when he added, “I won’t have to.”

NO, of course not. Reporters will do it for him. So I asked North how he thought Iran-Contra would affect the Senate campaign. “I am the most investigated person on the face of the planet,” he replied. “I not only have no skeletons in my closets—I have no closets. I had my mistakes broadcast around the world, but now is not the time to dwell on them. It’s time to talk about what concerns people most—cutting taxes.”

In a peculiar, perhaps even a subconscious, way, however, North seems to recognize his debt to the scandal that made his name. In the speech I heard him give around Virginia this fall, he always concluded with the same parable. “My friends, the future is far too important to be left up to the professional potentates of pork in the other Party,” he would say. “We have a chance to change that future for the good, but it requires that we be people of action. I want to tell you one last story. I live on the banks of the beautiful Shenandoah River, out there in Clarke County, with a next-door neighbor who’s a great man of action, not a lot of words. Sam isn’t much for talk, but he is a man of action. He’s also a great fisherman. Unfortunately, when Sam fishes in the Shenandoah, he doesn’t use a fly rod. Sam . . . Sam uses . . .” Here there was a pause, a perfectly timed hesitation, as North invited his audience to pick up the twinkle in his eye. “Well, Sam uses dynamite. Sam was out fishing a few weeks ago. He’d just thrown out the first cast—what we call a DuPont spinner. There was a large explosion, and Sam was out there scooping up the stunned fish with his net when along came the Clarke County game warden. He knew exactly what had happened, stopped his car, ran up, grabbed Sam by the shoulders, and said, ‘Sam, this is the last time. There can’t be any more fishing with dynamite.’ Now, remember, I’ve asked you all to be people of action in these last days of this campaign, just like Sam. Sam didn’t waste a lot of words. He simply bent down, picked up out of that box another stick of dynamite, and put it in the game warden’s hand—and lit the fuse. And finally Sam spoke. He said, ‘Son, are you gonna fish or are you gonna talk?’ ”

The laughter and cheers almost drowned out North’s final lines, which were “Folks, it’s time to go fishing. God love you all.”

In the nineteen-eighties, Congress, in its bumbling way, decreed that the United States government should neither send arms to terrorists in Iran nor stoke the Contras’ war with the Nicaraguan authorities. North and his colleagues, in their wisdom, decided that they’d go fishing just the same. When the lumbering Congress finally got around to noticing that the law was being broken, North lied and deceived and shredded to prevent the truth from emerging. It helped his cause that the barons of Congress proved such unsympathetic victims; in any case, what was holy writ to them was red tape to Ollie North. Perhaps as a senator himself he would do better. Certainly, he is eager to try. He told me, “I just haven’t gotten the satisfaction out of writing blockbuster best-sellers and running a successful business that I have out of public service.” ♦

Radisson Empire Hotel
Midtown, Mid-Price, Definitely Not Middle Of The Road

Corporate America. Midtown Manhattan. All just blocks away. Yet your own front door opens to the magic of Lincoln Center and Central Park.

And as unique as our locale, your specially appointed room checks in with two-line telephones and data port hook-ups, VCR and Nakamichi CD/Cassette stereos. Around you-amenities like health club privileges, the Empire Club Lounge, the Empire Grill, 24 hour room service and more. All guaranteed by the Radisson name.

ACCOMMODATIONS: 375 newly renovated rooms and suites, 3 conference rooms, grand ballroom, catering facilities.

RATES: Start at $135.00* per room, per night. Group rates upon request.

Radisson® Empire Hotel
63rd & Broadway, New York, NY 10023
THE PLACE TO BE

For reservations and information, please call:
(800) 333-3333 or (212) 265-7400
* All rates subject to availability. Restrictions apply.

FABULOUS
TEAK GARDEN FURNITURE

BarlowTyrie

OFF SEASON RATES!
TAKE A TRIP THROUGH OUR CATALOG
THIS WINTER AND **SAVE 20%**.
Free Delivery Anywhere Continental U.S.A.
SEND $2.00 FOR 1994 CATALOG
Name
Address
City
State Zip

Roberts
115 East Putnam Avenue/P.O. Box 433
Greenwich, CT 06836 1-800-899-4610

TO BOOT®
NEW YORK
by ADAM DERRICK

A thoughtful gift of warmth and comfort. Hand-crafted Italian shearling slippers from To Boot by Adam Derrick. At the slipper bar at Bergdorf Goodman Men and To Boot, 256 Columbus Ave. NYC 212-724-8249

Men's sizes 7-13. Natural or Navy. $60.

Don't take a
"Vacation"
this year...

...take a Sherpa Tours bicycle trip and have a memorable experience instead! You work hard all year-you deserve to be pampered, "Sherpa Tours-Style"! All of our tours feature quaint inns, gourmet meals, luxury support vehicles and exceptional service. We cater to each person's individual needs to make every trip a great experience-not just another vacation. Call today for our 1994 Brochure

SHERPA TOURS
Sherpa Tours
1-800-543-4417
P.O. Box 1395 • Vail, Colorado • 81658

FAMILY PORTRAIT

THE MAN ON THE SWING

Seeking out the reclusive E. B. White in old age, a young biographer found a friend in the "least literary" author of our time.

BY LINDA H. DAVIS

THE man on the swing in the striking Jill Krementz photograph appears to have dropped from the top of the rope to the seat below. His head is turned shyly in near-profile, and he looks to be contemplating his surroundings from a greater height. The rope swing hangs from a crossbeam in the wide doorway of a barn in Maine. It was put there for the man's grandchildren, but exactly resembles the swing that Fern and Avery play on in the children's classic "Charlotte's Web." The man on the swing is the book's author, E. B. White, in midair at the age of seventy-seven. The photograph was the parting image of Elwyn Brooks White—Andy to those who knew him—offered by his family in the program for his memorial service in the Blue Hill Congregational Church, in Maine, on October 26, 1985, four weeks after his death, at the age of eighty-six. It must have been an easy choice, for the picture captures both White's boyishness, which lingered into his eighties, and something of his sadness as well. In the memorial program, the photograph appears opposite a poem that White wrote to Katharine, his wife of forty-seven years, shortly after their marriage, in 1929. The short, three-stanza verse, called "Natural History," compares his separations from her to the journeys of a spider from her web: always, when he leaves his love, there is attached "one silken strand to you for my returning."

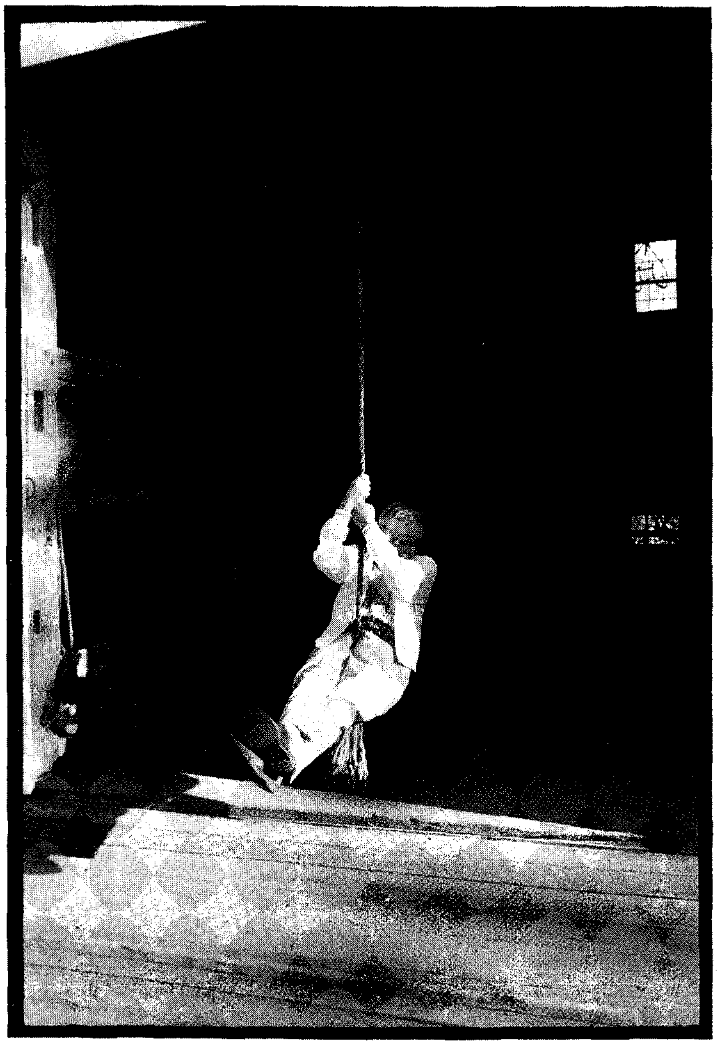
Although E. B. White has been gone for nearly a decade, he still seems to his readers to be close at hand. Six books of his collected essays and verse remain in print, along with the thick volume of his collected letters. "The Elements of Style" is in its third edition (it has sold over a hundred thousand copies annually since 1959) and remains, after thirty-five years, the essential manual for American writers. Each year, thousands of young readers discover "Stuart Little" and "The Trumpet of the Swan"; and, as for "Charlotte's Web," which has been translated into fourteen languages, it is a world classic, effortlessly holding its place among the most popular juvenile books here and in England.

I met E. B. White in the fall of 1977, three months after his wife's death. The silken thread had been abruptly severed, and the widower was depressed and lonely. I had written a letter requesting an interview for a master's thesis I planned to write on Katharine White's work as a long-term, famous editor at *The New Yorker*. White agreed to my proposal—"as your subject is so dear to me," he explained—against his almost invariable tendency, which was to decline all such student requests, and also to avoid photographs, autographs, interviews, and meetings in general. Not insignificantly, our meeting was arranged by letters back and forth. The typewriter was White's medium; he had little use for the telephone. His letters to me clearly expressed a desire to be helpful and some anxiety about being inconvenienced. He had thought about which of Katharine's friends and *New Yorker* colleagues I should talk to, which condolence letters to him I should read, and how I might begin my research. He volunteered to hunt through files and draw up lists of people to interview. But he asked me not to bring "a recording machine." He realized that "many young people nowadays rely on the device," he wrote, "but for me it ruins conversation and I tend to clam up when confronted with it." He also worried that I would overstay: "I would hope that you will come here from the Inn in mid morning, talk with me for a couple of hours, have lunch, then depart."

His last letter before my visit included directions to the town of Blue Hill (it lies at the head of a bay west of Mount Desert Island), and from there to his house from the Blue Hill Inn, neatly typed on a separate sheet of yellow copy paper. Even such mundane writing was done with style. Directing me to watch for a road turnoff, he wrote, "There is also a sign nearby that says 'Believe on the Lord.' From this intersection, whether you believe on the Lord or not, my house is exactly seven miles."

I wasn't sure what "mid morning" was to someone like him, who rose with his chickens, but I decided that ten o'clock was a civilized time to show up, and precisely at ten I knocked on the front door of his handsome white Colonial farmhouse in North Brooklin. Clutching an apple pie my mother had sent up with me, I stood there for interminable minutes, listening to small dogs barking inside. Suddenly, he emerged from beyond some shrubbery at one corner of the house, looking displeased. I had started out on the wrong foot by arriving at the front door, because, he informed me, everyone used the kitchen door. Silently he led me there.

The first hour and a half passed uncomfortably. I asked questions about Katharine White and *The New Yorker*, and he answered them, while "Mr. White" and "Miss Davis" darted back and forth across the cozy, book-lined living room like tennis balls. After my mistake about the front door, he had seemed to soften when I presented him with the apple pie, which was homemade. Then, following some minutes of small talk, he abruptly said that I'd better start asking him questions, because I didn't have much time there. The comment was a flick of the crop, reminding me of what he'd said in his letters about our schedule.



JILL KREMENTZ

His manner toward me was confusing—he had invited me there, after all, and had volunteered to help me—and disillusioning. Where was the writer whose wonderful prose I had fallen in love with? Where was the E.B.W. warmth and charm, the lighthearted humor that I so admired in "One Man's Meat" and in the "Letters from the East" in *The New Yorker*? Where was the friendly type who had told me about the "Believe on the Lord" sign? During the interview, he kept springing up from his chair to pluck damp autumn leaves off the cream-colored carpet. I was sure the leaves had come in on my boots, and I began nervously looking for more.

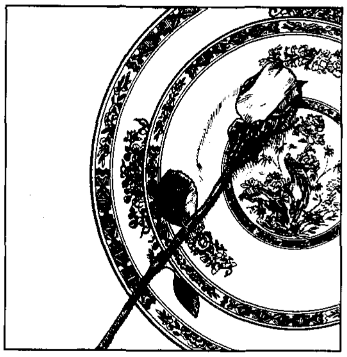
I don't remember whether I finally confessed that I had no further questions or whether he simply called a halt, but about half an hour before lunch he asked if I'd like to join him in a cocktail, and I happily nodded yes. He fixed himself a shaker of Martinis, which, he said, he drank "the way other people take aspirin." I must have laughed in relief to see this E. B. White at last. He offered me sherry from a decanter on a silver tray, and his cook, Edith Candage, brought in a tray of hors d'oeuvres—crackers with assorted cheeses, and a circle of radishes around a tiny mound of salt. At some point during the cocktails he dropped the "Miss Davis" for "Linda." Whether it was the Martini or his relief at no longer being onstage, he was finally able to take on the role of host, which he performed gracefully, and to see me as I was: a young woman who enjoyed a cocktail and laughed at the same things he did.

He was seventy-eight years old when I met him—a handsomer man, many photographs suggest, than he had been in midlife. His face was composed of big features—a large nose, a high forehead, a thick mustache, and an old man's bristly, pointy eyebrows. His hair and mustache were snow-white, his eyes a surprising baby blue. The wintry colors of his hair and eyes softened his brows, which were dark, and his deeply lined skin.

Over lunch in the dining room, I made another stab at small talk. I asked him what the population of Brooklin was, and he jumped. "The *what*?" he said, leaning over the table. I repeated the question, and he started to laugh. He said that he didn't hear as well as he used to. The other morning, he said, he'd been lighting the kitchen stove and listening to the radio when he heard an announcer say, "There's nothing like Mabel to keep you warm on a cold night." It had taken him a minute to realize that the voice had actually said, "There's nothing like *maple* to keep you warm on a cold night"—an ad for maple syrup. So when I asked him about the population of Brooklin he thought I'd asked him what the *copulation* of Brooklin was. "And the copulation's about six hundred," he said.

After lunch, he talked about his loneliness and his insomnia. He said he was thinking about renting a room at the Blue Hill Inn nights and returning to his house during the day. He asked what I thought of the plan. Wouldn't the Inn's owners be glad to have a steady boarder during the winter months? Did I think they would let him put a phone in his room? Then he launched into a heated discourse on Brendan Gill's memoir "Here at The New Yorker," a book he said I could just drop from my list of references about Katharine White, because

YOU'LL LOVE OUR EUROPEAN ACCENT.



Just off Union Square, there is a small luxury hotel that prides itself on offering its guests the impeccable standards of service of the great hotels of Europe. It's Campton Place – where the china is Wedgwood, the flowers are cut fresh daily and the restaurant was named one of the top 25 in America by *Food & Wine Magazine*. So stay with us; and find that you don't have to cross the Atlantic to enjoy a truly exquisite hotel experience.

CAMPTON PLACE HOTEL
340 Stockton Street, San Francisco, CA 94108

415-781-5555
or
800-426-3135

When visiting Los Angeles, stay at the
Checkers Hotel Kempinski.
Kempinski Hotels are Lufthansa Hotels.

it was inaccurate, and was deformed by the author's evident bias. (While giving Katharine her due as *The New Yorker's* "intellectual conscience," Gill had portrayed her as being oppressively domineering in the office and relentlessly protective of White's status at the magazine. Neither of the Whites ever got over what they perceived as the unfairness of this portrait.)

Mr. White, I began to see, was remarkably trusting of someone he hardly knew, and amazingly quick to make up his mind about a stranger. Surely his experience with the Gill book, with the constant applications he received for interviews and photographs, and with the many impromptu visits to North Brooklin by adulatory readers should have taught him to be wary, even of young women bearing apple pies. But before I left his house he sat down at the old black Underwood typewriter in his study and carefully typed a letter to the librarian at Cornell, giving me permission to examine his collected papers there. Soon afterward, he gave me carte blanche to study Katharine's papers at Bryn Mawr, which contained material that the Whites considered sensitive. On this first visit, he also inscribed a copy of his newly published "Essays" for me, and even offered to pay my bill at the Blue Hill Inn, since it had been his suggestion that I stay there. He was concerned—the sight of my old heap in his driveway perhaps giving him pause—that the trip was a financial hardship. I thanked him and refused the offer, but he repeated it on subsequent visits as well.

I sensed that his decision to coöperate with me on my thesis—and then, within a few weeks, on what became a proposed full-scale biography of Katharine White—had something to do with his loneliness, and with the kind of man he was: one who liked the company of women. He would have agreed with a statement John Updike is said to have made about himself: that he would rather be seated between any two women than between any two men at a dinner party. Mr. White appreciated women for their femininity, and he could be flirtatious, but he also respected them—and counted on them—for their intelligence and sensitivity. It was not insignificant that the most important relationship of his life was with a woman, and that this union was based in some large part on work in

PRESENTING 8 WAYS TO EARN GREAT RATES ON COLLEGE SAVINGS.

U.S. Savings Bonds offer eight great ways to save for your child's college education. Buy U.S. Savings Bonds in any of the eight denominations for just half their face value. If you keep them five years or more, you'll earn competitive, market-based rates or a guaranteed minimum rate, whichever is higher.

Start earning great rates on college savings, today. Buy U.S. Savings Bonds where you work or bank.

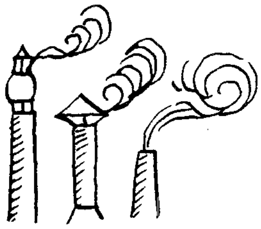
For current rates, call
1-800-4US BOND • 1-800-487-2663

Take Stock in America U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

A pubic service of this magazine

common. Most of the important people in White's life were women—including his granddaughter Martha White, the writer among the White grandchildren, and Katharine's four granddaughters by her first marriage, whom Andy treated as his own. He adored Carol Angell, the wife of his stepson, Roger Angell; he spoke affectionately of his stepdaughter Nancy Angell Stableford, a retired biology teacher, and with pride of Allene White—the wife of his son, Joel—and a cooking column she was writing for a local weekly paper, the Ellsworth *American*. All these women were articulate and intelligent.

I was one of several young women who entered his late life for professional reasons and subsequently became his friends. (I did not know of any similar coterie of young men.) We ranged in age from our early twenties to our forties, and were all helpful to him in some way. Kathy Hall had worked in the Cornell University Library and continued to help him with his papers after she left Cornell. Dorothy Guth was a patient and imaginative editor of the massive "Letters." Joan Winterkorn, also of Cornell, stayed in touch with him after taking a new job in London. Kathleen Curtis, who was a psychiatric nurse in Blue Hill, shared his love of sailing; his doctor had introduced them after Katharine died, out of concern for his depression. Though Andy refused psychotherapy—he preferred not to look "under the hood," he said—he and Kathleen became friends.



Above all, there was Corona Machemer, his Harper & Row editor. If Katharine White had a successor in her husband's affections, it was she. Like his marriage to Katharine, his relationship with Corona had a literary component. After the publication of the "Letters," in 1976, their first book together and the last to which Katharine had contributed, Andy and Corona assembled two further collections of his prose and verse. They also took vacations together and spent some time in Maine when Corona was able to get away from New York. He soon became dependent on her. He said she reminded him of Katharine as a young editor. Because of her he became happier and less lonely in the long years after Katharine's death. He spoke about Corona in a fond, familiar way, and sometimes complained (in an echo of his talk about Katharine) that she didn't have enough time for him. One year, I noticed a large close-up photograph of Corona on the mantel in his office, standing where a picture of Katharine as a young child had stood previously.

My relationship with him differed from his other female friendships because it involved a considerable obligation on his part—though he did view me as a help to him, too. Often when he had a question about how to dispose of an old letter or a magazine article—whether to put it in Katharine's collection at Bryn Mawr, in his at Cornell, or in the trash can—he asked me. More important, it cheered him to be able to talk about Katharine with someone who never tired of the subject. And, though I was too young and inexperienced to have earned his confidence (I was twenty-four years old when we first met), he thought enough of me, or saw enough potential in me, to believe that my book would bring Katharine's remarkable achievements as an editor into public view, and at last give her some of the credit she deserved. I was surprised to hear him once refer to my biography as being something "for Katharine and me."

We met once a year or so over the course of six years. It took me nearly a decade to write my biography of Katharine. Our friendship always centered on the book. Though our work together took place largely in a social context—drinks and dinner, lunches and general conversation, drives around town, a game of Ping-Pong—we never strayed far from the real purpose of my visits. Andy often talked about his own life, but showed only a limited curiosity about mine. His dance card was full, and he knew enough about me to satisfy him. "Of course I trust you," he wrote after some small misunderstanding in a letter of mine. "There has never been any question about that." Though he was old enough to be my grandfather, he treated me as a colleague and friend, as someone he liked and whose opinion he valued. He sent me copies of his books, and then a beautiful salad-bowl set of Maine pottery upon my marriage. He hugged me and kissed me on the cheek whenever we said goodbye. Though he sometimes

TOTALLY NEW EDITION

Volume IV

CLASSIC BOB & RAY

The New York Years *(Part One)*

Now Available $29.95*

This extraordinary new volume features four hours of original material not available for nearly twenty years. Enjoy it all for just $29.95* **in time for the holidays.** Hear never-to-be-forgotten live performances, including their last performances on WOR & WINS in New York. This collectors classic contains some of their most famous characters, including Wally Ballou, Mary McGoon, Kent Lyle Birdley, Webley Webster, Mary Backstayge and many, many more. This is one Bob & Ray Audio Cassette Collection you cannot afford to be without. *Order the entire Collection, Volumes I-IV, for just $89.75**—save over $30—and enjoy even more of their great radio years.* **Order by Dec 17th for Christmas Delivery. Order by Dec 22nd for Overnight Delivery** (additional charge).

For fastest delivery use your credit card and call toll-free now:

1-800-528-4441

For gift orders include name and address of gift recipients. Gift cards will be enclosed. NY residents add sales tax. For mail orders send your name, complete address and telephone with your check or MasterCard/Visa account number and expiration date to: **RADIOART®, Dept. NY 19, Box 2000 GPO, New York, NY 10116**

* includes $4 UPS shipping and handling **includes $10 UPS shipping and handling

Completed Sail Models
Classic Yachts • Museum Quality
Atlantic

World-Class Craftsmanship
Other Fine Nautical Works Available

SEACRAFT™ CLASSICS

7850 E. Evans Rd. Ste. 109, Scottsdale, AZ 85260 (602) 998-4988

For Our Catalog Call (800) 356-1987

THE ONLY

AROUND THE WORLD

BY

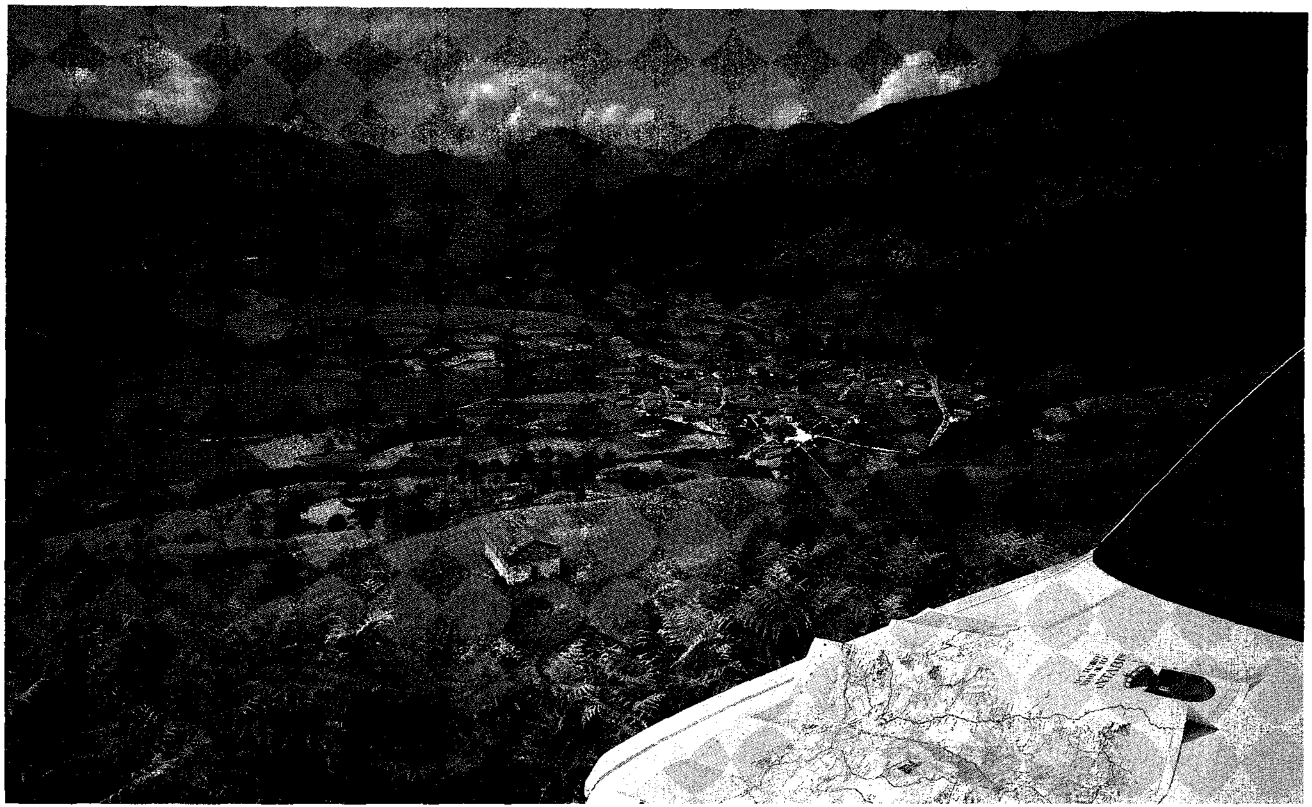
SUPERSONIC CONCORDE

HAWAII • NEW ZEALAND • AUSTRALIA
PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA
HONG KONG • INDIA • KENYA • FRANCE

October 5 to 28, 1994
$48,800 per person

Designed and Operated by INTRAV • St. Louis, MO 63105-1961

1-800-825-2900



Carmona, Cantabria

Green

One of the less popular views of Spain.

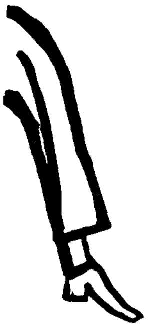
Northern Spain comes as an unexpected bonus to travelers who thought they had seen everything Spain had to offer. In the regions of Galicia, Asturias, Cantabria and the Basque Country, first-time visitors will find a pleasant surprise around every corner. As you can see, the terrain doesn't conform to most people's perception of Spain. Villages nestle in deep, lush valleys against a perpetual backdrop of mountains. But that's the real beauty of "Green" Spain. The daily discovery of hidden gems, be it prehistoric caves at Altamira, the small fishing port of Vivero, a night in Charles I's castle at Hondarribia, or the uncannily orange sunset in Naranjo de Bulnes. Should you pine for the occasional glimpse of the ocean, simply take the nearest wooded valley to the coast and walk the deserted sands or watch the fishing boats returning with your supper. It's at times like these you'll see Green Spain in its real colors.

Spain. Passion for life.

Tourist Office of Spain
New York: 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022, Tel: (212) 759-8822 • Chicago: 845 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, Tel: (312) 642-1992 • Miami: 1221 Brickell Ave., Suite 1850, Miami, FL 33131, Tel: (305) 358-1992 • Los Angeles: 8383 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 960, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, Tel: (213) 658-7188

gave me unsolicited advice in the manner of a mentor—"You 'cut' wood, you don't 'chop' it," he said one day after I asked whether his gardener, Henry Allen, had chopped the wood for the huge pile by the barn—he never talked down to me.

My visits to him always followed the same pattern. I would drive to Maine, typically at the end of the week, for a visit on Friday or Saturday—not Sunday, because Sunday was his cook's day off and he could not offer a visitor a proper meal. I stayed at the Blue Hill Inn, and in the course of the weekend we would have a couple of meals together at his house, which were served formally in the dining room and were always wonderfully high in calories. Lunches and dinners were preceded by Martinis—I started drinking them to keep him company—with one exception. On the eve of one summer visit he called me up—the only time he ever telephoned me—to ask whether I could arrive early for cocktails the next day. Roger and Carol Angell were in Brooklin, and Andy thought we could all have drinks together. I arrived to find him happily stirring an old Prohibition-days recipe he'd just come across. He explained that it came from a humor piece of his, "Dusk in Fierce Pajamas," that *The New Yorker* had run in the nineteen-thirties. Oddly, the cocktail was one that was served by the butler in the story, who was named Fish: a half-ounce each of lime juice, apricot brandy, honey, and dry vermouth, and eight ounces of gin—"What a baby would drink from a bottle," Andy said. Everyone tried the cocktail and came back for seconds.



Between cocktails and meals, I would ask him questions. He did not like to spend more than an hour and a half in a formal question-and-answer session, because it tired him, and he would sometimes repeat himself or wander off down some labyrinthine path from which I could not retrieve him. I always left North Brooklin with some questions unanswered, and I usually followed my visits with a letter containing some that couldn't wait.

E. B. WHITE was the least literary writer I'd ever encountered. Unless you were lucky enough to get a letter from him, you wouldn't have guessed he was a writer. His conversation—unlike that of John Updike or of William Maxwell, for instance, whom I also interviewed during those years—gave no indication of the high calibre of his prose. Though his sentences were clear, economical, and precise, his spoken words tended to be plain and informal, delivered with occasional broad "a"s and dropped "r"s that identified him as a long-term New Englander. His voice, by this point in his life, sounded slightly gravelly and tired. Because he was hard of hearing, he had a way of leaning forward when another person talked ("What?" he would say. "The what?") which gave him a look of eager attentiveness. His blue eyes, which appeared watery in the daylight, looked directly at you when you spoke, and his gaze could be penetrating.

His reading ran to the Ellsworth *American* and the columnist Art Buchwald, who he said was a favorite writer. "One out of every three things he writes is very good, which isn't a bad average," he told me. He still read *The New Yorker*, but he read the *Times* only on Saturdays. Mention an important or newsworthy new book, and he hadn't read it. He'd just got around to reading "Gone with the Wind" a few years earlier. He thought Margaret Mitchell had done a good job. He was not embarrassed to say that Katharine had been a far better reader than he.

His ordinariness made him approachable. He greeted people around town by their first names, and, except for the people who worked for him, and children in town who called out "Hi, Mr. White!" from their bicycles (he knew their names, too), nearly everyone called him Andy. Even with his snow-white hair, he was more of an Andy than a Mr. White. It went with an inherent youthfulness and an undiminished sense of wonder about the world.

"Why, look who's here," he said as we approached his kitchen door one day. We had just returned from a drive, and I looked to my left, toward the road, which was empty. He was looking up at a high corner of the little kitchen porch, over the door, which was mossy with spiderwebs. "Why, it's Charlotte," he said, and then I saw a large gray spider in one segment of the web.

Although he often complained of ill

The less popular views of Spain are some of the most beautiful.

Galicia

Santiago de Compostela retains a mystery as ancient as the faith that built it. The medieval splendors of this city rose up around the ninth-century shrine of Saint James, now a soaring cathedral. The bounties of the sea that, according to legend, carried the saint to Galicia, provide an astonishing variety of seafood.

Cantabria

The poetry of the soft green hills of Cantabria was captured 16,000 years ago in the Altamira caves. The elegant coastal towns drew Spain's noble families who carved stately homes and palaces along these shores. The entire town of Santillana del Mar, one of Spain's jewels, has been declared a national monument.

Asturias

The greens grow more intense and the mountains more dramatic as one enters Asturias. This compelling land encloses vast mountain lakes and resplendent fishing villages. The graceful city of Oviedo with its entrancing streets and squares has for its sentinel a solemn cathedral.

The Basque Country

The sophisticated charm of San Sebastián made it a favorite seaside resort with Spain's royals. Further inland, hillside towns have an Alpine character. Cooking and eating are revered here. No wonder. The finest cuisine in the country accompanied by robust Rioja Alta wines is one of Spain's great luxuries.

I want to be moved by Spain 1993.
Please send me more information.

Tourist Office of Spain • New York: 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022, Tel: (212) 759-8822 • Chicago: 845 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, Tel: (312) 642-1992 • Miami: 1221 Brickell Ave., Suite 1850, Miami, FL 33131, Tel: (305) 358-1992 • Los Angeles: 8383 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 960, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, Tel: (213) 658-7188

España

Spain. Passion for life.

Name ______

Address ______

City ______

State ______ Zip ______

NY6

THE NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers.

Clipper Cruise Line
Explore the Yachtsman's Caribbean–secluded islands and bays in the Virgin Islands that are beyond the reach of large cruise ships.
1.800.227.4099

Florida Citrus – Gift Fruit
Florida gift fruit – the world's finest citrus fruit. The sweetest, juiciest, most delicious fruit you can give. FREE BROCHURE. 1.800.934.1188

Fascinating Malaysia and Surprising Singapore
Two great countries that offer a wonderful potpourri of the East in one great, unforgettable holiday. For further information, please call:
1.800.900.7788

Out of Africa
From Pendragon's come these hand-made adjustable bracelets of sterling, sterling with gold knots, and 14k gold. Wearing one, you can almost hear the sounds of safari. 1.908.536.6919

La Costa Resort and Spa
Southern California's most famous resort, situated on 400 rolling acres. Two championship golf courses. 21 tennis courts. World-renowned Spa. Great restaurants. Many package plans.
1.800.854.5000

The New School
For a free New School Bulletin providing information on more than 1500 Spring adult education courses and B.A. and M.A. degree programs, please call: 1.800.544.1978 ext. 46

BackSaver
For home and office, BackSaver manufactures 36 doctor-recommended health products to prevent and relieve back, neck, shoulder, wrist, and arm pain. For information call:
1.800.251.2225

Meier's Gifted Beverages
Inspired gifts for everyone*! 8 luscious varieties of non-alcoholic sparkling grape juice in champagne bottles...superb #44 Cream Sherry at a distinctly non-import price! Call for nearest store. 1.800.346.2941*

Omaha Steaks International
Send the perfect, most impressive gifts – tender, juicy Omaha Steaks. Call by December 21st for holiday delivery. 1.800.228.9055

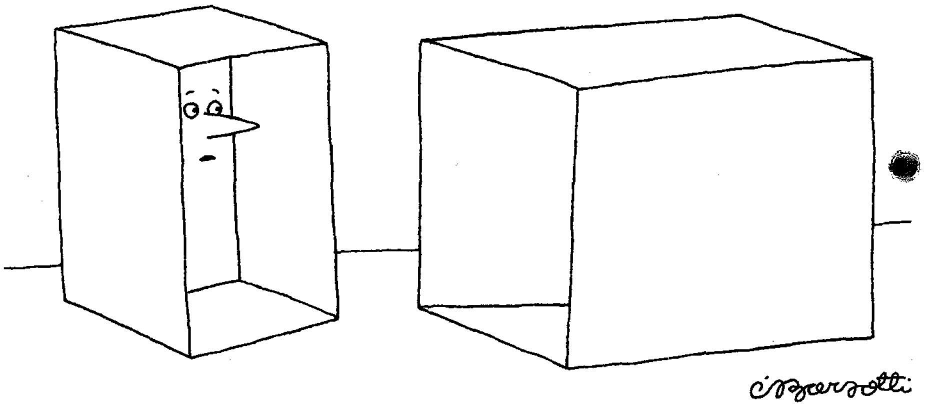
ADVERTISEMENT

health and loneliness, boyishness clung to him like a fragrance. It was in his alert expression and lithe body, which looked like a much younger man's, and in his sense of fun and his spontaneity. He liked to take a visitor to a fence beside the barn to show how the geese came squawking up at his approach, expecting apples. He took on a new puppy, named Red, although his old, dirty-white West Highland terrier, Susy, was still spry. He moved gracefully, and he was light on his feet, getting up quickly from a chair, springing up a narrow ladder leading to his boat (a drydocked twenty-foot sloop, Martha, built by his son and named for his granddaughter), and easily beating a twenty-eight-year-old at Ping-Pong. He and Corona went canoeing, bicycling, and swimming; one memorable photograph, taken by Corona on vacation, shows him balancing on one foot on a curving stretch of railroad track, his arms stretched out like those of a high-wire performer. The image was apt: he thought of writing, and life, as a treacherous business.

He was visibly uncomfortable in the presence of strangers, quickly turning his attention back to the person he knew. He was polite but uninterested the one time I brought someone along to Maine with me—my new husband, Chuck Yanikoski. A vulnerable, intensely private man, White put up a lot of fences and opened the gate to a select few. Even those who got past the gate could quickly find themselves back on the outside. The only unhappy experience I ever had with him, apart from the first hour and a half of our acquaintance, came one evening after dinner, when he suddenly said he wasn't feeling well and abruptly sent me away. (He wrote to me to apologize afterward.) A writer used to a self-centered existence, a man whose close relationship with his wife had left other people on the periphery, he was also an affectionate person, quick to sign "love" to his letters to a new friend, and he needed the warmth of human contact. But his personality said, "Come here, come here. Get away, get away."

That first year after Katharine died, he often talked of escaping—to Florida for the winter, as he and his wife had done, or to New York to visit Roger and Carol Angell. He even talked of making a trip down to Boston to see me, but nothing came of it. There was no one to travel with, he said, and he was not well enough to drive long distances alone. He was afraid to fly, and, as he wrote in more than one piece, the train service was not what it had been in the glory days of the Boston & Maine. He was linked to the lovely old farmhouse he and Katharine had bought in 1933. Now and then, he would spend a night at the Blue Hill Inn, if he was feeling lonely. If he felt especially ill, he would check himself into the Blue Hill Hospital for a day or two—a unique arrangement.

His hypochondria was legendary. He was always in the grip of some ailment, always missing out on some important event—Christmas, his granddaughter's wedding—because of his health; and his self-absorption could be depressing. "The flu felled me before Christmas, hung on grimly, and then I began having dizzy spells and attacks of nerves that sent me twice into the hospital," he wrote me one year. Other accounts were lighter, though his health was never a laughing matter to him: "Late in the day I went to my dentist's for a second Christmas dinner. My doctor and his wife were there too,



"I do understand, Sabrina. I've been hurt, too."

Soft Briefcase

Designed by Ferdinand A. Porsche
Three inner compartments, large
outer pocket and combination lock
Finest European calf skin

PORSCHE DESIGN

PORSCHE DESIGN

Products Designed By F. A. Porsche Are
Available at the following
Porsche Design Boutiques

CORPORATE: 331 South Rio Grande Street — Salt Lake City, Utah 84101 - Telephone 800.521.5152
ERLY HILLS: 236 North Rodeo Drive - Beverly Hills, California 90210 - Telephone 310.205.0095 **NEWPORT BEACH:** South Coast Plaza - 3333 Bristol
et - Costa Mesa, California 92626 - Telephone 714.662.2992 **LAS VEGAS:** The Forum Shops at Caesar's - 3500 Las Vegas Boulevard South
s Vegas, Nevada 89109 - Telephone 702.369.0410 **ASPEN:** 402 South Galena Street - Aspen, Colorado 81611 - Telephone 303.920.2889

And other fine stores nationwide
For the name of the dealer nearest you call toll free 800.521.5152

so I was well covered in the event of sudden cavities or heart failure." One letter contained a surprising postscript: "I will think twice about ever writing you a letter again. I had just reached the word 'rejoiced' when I fell asleep. My head crashed forward and hit the typewriter a horrendous blow. My scalp opened and blood flowed. And I went reeling against life's ropes. A third degree concussion, I imagine. I healed it temporarily with two martinis in quick succession and vowed never again to do a good deed. Good deeds *never* go unpunished. Henceforth, I shall lead a life of perfect selfishness and utter disregard for the plight of others."

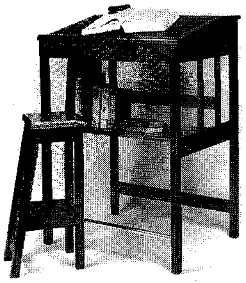
The Christmas season was a hard time for the widower—"a survival time"—despite the affectionate presence of Joel and Allene and several of their family in Brooklin. One New Year's weekend was particularly bad—an "endless vigil," he said, in which he'd found himself "feeding wood fires and eating out of Campbell's soup cans." The flu was a regular holiday visitor. "I have been sick ever since Thanksgiving, when a flu bug gained entrance and decided to stay," he wrote one year. "I've been in sick bay for three weeks with an insidious bug—worse than the spruce bud worm," he wrote another year. And "My Christmas was something of a bust—I had the flu (caught it from Santa, who was spreading it all over the East)." Though he loved the batches of homemade spritz cookies I sent him every year ("beautifully impregnated with almond," he wrote), his holiday messages were mostly grim.

Life was a struggle—with loneliness, with neurosis and old age, with his need for privacy and intimacy, with fame and its attendant intrusions on his time and waning energy. "Life for an old man is one blow after another—you get up in the morning and wonder from which direction the next socko is coming," he wrote. He suffered from migraines, tendinitis, root-canal work, a "deranged digestive system," and "assorted nervous ills." He frequently complained of heart trouble. "After 81 years of pumping blood, my heart is sick of the whole business and I can't say I blame it," he wrote in 1981. Shortly after Corona left Harper & Row for an editorial job at Random House, Andy made two visits to the Blue Hill Hospital, complaining of "a misbehaving heart." The real trouble may have been elsewhere.

AUCTIONS AT SWANN
January 13 at 10:30 a.m.
An Important Private Library of
20th CENTURY ARTISTS
& ART MOVEMENTS, Part I
CUBISM • DADA & SURREALISM • ART DECO
GERMAN EXPRESSIONISM
ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM
COBRA GROUP • FLUXUS • POP ART
Illustrated Catalogue $25
January 27 at 7:00 p.m.
JOAN CRAWFORD
and THE GOLDEN AGE
of HOLLYWOOD

ARCHIVES OF CORRESPONDENCE
PHOTOGRAPHS • AWARDS
MOVIE STILLS • MOVIE POSTERS
POSTCARDS • COSTUMES
Illustrated Catalogue $25
For preview hours and newsletter,
please call Swann at (212) 254-4710.
SWANN GALLERIES
104 East 25th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

Now with bookshelf or drawers.
Our desk . . . still stands alone.



Stand-up desks and stools hand-crafted to your height in oak, walnut, mahogany, cherry and black deco.
The Stand-Up Desk Co.
5207 Baltimore Ave.
Bethesda, Md. 20816
For free brochure:
(301) 657-3630

Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
Montego Bay, Jamaica
T: 809-953-2211 • F: 809-953-2731
Call your Travel Agent or
Direct 800-626-0592 (24 hrs)/CHARMS 800-742-4276

Sweaters with a pedigree
stylish, warm, comfortable
Our homebred registered Romney sheep produce the soft, lustrous yarn for our handmade sweaters. Color brochure with yarn sample.
Castlegate Farm
908-996-6152
424 Kingwood-Locktown Rd, Flemington, NJ 08822

PARSONS
school of design
SUMMER
1994
NEW YORK
PARIS
intensive art and design program in new york city june 27 to july 28 or paris july 1 to july 28 • open to high school students, teachers, independent artists and designers, and serious amateurs • parsons school of design, office of admissions, 66 fifth avenue new york, ny 10011. 212-229-8910 or 800-252-0852, ext. 5, fax: 212-229-8975
parsons school of design is a division of the new school for social research

Authentic New York City Transit Token Cufflinks
Actual Tokens used 1953-1970
in Plated Gold Setting
$55 includes Shipping,
Subway Map Gift Box
& Authenticity Card
NYCTA ™
In NY add 8.25% tax
Tokens & Coins, Inc. PO Box 240 NY NY 10012
(800) 290-0046 • M-F • 9-6 EST • Visa, MC, Check

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
800/342-9295

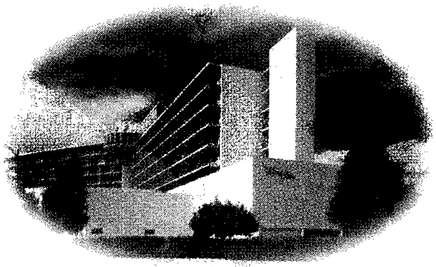
French Holiday Rentals
Experience la vraie France in your own chateau, cottage or farmhouse. Weekly or monthly rentals. All regions.
Catalog available. Call (510) 559-8080 or write 2124 Kittredge St, Suite 200
Berkeley, CA 94704
VILLE ET VILLAGE

He fled the spotlight as if it were another virus. When the Bryn Mawr College library opened the Katharine S. White Collection (of her letters and papers) with an exhibit and reception, in 1979, he did not attend. On being awarded a special Pulitzer Prize, in 1978, he left town for Florida, where he could be out of the reach of reporters and congratulatory calls. On his own turf, he was mostly left alone, though occasionally a tourist or a reporter turned up unannounced at his door. The tourist would get his book signed; the reporter would get tea, cookies, and a terse interview before being sent off. Despite his shyness, which could take the form of crustiness, he was too well mannered to simply turn people away. Too polite to ignore the fan letters and letters from schoolchildren he received, sometimes in great volume, he answered all his mail but felt oppressed by it. He complained about the time it took. He said he understood what Margaret Mitchell meant when she said that being the author of "Gone with the Wind" was a full-time job. Being E. B. White was a full-time job, too. "I don't know what to do about exploiters," he wrote to me in 1979. "Today's mail pouch brings me a letter from a reader in Madison, Wisconsin, informing me that Madison now has a massage parlor called Charlotte's Web. (The life of an author is a miserable thing at best.)" The letter ended with a typical flourish: "And now to write a thank-you note to a reader in Madison, and a note to my lawyer in New York."

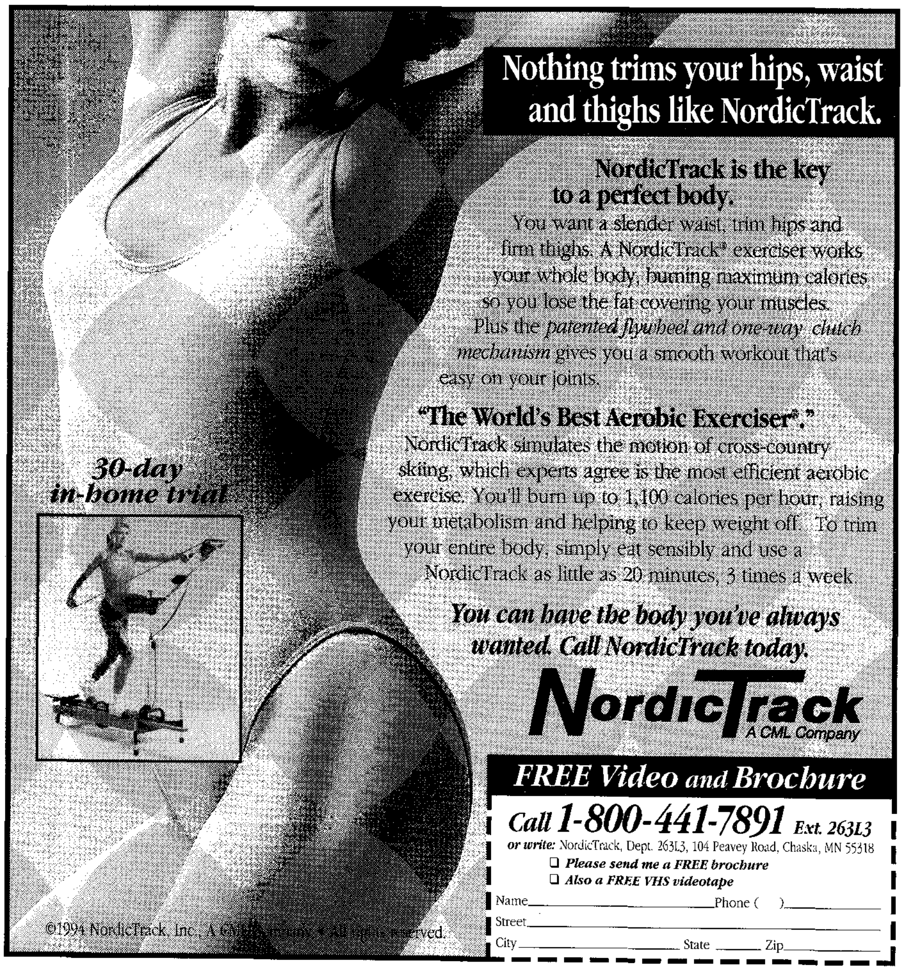
His best defense and the most evident part of his charm—at least to this friend—was his sense of humor. He was quick to find the comic side of a situation, and he relished a chance to laugh at himself. "You needn't boast about your dog Andy having whipworms," he wrote me in 1983. "My dog Red has whipworms, too. I think I have them myself." He had been tickled when I named a dalmatian puppy Andy and registered him through the American Kennel Club as E. B. White.

GIVEN my inexperience, it was an audacious decision for me to attempt a biography of Katharine White. I had written nothing except school papers and some advertising copy. But White never laughed at my proposal—at least, not to my face. (After his death,

After strolling back from a day of shopping on Rodeo Drive, we actually met Merv in the lobby. Sinking into an overstuffed leather chair, we waved to the waiter, who brought us the usual.



The Beverly Hilton
at the heart of Beverly Hills
Call 1.800.HILTONS *or your professional travel agent*



Nothing trims your hips, waist and thighs like NordicTrack.

NordicTrack is the key to a perfect body.
You want a slender waist, trim hips and firm thighs. A NordicTrack® exerciser works your whole body, burning maximum calories so you lose the fat covering your muscles. Plus the *patented flywheel and one-way clutch mechanism* gives you a smooth workout that's easy on your joints.

"The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser®."
NordicTrack simulates the motion of cross-country skiing, which experts agree is the most efficient aerobic exercise. You'll burn up to 1,100 calories per hour, raising your metabolism and helping to keep weight off. To trim your entire body, simply eat sensibly and use a NordicTrack as little as 20 minutes, 3 times a week.

You can have the body you've always wanted. Call NordicTrack today.

30-day in-home trial

NordicTrack
A CML Company

FREE Video and Brochure
Call 1-800-441-7891 Ext. 263L3
or write: NordicTrack, Dept. 263L3, 104 Peavey Road, Chaska, MN 55318
☐ *Please send me a FREE brochure*
☐ *Also a FREE VHS videotape*
Name__________ Phone ( )________
Street__________
City__________ State ____ Zip______

©1994 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company • All rights reserved.

FINNAIR

NEW YEARS
IN HELSINKI & BALTIC CRUISE TO STOCKHOLM
$777

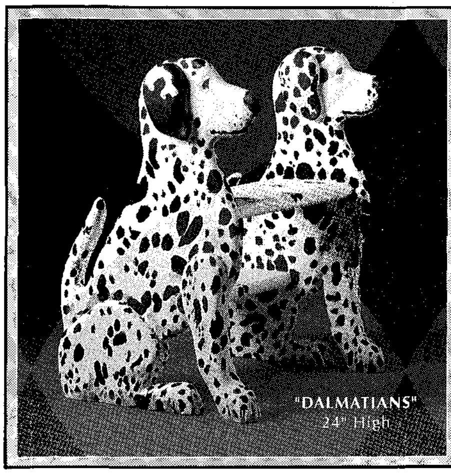
6 days including roundtrip airfare on Finnair. Start the year off at the top of the world with 2 nights in Helsinki, a New Year's eve dinner, 2 nights on a luxurious roundtrip Silja Line cruise to Stockholm with breakfast and dinner daily, and time to explore Stockholm. Call your travel agent or FinnWay at

800-526-4927

228 East 45 St., New York, NY 10017 tel. (212) 818-1198, fax (212) 818-0585

FinnWay inc.

*Price per person dbl. occ., including airfare from NY. Does not include taxes govepverm,emt or facility usage fees.



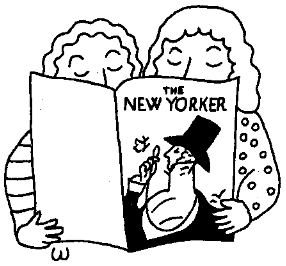
UNIQUE LIBRARY STEPS

Hand painted and hand carved from kiln dried alder wood. This unusual animal art is Functional and Collectible ~ created in limited editions ~ Signed by the Artist.

Available in select Animals and Breeds
Send for a Color Brochure $4

DAVID ROSS STUDIO
610 Canyon Road, Santa Fe, NM 87501
505-988-4017

DO YOU YEARN FOR FRESH IDEAS WHEN YOU TEACH?



If so, *The New Yorker* Education Program is for you. For information and materials to help you use *The New Yorker* in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

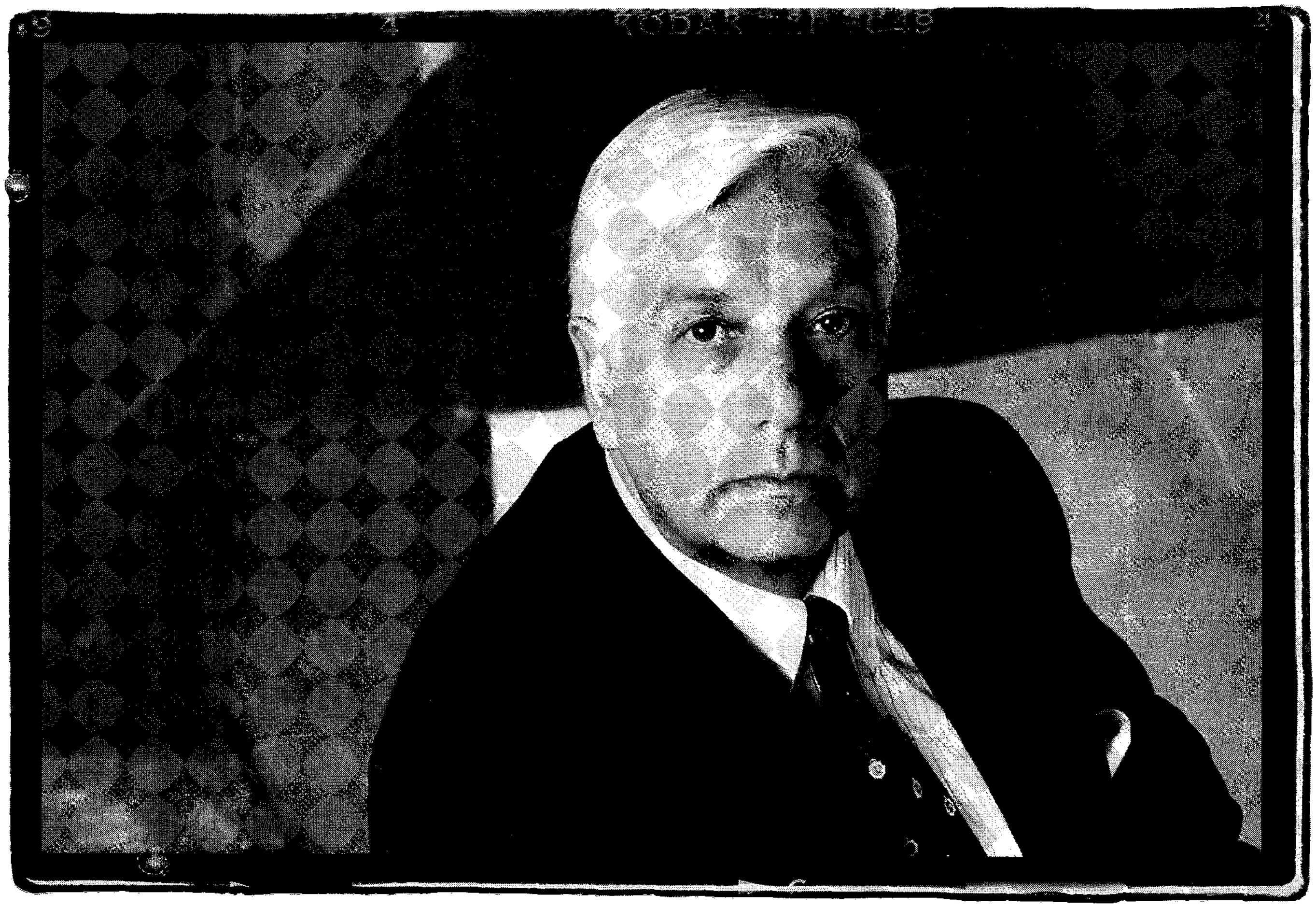
THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036-7440

Corona Machemer told me that he had been concerned about my being a neophyte.) He believed in giving a young writer a chance. He wrote letters to *New Yorker* colleagues and friends of Katharine's, paving the way for interviews. A letter to the *New Yorker* editor Gardner Botsford asked that he show me around the Turtle Bay Garden enclave, where the Whites had also lived. "I would appreciate the favor," Andy wrote. "It's no crucial matter—Linda would probably get into that decadent close if she had to dynamite the North Wall—but it would be nice if you could make it easier for her." He also wrote a note for my agent to send to publishers along with my book proposal, stating that he knew me and approved of what I was doing—an endorsement that undoubtedly made a crucial difference in my getting a contract for the book.

He imposed no strictures or conditions on my research, and never asked to see work in progress. (He himself had never shown anyone a manuscript—"not even Mrs. Katharine White," he said—until it was ready to go out in the mail.) His sole interference was to instruct me, on two or three occasions, not to quote sentences from Katharine's letters which might hurt someone's feelings. The offending comments were trivial, but he noticed them. In one letter to him Katharine had referred to some local gossip; though it was ancient history, Andy didn't want his neighbors embarrassed. In another she had commented on an "Italian shoeshine" who worked in the building at 25 West Forty-third Street, where *The New Yorker's* offices were housed. Andy suggested that I insert the word "man" after "shoeshine."

The advice he gave me about writing was good but sometimes a bit unrealistic. He did not seem to understand, for instance, why I would worry about lining up a publishing contract before the work was finished. It didn't seem to occur to him that the research and interview trips were hard for a part-time teacher to afford. "I hope you don't get preoccupied with feeling the pulse of publishers," he wrote. "Advice from this elderly practitioner is to forget publishers and just roll a sheet of copy paper into your machine and get lost in your subject. Write about it by day, and dream about it by night." He seemed to have only a vague notion of the amount of research that went into

"Why A Hispanic Heads An Organization Called U.S.English."



Mauro E. Mujica, AIA – Architect
Chairman/CEO, U.S.English

"I am proud of my heritage. Yet when I emigrated to the United States from Chile in 1965 to study architecture at Columbia University, I knew that to succeed I would have to adopt the language of my new home.

"As in the past, it is critical today for new immigrants to learn English as quickly as possible. And that's so they can benefit from the many economic opportunities that this land has to offer. I believe so much in this concept that when elected to head an organization that promotes the use of English, I eagerly accepted.

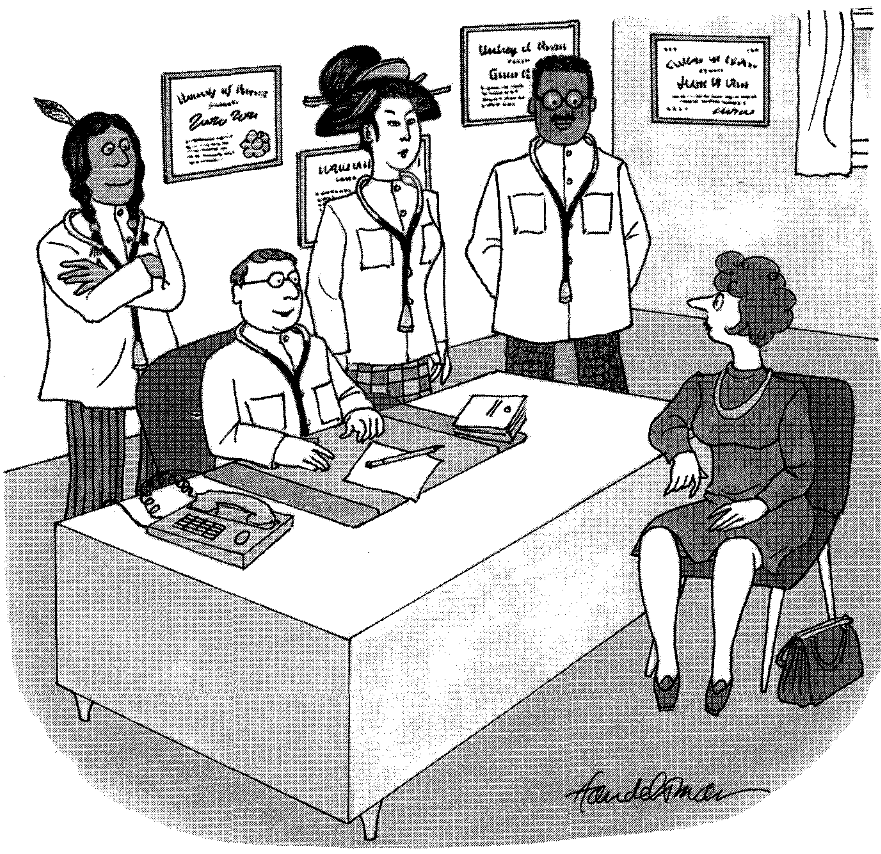
"U.S.ENGLISH is a national, non-partisan, non-profit organization committed to making sure every single immigrant has the chance to learn English.

"Our mission is the preservation of our common bond through our common language: English. We are dedicated to making it the official language of all levels of government, of course, exempting such activities as emergency services and foreign language teaching. With our help, today 19 states have passed laws declaring English their official language. In the courts we have won a number of key federal and state language cases. On the job and in the schools we're supporting projects that will ensure that all Americans have the chance to learn the language of equal opportunity."

To make a contribution or to find out more information, call our toll-free number **1-800-787-8216.**
Or write: U.S.ENGLISH, 818 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 20006.

U.S.ENGLISH

THE LANGUAGE OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITY℠



"We are all of the same opinion, Ms. Beckwith. What's more, we look like America."

• •

a biography. "I am beginning to worry that you are collecting so many facts and seeing so many people, you will fall in love with the life and put off the day when you, like all writers, must abandon the investigation and sit down and produce Sentence Number One." This was in 1978, one year after I began the project, and while I was still in graduate school and was working at several part-time jobs. I sometimes had the feeling that he thought all fledgling writers could begin as he had—soon able to write only what he wanted to write, submitting it to magazines and newspapers, and eventually making a very comfortable living that way.

It was five years before I got the book contract—with Andy's longtime publisher, Harper & Row, a success that pleased him—and, though he occasionally repeated his concern about my spending too much time on research, he never seemed worried about how the biography would turn out. He even became protective of my territory. When a British writer named Anne Jones wrote to him proposing a BBC radio program based on Katharine's gardening essay[illegible]he consented, on the condition that it not interfere with my work. When another writer came along suggesting that she write a biography of Katharine, he told her about my work and did not encourage her—although he knew her, since she had once been Katharine's *New Yorker* secretary.

E. B. WHITE died on October 1, 1985. Though the cause of death was widely reported to have been Alzheimer's disease, Andy's doctors at the Blue Hill Hospital thought he might actually have been afflicted with multiinfarct dementia. There was no autopsy. The last year of his life was a sad one. He had been at the shore one day, swimming or canoeing with a friend, when he fell. Two weeks later, he began to deteriorate. He quickly became housebound, then bedridden. At first, he slept in the north-corner bedroom, which had a fireplace and a magnificent antique cherry canopy bed that had been in Katharine's family. When he became sicker, he moved to a modern bedroom—

100% fun.
0% alcohol.

For all your celebrations, choose Meier's Sparkling Grape Juices. All eight festive flavors are naturally crisp, bubbly and delicious, without alcohol or added sugar.

MEIER'S
John C. Meier Juice Co. 800 346-2941

Secret Harbour Beach Resort
ST. THOMAS, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

A quiet, beachfront resort on the Caribbean featuring deluxe suites with a private terrace or patio. Dive center, tennis, pool, fitness center, boutique and seaside restaurants. Our guests return time and time again.

For a brochure, additional information or reservations call:
800-524-2250 or 809-775-6550

BEST MUSICAL • TONY® AWARD
CRAZY FOR YOU
The new GERSHWIN musical comedy
TELE-CHARGE® 800-432-7250
In Metro-NY 212-239-6200
Ⓢ SHUBERT THEATRE, 225 W. 44th St. N.Y.C

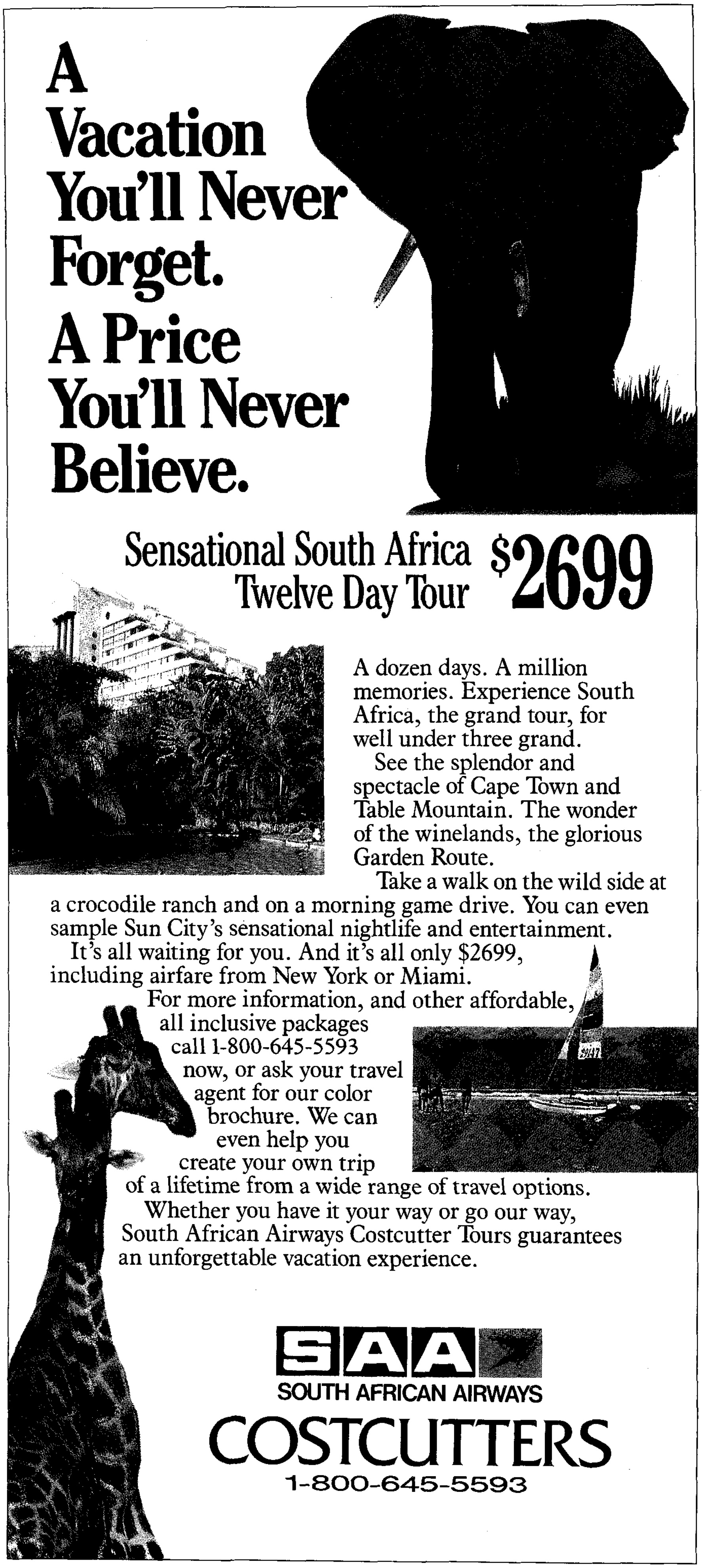
CAT BROOCH
Based on a Japanese netsuke, this charming kitty is handcrafted in sterling silver. Designed by Chip deMatteo. 1.5" $40. PPd. Catalog $2.
Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
(800) 545-4556
HAND & HAMMER SILVERSMITHS

the one that Katharine had occupied during her last years—which had a private bath. During the day, he often sat up in a chair with pillows supporting him, sometimes with his little dog, Red, on his lap. It became increasingly difficult for him to dress, and his regular country clothing was replaced by a running suit Allene had given him, without buttons, for easy changing. No longer able to do paperwork, or even scan the Ellsworth *American,* he liked to be read to. That last year, he was not interested in other people's books. He wanted to hear the writings of E. B. White. Joel White—who had devotedly taken over all the business of his father's life, and supervised the running of his household and his doctoring and daily nursing care—came every day and read aloud to him. They got through just about all White's published writings, some of them several times over.

Bedridden, he remained at home until the end, cared for by Joel and Allene and by relays of local women—Tink Hutchinson, Linda Friend, Ethel Howard, and others—most of whom he had known for years. Edith Candage continued to cook for him; Shirley Cousins took care of the house; Henry Allen looked after the fields and grounds and the garden. Roger Angell spoke with Linda Friend one day about the cheerful, gentle nursing that Andy was being given, and she said, "It's easy—we love him."

Although he was physically feeble and was sometimes confused about where he was during that last year, some part of his mind remained sharp. During one visit, Kathleen Curtis, his psychiatric-nurse friend in Blue Hill, made the mistake of saying, "Andy, I don't think you're concentrating today, so I'm going to read to you from the 'Letters.' " The reply from the pillows was swift: "Kathleen, I'm concentrating all the time." On another occasion, he corrected her on her usage of a word, and gave her its definition.

When his illness became obvious, in the late summer or fall of 1984, I had not seen him in about a year. I was working hard to finish my biography of Katharine, and in the midst of it I had moved and had given birth to my first child—a girl, born ten days late, on Katharine White's birthday. ("Welcome to the little Yanikoski!" Andy had written at the news of my pregnancy. "Welcome to the pond and the swamp adjacent! Welcome to sunlight and shadow, wind and



A Vacation You'll Never Forget.
A Price You'll Never Believe.

Sensational South Africa Twelve Day Tour $2699

A dozen days. A million memories. Experience South Africa, the grand tour, for well under three grand.

See the splendor and spectacle of Cape Town and Table Mountain. The wonder of the winelands, the glorious Garden Route.

Take a walk on the wild side at a crocodile ranch and on a morning game drive. You can even sample Sun City's sensational nightlife and entertainment.

It's all waiting for you. And it's all only $2699, including airfare from New York or Miami.

For more information, and other affordable, all inclusive packages call 1-800-645-5593 now, or ask your travel agent for our color brochure. We can even help you create your own trip of a lifetime from a wide range of travel options.

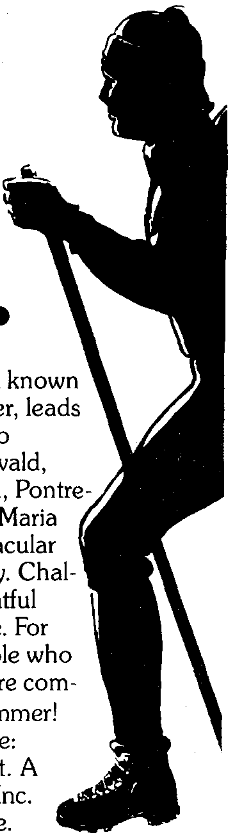
Whether you have it your way or go our way, South African Airways Costcutter Tours guarantees an unforgettable vacation experience.

SAA
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS
COSTCUTTERS
1-800-645-5593

Hike the Alps.

Fred Jacobson, well known author/mountaineer, leads special hiking trips to Appenzell, Grindelwald, Kandersteg, Murren, Pontresina, Saas-Fee, Sils Maria and Zermatt. Spectacular Swiss alpine scenery. Challenging trails. Delightful inns and fine cuisine. For active outdoor people who also like their creature comforts. Our **22nd** summer!

For information write:
Fred Jacobson, Dept. A
Chappaqua Travel, Inc.
1 South Greeley Ave.
Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514-3310
800-666-5161/914-238-5151



Classic New England Design...
Perfected.

Nightstand, in cherry
hand-sawn dovetails
18x18x28" h
$395 / $750 pair
Mass. res. 5% tax
$25 Shp. & Hnd.

catalog $3

ADRIANCE
FURNITUREMAKERS
288 Gulf Road
So. Dartmouth,
MA 02748
508•993•4800

BARNARD'S
SUMMER
IN NEW YORK

A Pre-College Program—July 3–30, 1994

Young men and women: Participate in college-level courses, career exploration, and college preparation workshops, while you enjoy the world's most exciting city.

Summer in New York is for bright, highly motivated students who have completed the 10th or 11th grade.

For further information:
Emily Gabor, Director •
Barnard College, Columbia University • Box NYKR,
3009 Broadway • New York, NY 10027-6598
(212) 854-8866

weather . . . !") The last letter I received from him was also about the baby, a handwritten note in response to a birth announcement I'd written him from my hospital bed. "*I think it was most adroit* of you to produce her on 17 September, birthday of KSW," he wrote. "If Chuck is anything like me he will want to do everything for her except the breast feeding." He himself was writing from the hospital—"the B Hill jail"—where he was "traveling the barium route." Because he sounded like his old self, I did not have a clue that there was anything wrong until I got his annual Christmas card—merely signed "Love, Andy," without a note. Alarmed, I telephoned, and a couple of minutes into the conversation it became clear that he didn't know whom he was talking to. When I told him, he didn't know who Linda Davis was.

I never saw him again. I sent cards, and kept posted on his condition through the family. I was glad to hear from Allene White that he finally did remember me again.

My last visit with him, in the fall of 1983, had been the best. He seemed particularly happy to see me, and we discussed everything from word processors—"If any words are going to be processed, they're going to be processed by me," he said heatedly—to Katharine's first husband, Ernest Angell, who sometimes summoned Andy to his law office in the early years of the Whites' marriage, his eyes looking to Andy "like headlights." Andy had never before spoken to me quite so personally or so warmly. "I'm glad that you're the one who is writing this," he said at one point. When I asked him why, he said, "I'm glad that a person of your intelligence and your perception is writing this biography of Katharine." I was not aware of having ever said anything particularly intelligent or perceptive to him, and I left him that evening feeling happily dazed and somewhat fraudulent.

He was in fine spirits that fall weekend. We got to talking about *New Yorker* "Newsbreaks," those end-of-column fillers clipped from newspapers and other sources, whose funny tag lines Andy had written for fifty years. He was happy when I told him my favorite. It was an old one, celebrated among Newsbreak aficionados, reprinting a newspaperman's ode to spring. In florid, redundant prose, the paragraph extolled the lovely daffodils of spring, which thrust their heads up, up, up through the soil. White's line, below the quoted clip, was "Back, you crazy sons of bitches!" He laughed and slapped his knees when I reminded him of it. "So that's where it's from," he said. "The other day, I was driving the geese into the barn cellar, and all of a sudden I said, 'Get back, you sons of bitches! Get back!' I knew I was quoting myself, but I didn't know from where."

We spent most of that Saturday together. I came over from the Blue H[illegible] Inn on Saturday morning, and after lunch at his house I left for a few hours so he could rest. He had lost peripheral vision in his left eye, and now wore glasses fitted with one transparent lens and one dark lens, which made him look off balance. Otherwise he was the same. He was just as light on his feet, just as sociable. He made a point of telling me to be sure to come back for cocktails before we drove into Blue Hill. He was taking me out to dinner that night—to a new restaurant, called the Firepond.

After our lunch in his lovely north-lighted dining room, I started making noises about departing, but he was in no hurry to see me go. He wanted to show me something in his office first. After he'd done so, I left him sitting on the front stairs, between his and Katharine's offices, and started back through the living room to leave by the [illegible]chen door. As I moved away, he kept talking. He expressed concern about leaving me to fend for myself that afternoon. I told him that I'd be fine—that there were some shops I wanted to visit in Blue Hill—and that he needed to rest. I'd be back for our cocktails at the agreed-upon hour. He sat on the stairs like a boy, with his hands cupped under his chin. "You look good, Linda—young," he said wistfully.

"But Andy, I'm thirty now," I teased.

"Thirty!" he roared. "Thirty!" And as I slowly walked backward toward the living room he repeated it like a refrain: "Thirty! Thirty! Thirty!" ♦

{ The *Bug* Zoo }

"I played with bugs and didn't get yelled at."

Liberty Science Center

More than 250 hands-on science exhibits and the incredible Kodak OMNI THEATER. Exit 14B N.J. Turnpike, Jersey City, N.J. A stone's throw from the Statue of Liberty. Come by car, bus, ferry, PATH/shuttle-bus or piggyback. Call 201-200-1000 for the nitty-gritty. *Where science = fun.*

A NEUROLOGIST'S NOTEBOOK

AN ANTHROPOLOGIST ON MARS

What is it like to be keenly intelligent and to care deeply about science and animal life—but to feel absolutely alienated from even the simplest human emotions and interactions? Temple Grandin knows, and her experiences offer rare insight into the enigma of autism.

BY OLIVER SACKS

I HAD spent a few days with the prodigious Stephen Wiltshire, an autistic savant in London with incredible drawing ability. I had driven up to Massachusetts to visit another autistic artist, Jessy Park (whose mother describes her in a most beautiful and intelligent personal narrative, "The Siege"), and seen her intensely colored, star-studded drawings (very different from Stephen's) and something of her labyrinthine, magic world of correlations (between numbers, colors, morality, the weather). I had paid flying visits to several schools for autistic children. I had spent an extraordinary week at a camp for autistic children, Camp Winston, in Ontario—the more so as one of the counsellors there this summer was a friend of mine with Tourette's syndrome, who, with his lungings and touchings, reachings and buttings, his enormous vitality and impulsiveness, seemed able to "get through" to the most deeply autistic children, in a way the rest of us were unable to do. Turning west, I had visited an entire autistic family in California—both parents, highly gifted, and their two children, all of them given (between the serious business of life) to jumping on trampolines, flapping their hands, and screaming. And now, finally, I was on my way to Fort Collins, in Colorado, to see Temple Grandin, one of the most remarkable autistic people of all: in spite of her autism, she holds a Ph.D. in animal science, teaches at Colorado State University, and runs her own business.

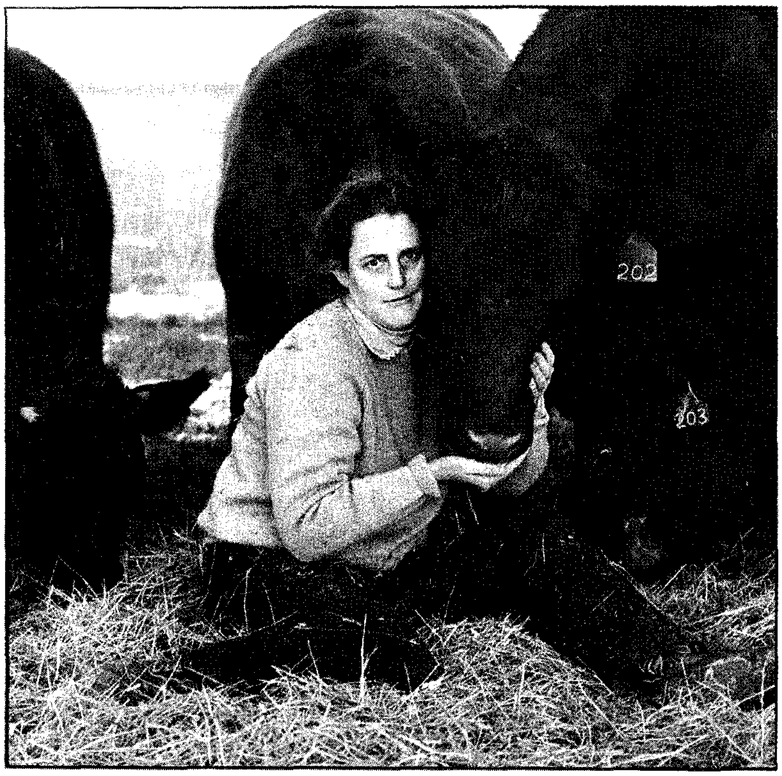
AUTISM, clearly, is a condition that has always existed, affecting occasional individuals in every period and culture. It has attracted in the popular mind an amazed, fearful, or bewildered attention (and perhaps engendered mythical or archetypal figures: the alien, the changeling, the child bewitched). And yet it was only in the nineteen-forties that it was medically described—almost simultaneously, as it happened—by Leo Kanner, in Baltimore, and Hans Asperger, in Vienna, both of whom, independently, converged on the term "autism."

Kanner's and Asperger's accounts were in many ways strikingly (at times uncannily) similar—a nice example of historical synchronicity—but Asperger's account, published in German, remained largely unknown for four decades, and was translated into English only in 1991. Hence Kanner's formulation—with its strengths, and faults—dominated thought on autism for many years. Both Kanner and Asperger emphasized "aloneness"—mental aloneness—as the cardinal feature of autism; this, indeed, is why they called it "autism." In Kanner's words, this aloneness, "whenever possible, disregards, ignores, shuts out anything that comes to the child from the outside." This lack of contact, he felt, was only in regard to people; objects, by contrast, might be normally enjoyed. The other defining feature of autism, for Kanner, was "an obsessive insistence on sameness": most simply in the form of repetitive, stereotyped movements and noises ("stereotypies"); then in the adoption of elaborate rituals and routines; finally, in the appearance of strange, narrow preoccupations—highly focussed, intense fascinations and fixations. The appearance of such fascinations and the adoption of such rituals, often before the age of five, were not to be seen, Kanner and Asperger thought, in any other condition.

Asperger brought out other striking features, stressing, "They do not make eye contact . . . they seem to take in things with short, peripheral glances. . . . There is a poverty of facial expressions and gestures. . . . The use of language always appears abnormal, unnatural. . . . The children totally follow their own impulses, regardless of the demands of the environment [but] there can be excellent ability of logical abstract thinking." While Kanner seemed to see autism as an unmitigated disaster, Asperger felt that it might have certain positive or compensating features—a "particular originality of thought and experience, which may well lead to exceptional achievements in later life."

It is clear even in these first accounts that there is a wide range of phenomena and symptoms in autism—and many more can be added to those that Kanner and Asperger listed. A majority of Kanner-type children are retarded, often severely; a significant proportion have seizures, and may have "soft" neurological signs and symptoms—a whole range of repetitive or automatic movements, such as spasms, tics, rocking, spinning, finger play, or flapping of the hands; problems of coördination and balance; peculiar difficulties, sometimes, in initiating movements, akin to what is seen in parkinsonism. There may also be, very prominently, a large range of abnormal (and often "paradoxical") sensory responses, with some sensations being heightened and even intolerable, others (which may include pain perception) being diminished or apparently absent. There may be, if language develops, odd and complex language disorders—a tendency to verbosity, empty chatter, cliché-ridden and formulaic speech; the psychologist Doris Allen describes this aspect of their autism as a "semantic-pragmatic deficit." In contrast, Asperger-type children are often of normal (and sometimes very superior) intelligence, and generally have fewer neurological problems.

Kanner and Asperger had looked at autism clinically, providing descriptions of such fullness and accuracy that even now, fifty years later, they can hardly be bettered. But it was not until the nineteen-seventies that Beate Hermelin and Neil O'Connor and their colleagues in London, trained in the new discipline of cognitive psychology, focussed on the mental structure of autism in a more systematic way. Their work (and that of Lorna Wing, in particular) suggested that in all autistic individuals there was a core problem, a consistent triad of impairments: impairment of social interaction with others, impairment of verbal and nonverbal communication, and impairment of play and imaginative activities. The appearance of these three together, they felt, was not fortuitous; all were expressive of a single, fundamental developmental disturbance. Autistic people, they felt, had no true concept of, or feeling for, other minds, or even of their own; they had, in the jargon of cognitive psychology, no "theory of mind." However, this is only one hypothesis among many; no theory, as yet, encompasses the whole range of phenomena to be seen in autism. Kanner and Asperger were still, in the nineteen-seventies, pondering the syndromes they had delineated more than thirty years earlier, and the foremost workers of today have all spent twenty years or more considering them. Autism as a subject touches on the deepest questions of ontology, for it involves a radical deviation in the development of brain and mind. Our insight is advancing, but tantalizingly slowly. The ultimate understanding of autism may demand both technical advances and conceptual ones beyond anything we can now even dream of.



Grandin has made the most of her remarkable rapport with animals. "If I could snap my fingers and be non-autistic, I would not," she said at a recent lecture. "Autism is part of who I am."

LAURA WILSON

The picture of "classical infantile autism" is a formidable one. Most people—and, indeed, most physicians—if asked about autism, summon up a picture of a profoundly disabled child, with stereotyped movements, perhaps head-banging; rudimentary language; almost inaccessible: a creature for whom very little future lies in store.

Indeed, in a strange way, most people speak only of autistic children and never of autistic adults, as if the children somehow just vanished from the earth. But though there may indeed be a devastating picture at the age of three, *some* autistic youngsters, contrary to expectations, may go on to develop fair language, a modicum of social skills, and even high intellectual achievements; they may develop into autonomous human beings, capable of a life that may at least appear full and normal—even though, beneath it, there may remain a persistent, and even profound, autistic singularity. Asperger had a clearer idea of this possibility than Kanner; hence we now speak of such "high functioning" autistic individuals as having Asperger's syndrome. The ultimate difference, perhaps, is this: people with Asperger's syndrome can tell us of their experiences, their inner feelings and states, whereas those with classical autism cannot. With classical autism, there is no "window," and we can only infer. With Asperger's syndrome there is self-consciousness and at least some power to introspect and report.

Whether Asperger's syndrome is radically different from classical infantile autism (in a child of three, all forms of autism may look the same) or whether there is a continuum from the severest cases of infantile autism (accompanied, perhaps, by retardation and various neurological problems) to the most gifted, high-functioning individuals, is a matter of dispute. (Isabelle Rapin, a neurologist who specializes in autism, stresses that the two conditions may be separate at the biological level even if they are sometimes similar at the behavioral level.) It is also unclear whether this continuum should be extended to include the possession of isolated "autistic traits"—peculiar, intense preoccupations and fixations, often combined with relative social withdrawal or remoteness—such as one encounters in any number of people conventionally called "normal," or seen, at most, as a little odd, eccentric, pedantic, or reclusive.

The cause of autism has also been a matter of dispute. Its incidence is about one in a thousand, and it occurs throughout the world, its features remarkably consistent even in extremely different cultures. It is often not recognized in the first year of life, but tends to become obvious in the second or third year. Though Asperger regarded it as a biological defect of affective contact—innate, inborn, analogous to a physical or intellectual defect—Kanner tended to view it as a psychogenic disorder, a reflection of bad parenting, and most especially of a chillingly remote, often professional "refrigerator mother." At this time, autism was often regarded as "defensive" in nature, or confused with "childhood schizophrenia." A whole generation of parents—mothers, particularly—were made to feel guilty for the autism of their children. It was only in the nineteen-sixties that this trend began to reverse, and the organic nature of autism to be fully accepted. (Bernard Rimland's 1964 text, "Infantile Autism," played an important part here.)

That the disposition to autism is biological is no longer in doubt, nor the increasing evidence that it is, in some cases, genetic. Genetically, autism is heterogeneous—it is sometimes dominant, sometimes recessive. It is much more common in males. The genetic form may be associated, in the affected individual or the family, with other genetic disorders, such as dyslexia, attention-deficit disorder, obsessive-compulsive disorder, or Tourette's syndrome. But autism may also be acquired. This was first realized in the nineteen-sixties, with the epidemic of rubella, when a large number of babies exposed to this prenatally went on to develop autism. It remains unclear whether the so-called regressive forms of autism—with sometimes abrupt losses of language and social behavior in two- to four-year-olds who had previously been developing relatively normally—are genetically or environmentally caused. Autism may be a consequence of metabolic problems (such as phenylketonuria) or mechanical ones (such as hydrocephalus). It is peculiarly apt to occur (along with many other neurological problems) in tuberous sclerosis and Rett's syndrome. Autism, or autism-like syndromes, may develop even in adult life, though infrequently, especially after certain forms of encephalitis. (Some of my "Awakenings" patients, I think, had elements of autism, too.) And yet the parents of an autistic child, who find their infant receding from them, becoming remote, inaccessible, unresponsive, may still be tempted to blame themselves. They may find themselves struggling to relate to and love a child who, seemingly, no longer loves them back. They may make superhuman efforts to get through, to hold on to a child who inhabits some unimaginable, alien world; and yet all their efforts may seem to be in vain.

The history of autism, indeed, has been in part a desperate search for, and promotion of, "breakthroughs" of various sorts. One father of an autistic boy expressed this to me with some bitterness: "They come up with a new 'miracle' every four years—first it was elimination diets, then magnesium and vitamin B_6, then forced holding, then operant conditioning and behavior modification—now all the excitement is about auditory desensitization and F.C." Facilitated communication, which has been widely publicized, is based on the notion that if the hand or arm of a nonverbal autistic child is supported by a "facilitator," the child may then be able to communicate by typing, or using an electronic communicator or a letter board. This technique was originally used, with considerable success, in children with cerebral palsy, in whom motor difficulties may make it impossible to speak. But autism is not simply a motor problem, like cerebral palsy; it is infinitely more complex. And yet the most extravagant claims have been made for the powers of F.C. in autistic people, too (that previously nonlinguistic children, for instance, have written entire autobiographies), and its proponents range from enthusiastic to evangelical. But rigorous testing suggests that, while F.C. can be useful for children with cerebral palsy or juvenile parkinsonism, its use with autistic children is much more dubious, and that in many cases the facilitator unconsciously guides the child's hand.

This is not to say that some forms of intervention should not be tried. It is possible that even such methods as F.C. may provide the child with a huge amount of attention and structure that may be helpful. One of the deep frustrations in teaching autistic children must be the great unpredictability in outcome, so that some will do relatively well while others remain unreachable.

No two people with autism are the same; its precise form or expression is different in every case. Moreover, there may be a most intricate (and potentially creative) interaction between the autistic traits and the other qualities of the individual. So, while a single glance may suffice for clinical diagnosis, if we hope to understand the autistic individual, nothing less than a total biography will do.

My own first experience with the autistic was in a grim ward in a state hospital in the mid-sixties. Many of these patients, perhaps a majority, were also retarded; many had seizures; many had violent self-abusive behaviors, such as head-banging; many had other neurological problems. These worst-off patients tended to be multiply handicapped in addition to their autism (and several had been traumatized by abuse). And yet, even in this population, there were sometimes "islands of ability," occasionally spectacular talents, shining through the devastation, precisely as Kanner and Asperger had described—remarkable numerical or graphic powers, for instance. It was these special talents, seemingly isolated from the rest of the mind and personality, and maintained by a passionate, intensely focussed fixation or motivation—these so-called savant syndromes—that engaged my special interest, and which I explored most deeply at the time. And even in this population of the seemingly hopeless, there were some who responded to individual attention. One young patient, nonverbal, responded to music and danced; another, after some weeks, started to play pool with me, and later, in the botanical garden, said his first word—"dandelion." Many of these patients, born in the nineteen-forties or early fifties, had not even been diagnosed as autistic when young, but had been lumped together indiscriminately with the retarded and psychotic, and warehoused in huge institutions since early childhood. This is probably how the severely autistic have been treated for centuries. It has only been in the last two decades or so that the picture for such youngsters has decisively changed, with increasing medical and educational awareness of their special strengths and problems, and the widespread introduction of special schools and camps for autistic children.

Visiting a few of these during August, I had seen a variety of children, some intelligent, some mildly retarded, some outgoing, some timid, all with their own individual personalities. At one such school, as I approached, I had seen some children in the playground, swinging and playing ball. How normal, I thought—but when I got closer I saw one child swinging obsessively in terrifying semicircles, as high as the swing would go; another throwing a small ball monotonously from hand to hand; another spinning on a roundabout, around and around; another not building with bricks but lining them up endlessly, in neat, monotonous rows. All were engaged in solitary, repetitive activities; none was really playing, or playing with any of the others. Some of the children inside, when not in classes, would rock back and forth; some would flap their hands or jabber unintelligibly. Occasionally, one of the teachers told me, a few of the children would have sudden panics or rages, and scream or hit out uncontrollably. Some of the children would echo any words that were spoken to them. One boy apparently had an entire television show by heart, and would "replay" it all day, in a peculiar loud voice. At Camp Winston, in Ontario, an attractive six-year-old boy had been given a pair of scissors and was cutting minute "H"s, a fraction of an inch high, each perfect, from a piece of paper. Most of the children looked physically normal—it was their remoteness, their inaccessibility, that was so uncanny.

Some, in adolescence, were starting to emerge—to speak fluently, to learn social skills (much more difficult for such children than any academic learning), to create social surfaces they could present to the world.

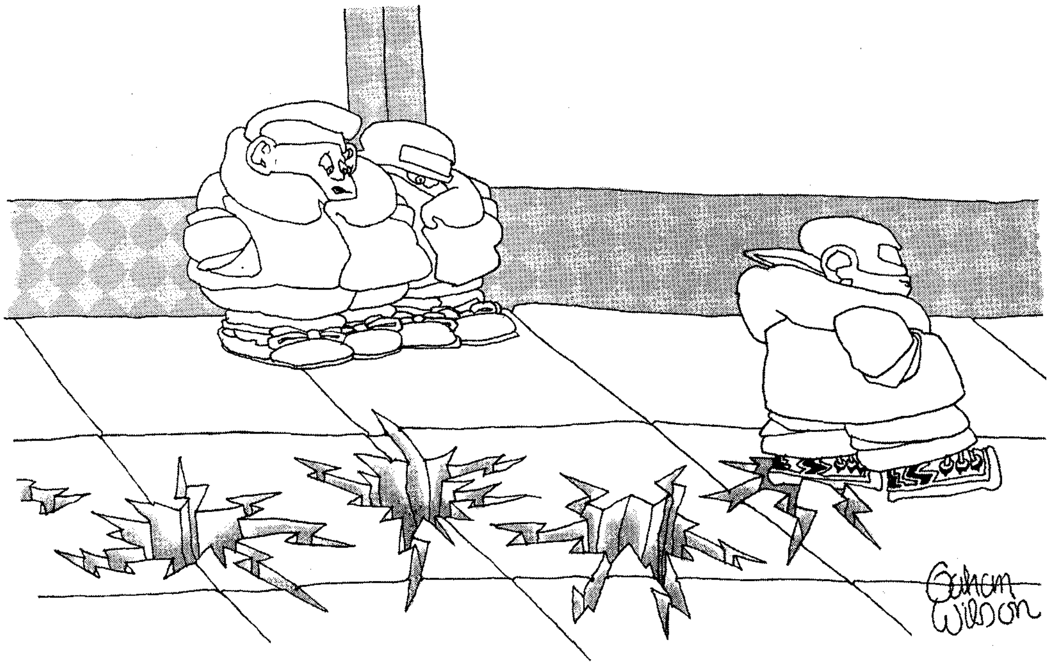
Without special schooling—schooling that for many had started in the nursery or at home—these autistic youngsters, despite their often good intelligence and background, might have remained profoundly isolated and disabled. They had certainly learned, many of them, to "operate" after a fashion, to show at least a formal or external recognition of social conventions—and yet the very formality or externality of their behavior was itself disconcerting. I felt this especially at one school I visited, where children would stick out rigid hands and say in loud, unmodulated voices, "Good morning my name is Peter . . . I am very well thank you how are you," without any punctuation or intonation, affect or tone, in a sort of litany. Would any of them, I wondered, ever achieve true autonomy? Use their social automatisms pragmatically, as a way of functioning in the world, but, beyond this, achieve a true inwardness of their own, perhaps a profoundly different inner life, of an autistic sort—perhaps an inner life known or shown only to a few others?

Uta Frith has written, in her book "Autism: Explaining the Enigma," "Autism . . . does not go away . . . Nevertheless, autistic people can, and often do, compensate for their handicap to a remarkable degree. [But] there remains a persistent deficit . . . something that cannot be corrected or substituted." She also implies, in a speculative mood, that there may be a reverse side to this "something," a sort of moral or intellectual intensity or purity, so far removed from the normal as to seem noble, ridiculous, or fearful to the rest of us. She wonders, in this regard, about the blessed fools of old Russia, about the ingenuous Brother Juniper, an early follower of St. Francis, and, interestingly, about Sherlock Holmes, with his oddness, his peculiar fixations—his "little monograph on the ashes of 140 different varieties of pipe, cigar and cigarette tobacco," his "clear powers of observation and deduction, unclouded by the everyday emotions of ordinary people," and the extreme unconventionality that often allows him to solve a case that the police, with their more conventional minds, are unable to solve. Asperger himself wrote of "autistic intelligence," and saw it as a sort of intelligence scarcely touched by tradition and culture—unconventional, unorthodox, strangely "pure" and original, akin to the intelligence of true creativity.

Dr. Frith, when we met in London, expanded on these themes, and said I must be sure to visit one of the most remarkable autistic people she knew—to see her at work and at home, to spend time with her. "Go see Temple," Dr. Frith said as I left her office.

I HAD, of course, heard of Temple Grandin—everyone interested in autism has heard of her—and had read her autobiography, "Emergence: Labeled Autistic," when it came out, in 1986. When I first read the book, I could not help being suspicious of it: the autistic mind, it was supposed at that time, was incapable of self-understanding and understanding others, and therefore of authentic introspection and retrospection. How *could* an autistic person write an autobiography? It seemed a contradiction in terms. When I observed that the book had been written in collaboration with a writer, Margaret Scariano, I wondered whether some of its fine and unexpected qualities—its coherence, its poignancy, its often "normal" tone—might in fact be due to her. Such suspicions have continued to be voiced, in regard to Grandin's book and to autistic autobiographies in general, but as I read Temple's papers (and her many autobiographical articles) I found a detail and consistency, a directness, that changed my mind.

Reading her autobiography and her articles, one gets a feeling of how strange, how different she was as a child, how far removed from "normal." At six months, she started to stiffen in her mother's arms, at ten months to claw her "like a trapped animal." Normal contact was almost impossible in these circumstances. Temple describes her world as one of sensations heightened, sometimes, to an excruciating degree (and inhibited, sometimes to annihilation): she speaks of her ears, at the age of two or three, as helpless microphones, transmitting everything, irrespective of relevance, at full, overwhelm-



"Got to have a pair of those!"

ing volume—and there was an equal lack of modulation in all her senses. She showed an intense interest in odors and a remarkable sense of smell. She was subject to sudden impulses and, when these were frustrated, violent rage. She perceived none of the usual rules and codes of human relationship. She lived, sometimes raged, inconceivably disorganized, in a world of unbridled chaos. In her third year, she became destructive and violent:

> Normal children use clay for modelling; I used my feces and then spread my creations all over the room. I chewed up puzzles and spit the cardboard mush out on the floor. I had a violent temper, and when thwarted, I'd throw anything handy—a museum quality vase or leftover feces. I screamed continually . . .

And yet, like many autistic children, she soon developed an immense power of concentration, a selectivity of attention so intense that it could create a world of its own, a place of calm and order, in the chaos and tumult: "I could sit on the beach for hours dribbling sand through my fingers and fashioning miniature mountains," she writes. "Each particle of sand intrigued me as though I were a scientist looking through a microscope. Other times I scrutinized each line in my finger, following one as if it were a road on a map." Or she would spin, or spin a coin, so raptly that she saw and heard nothing else. "People around me were transparent. . . . Even a sudden loud noise didn't startle me from my world."

At three, she was taken to a neurologist, and the diagnosis of autism was made; it was hinted that lifelong institutionalization would probably be necessary. The total absence of speech at this age seemed especially ominous.

How, I had to wonder, had she ever moved from this almost unintelligible childhood, with its chaos, its fixations, its inaccessibility, its violence—this fierce and desperate state, which had almost led to her institutionalization at the age of three—to the successful biologist and engineer I was going to see?

I PHONED Temple from the Denver airport to reconfirm our meeting—it was conceivable, I thought, that she might be somewhat inflexible about arrangements, so time and place should be set as definitely as possible. It was an hour and a quarter's drive to Fort Collins, Temple said, and she provided minute directions for finding her office at Colorado State University, where she is an assistant professor in the Animal Sciences Department. At one point, I missed a detail, and asked Temple to repeat it, and was startled when she repeated the entire directional litany—several minutes' worth—in virtually the same words. It seemed as if the directions had to be given as they were held in Temple's mind, entire—that they had fused into a fixed association or program, and could no longer be separated into their components. One instruction, however, had to be modified. She had told me at first that I should turn right onto College Street at a particular intersection marked by a Taco Bell restaurant. In her second set of directions, Temple added an aside here, said the Taco Bell had recently had a facelift and been housed in a fake cottage, and no longer looked in the least "bellish." I was struck by the charming, whimsical adjective "bellish"—autistic people are often called humorless, unimaginative, and "bellish" was surely an original concoction, a spontaneous and delightful image.

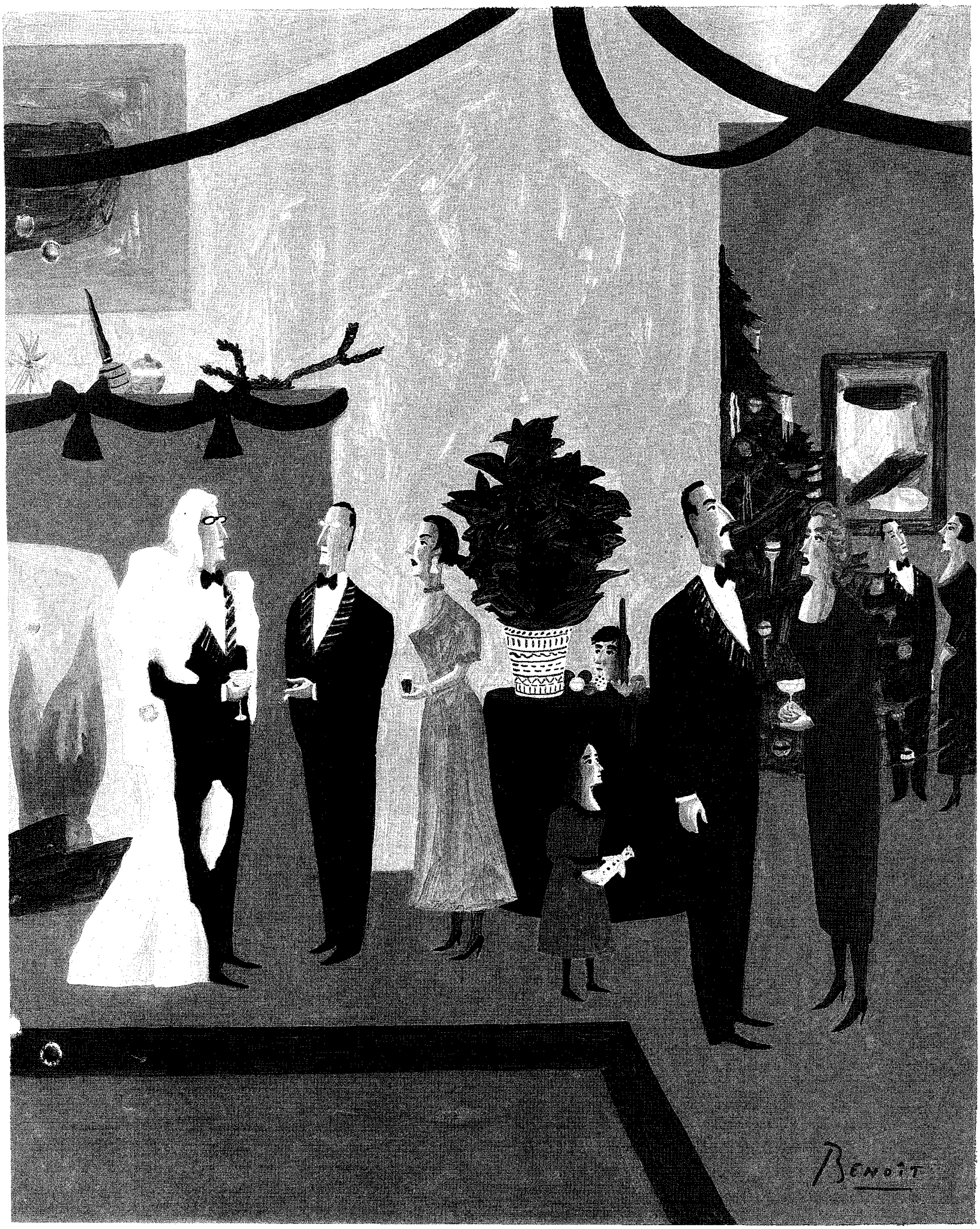
I made my way to the university campus and located the Animal Sciences Building, where Temple was waiting to greet me. She is a tall, strongly built woman in her mid-forties; she was wearing jeans, a knit shirt, Western boots, her habitual dress. Her clothing, her appearance, her manner were plain, frank, and forthright; I had the impression of a sturdy, no-nonsense cattlewoman, with an indifference to social conventions, appearance, or ornament, an absence of frills, an absolute directness of manner and mind. When she raised her arm in greeting, the arm went too high, seemed to get caught for a moment in a sort of spasm or fixed posture—a hint, an echo, of the stereotypies she once had. Then she gave me a strong handshake and led the way down to her office. (Her gait seemed to me slightly clumsy or uncouth, as is often the case with autistic adults. Temple attributes this to a simple ataxia associated with impaired development of the vestibular system and part of the cerebellum. Later I did a brief neurological exam, focussing on her cerebellar function and balance; I did indeed find a little ataxia, but insufficient, I thought, to explain her odd gait.)

She sat me down with little ceremony, no preliminaries, no social niceties, no small talk about my trip or how I liked Colorado. Her office, crowded with papers, with work done and to do, could have been that of any academic, with photographs of her projects on the wall, and animal knickknacks she had picked up on her travels. She plunged straight into talking of her work, speaking of her early interests in psychology and animal behavior, how they were connected with self-observation and a sense of her own needs as an autistic person, and how this had joined with the visualizing and engineering part of her mind to point her toward the special field she had made her own: the design of farms, feedlots, corrals, slaughterhouses—systems of many sorts for animal management.

She handed me a book containing some of the layouts she had developed over the years—the book was titled "Beef Cattle Behaviors, Handling, and Facilities Design"—and I admired the complex and beautiful designs inside, and the logical presentation of the book, starting with diagrams of cattle and sheep and hog behavior and moving through designs of corrals to ever more complex ranch and feedlot facilities.

She spoke well and clearly, but with a certain unstoppable impetus and fixity. A sentence, a paragraph, once started, had to be completed; nothing was left implicit, hanging in the air.

I was feeling somewhat exhausted, hungry, and thirsty—I had been travelling all day and had missed lunch—and I kept hoping Temple would notice and offer me some coffee. She did not, so, after an hour, almost fainting under the barrage of her overexplicit and relentless sentences, and the need to attend to several things at once (not only what she was saying, which was often complex and unfamiliar, but also her mental processes, the sort of person she was), I finally asked for some coffee. There was no "I'm sorry, I should have offered you some before," no intermediacy, no social junction. Instead, she immediately took me to a coffeepot that was kept brewing in the secretaries' office upstairs. She introduced me to the secretaries in a somewhat brusque manner, giving me the feeling, once again, of someone who had learned, roughly, "how to behave" in such situations without having much



"I always say, 'Christmas without snow isn't Christmas.'"

"Nobody has to tell me to like Jeff Bridges."

personal perception of how other people felt—the nuances, the social subtleties involved.

"TIME to get some dinner," Temple suddenly announced after we had spent another hour in her office. "We eat early in the West." We went to a nearby Western restaurant, one with swinging doors, and with guns and cattle horns on the walls—it was already crowded, as Temple had said it would be, at five in the afternoon—and we ordered a classic Western meal of ribs and beer. We ate heartily and talked throughout the meal about the technical aspects of Temple's work and the ways in which she sets out every design, every problem, visually, in her mind. As we left the restaurant, I suggested we go for a walk, and Temple took me out to a meadow along an old railway line. The day was cooling rapidly—we were at five thousand feet—and in the long evening light gnats darned the air and crickets were stridulating all around us. I found some horsetails (one of my favorite plants) in a muddy patch below the tracks and became excited about them. Temple glanced at them, said "Equisetum," but did not seem stirred by them, as I was.

On the plane to Denver, I had been reading a remarkable piece of writing by a highly gifted, normal nine-year-old—a fairy story she had created, with a wonderful sense of myth, a whole world of magic, animism, and cosmogonies. What, I wondered as we walked through the horsetails, of Temple's cosmogony? How did she respond to myths, or to dramas? How much did they carry meaning for her? I asked her about the Greek myths. She said that she had read many of them as a child, and that she thought of Icarus in particular—how he had flown too near the sun and his wings had melted and he had plummeted to his death. "I understand Nemesis and Hubris," she said. But the loves of the gods, I ascertained, left her unmoved—and puzzled. It was similar with Shakespeare's plays. She was bewildered, she said, by Romeo and Juliet ("I never knew what they were up to"), and with "Hamlet" she got lost with the back-and-forth of the play. Though she ascribed these problems to "sequencing difficulties," they seemed to arise from her failure to empathize with the characters, to follow the intricate play of motive and intention. She said that she could understand "simple, strong, universal" emotions but was stumped by more complex emotions and the games people play. "Much of the time," she said, "I feel like an anthropologist on Mars."

She was at pains to keep her own life simple, she said, and to make everything very clear and explicit. She had built up a vast library of experiences over the yea[illegible] she went on. They were like a library of videotapes, which she could play in her mind and inspect at any time—"videos" of how people behaved in different circumstances. She would play these over and over again, and learn, by degrees, to correlate what she saw, so that she could then predict how people in similar circumstances might act. She had complemented her experience by constant reading, including reading of trade journals, and the *Wall Street Journal*—all of which enlarged her knowledge of the species. "It is strictly a logical process," she explained.

In one plant she had designed, she said, there had been repeated breakdowns of the machinery, but these occurred only when a particular man, John, was in the room. She "correlated" these incidents and inferred at last that John must be sabotaging the equipment. "I had to learn to be suspicious, I h[illegible] to learn it cognitively. I could put two and two together, but I couldn't see the jealous look on his face." Such incidents have not been uncommon in her life: "It bends some people out of shape that this autistic weirdo can come in and design all the equipment. They want the equipment, but it galls them that they can't do it themselves, but that Tom"—an engineering colleague—"and I can, that we've got hundred-thousand-dollar Sun workstations in our heads." In her ingenuousness and gullibility, Temple was at first a target for all sorts of tricks and exploitations; this sort of innocence or guilelessness, arising not from moral virtue but from failure to understand dissembling and pretense ("the dirty devices of the world," in Traherne's phrase), is almost universal among the autistic. But over the years Temple has learned, in her indirect way, by inspecting her "library," some of the ways of the world. She has, in fact, been able to found her own company and to work as a freelance consultant to and designer of animal facilities all over the world. By professional standards, she is extraordinarily successful, but other human interactions—social, sexual—she cannot "get." "My work is my life," she told me several times. "There is not that much else."

There seemed to me pain, renunciation, resolution, and acceptance all mixed together in her voice, and these are the feelings that sound through her writings. In one article she writes:

> I do not fit in with the social life of my town or university. Almost all of my social contacts are with livestock people or people interested in autism. Most of my Friday and Saturday nights are spent writing papers and drawing. My interests are factual and my recreational reading consists mostly of science and livestock publications. I have little interest in novels with complicated interpersonal relationships, because I am unable to remember the sequence of events. Detailed descriptions of new technologies in science fiction or descriptions of exotic places are much more interesting. My life would be horrible if I did not have my challenging career.

EARLY the next morning, a Saturday, Temple picked me up in her four-wheel-drive, a rugged vehicle she drives all over the West to visit farms, ranches, corrals, and meat plants. As we headed for her house, I quizzed her about the work she had done for her Ph.D.; her thesis was on the effects of enriched and impoverished environments on the development of pigs' brains. She told me about the great differences that developed between the two groups—how sociable and delightful the "enriched" pigs became, how hyperexcitable and aggressive (and almost "autistic") the "impoverished" ones were by contrast. (She wondered whether impoverishment of experience was not a contributing factor in human autism.) "I got to love my enriched pigs," she said. "I was very attached. I was so attached I couldn't kill them." The animals had to be sacrificed at the end of the experiment so their brains could be examined. She described how the pigs, at the end, trusting her, let her lead them on their last walk, and how she had calmed them, by stroking them and talking to them, while they were killed. She was very distressed at their deaths—"I wept and wept."

She had just finished the story when we arrived at her home—a small two-story town house, some distance from the campus. Downstairs was comfortable, with the usual amenities—a sofa, armchairs, a television, pictures on the wall—but I had the sense that it was rarely used. There was an immense sepia print of her grandfather's farm in Grandin, North Dakota, in 1880; her other grandfather, she told me, had invented the automatic pilot for planes. These two were the progenitors, she feels, of her agricultural and engineering talents. Upstairs was her study, with her typewriter (but no word processor), absolutely bursting with manuscripts and books—books everywhere, spilling out of the study into every room in the house. (My own little house was once described as "a machine for working," and I had a somewhat similar impression of Temple's.) On one wall was a large cowhide with a huge collection of identity badges and caps, from the hundreds of conferences she has lectured at. I was amused to see, side by side, an I.D. from the American Meat Institute and one from the American Psychiatric Association. Temple has published over a hundred papers, divided between those on animal behavior and facilities management and those on autism. The intimate blending of the two was epitomized by the medley of badges side by side.

Finally, without diffidence or embarrassment (emotions unknown to her), Temple showed me her bedroom, an austere room with whitewashed walls and a single bed, and, next to the bed, a very large, strange-looking object. "What is *that*?" I asked.

"That's my squeeze machine," Temple replied. "Some people call it my hug machine."

The device had two heavy, slanting wooden sides, perhaps four by three feet each, pleasantly upholstered with a thick, soft padding. They were joined by hinges to a long, narrow bottom board, to create a V-shaped, body-sized trough. There was a complex control box at one end, with heavy-duty tubes leading off to another device, in a closet. Temple showed me this as well. "It's an industrial compressor," she said, "the kind they use for filling tires."

"And what does this *do*?"

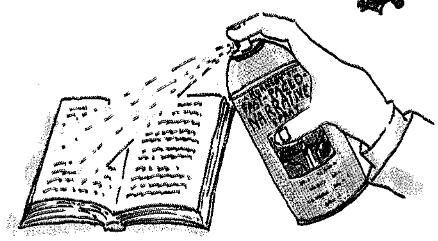
"It exerts a firm but comfortable pressure on the body, from the shoulders to the knees," Temple said. "Either a steady pressure or a variable one or a pulsating one, as you wish," she added. "You crawl into it—I'll show you—and turn the compressor on, and you have all the controls in your hand, here, right in front of you."

When I asked her why one should seek to submit oneself to such pressure,

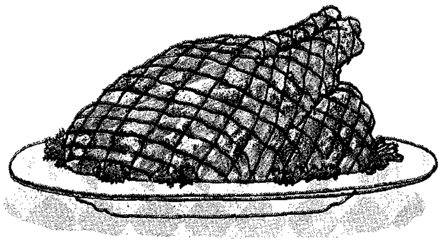
Dana Fradon

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit about fifteen per cent of the earth, a hundred-per-cent increase over what they have today."

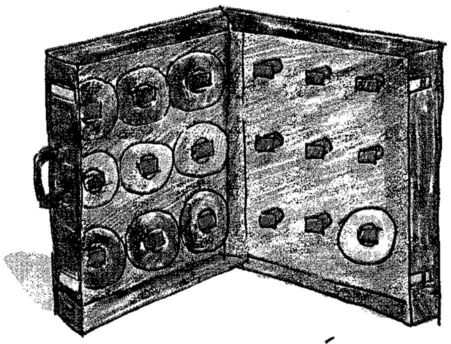
LAST-MINUTE GIFTS



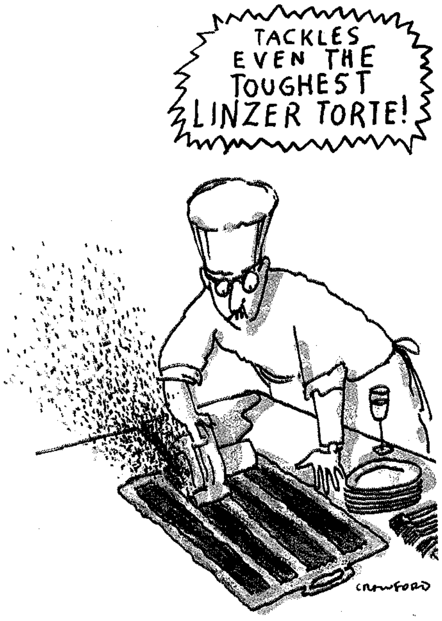
PUT A STOP TO SLUGGISH DIALOGUE WITH
THORNSBY'S FAST-PACED-NARRATIVE SPRAY
EFFECTIVE ON EITHER HARDBOUND OR PAPERBACK



QUILTED TURKEY COZY



DOUGHNUT ATTACHÉ


TACKLES EVEN THE TOUGHEST LINZER TORTE!
CRAWFORD

RIPSAW PASTRY CUTTER

she told me. When she was a little girl, she said, she had longed to be hugged, but had at the same time been terrified of all contact. When she was hugged, especially by a favorite (and vast) aunt, she felt overwhelmed, overcome by sensation; she had a sense of peacefulness and pleasure, but also of terror and engulfment. She started to have daydreams—she was just five at the time—of a magic machine which could squeeze her powerfully but gently, in a huglike way, and in a way entirely commanded and controlled by her. Years later, as an adolescent, she had seen a picture of a squeeze chute designed to hold or restrain calves, and realized that that was *it:* a little modification to make it suitable for human use, and it could be her magic machine. She had considered other devices—inflatable suits, which could exert an even pressure all over the body—but the squeeze chute, in its simplicity, was quite irresistible.

Being of a practical turn of mind, she soon made her fantasy come true. The early models were crude, with some snags and glitches, but she soon evolved a totally comfortable, predictable system, capable of administering a "hug" with whatever parameters she desired. Her squeeze machine had worked exactly as she hoped, yielding the very sense of calmness and pleasure she had dreamed of since childhood. She could not have gone through the stormy days of college without her squeeze machine, she said. She could not turn to human beings for solace and comfort, but she could always turn to it. The machine, which she neither exhibited nor concealed but kept openly in her room at college, excited derision and suspicion, and was seen by psychiatrists as a "regression" or "fixation"—something that needed to be psychoanalyzed and resolved. With her characteristic stubbornness, tenacity, single-mindedness, and bravery—along with a complete absence of inhibition or hesitation—Temple ignored all these comments and reactions, and determined to find a scientific "validation" of her feelings.

Both before and after writing her doctoral thesis, she made a systematic investigation of the effects of deep pressure in autistic people, college students, and animals, and last year a paper of hers on this was published in the *Journal of Child and Adolescent Psychopharmacology.* Today, her squeeze machine, variously modified, is receiving extensive clinical trials. She has also become the world's foremost designer of squeeze chutes for cattle, and has published, in the meat-industry and veterinary literature, many articles on the theory and practice of humane restraint and gentle holding.

While telling me this, Temple knelt down, then eased herself, face down and at full length, into the V, turned on the compressor (it took a minute for the master cylinder to fill), and twisted the controls. The sides converged, clasping her firmly, and then, as she made a small adjustment, relaxed their grip slightly. It was the most bizarre thing I had ever seen, and yet, for all its oddness, it was moving and simple. Certainly there was no doubt of its effect. Temple's voice, often loud and hard, became softer and gentler as she lay in her machine. "I concentrate on how gently I can do it," she said, and then spoke of the necessity of "totally giving in to it. . . . I'm getting real relaxed now," she added quietly. "I guess others get this through relation with other people."

It is not just pleasure or relaxation that Temple gets from the machine but, she maintains, a feeling for others. As she lies in her machine, she says, her thoughts often turn to her mother, her favorite aunt, her teachers. She feels their love for her, and hers for them. She feels that the machine opens a door into an otherwise closed emotional world and allows her, almost teaches her, to feel empathy for others.

After twenty minutes or so, she emerged, visibly calmer, emotionally less rigid (she says that a cat can easily sense the difference in her at these times), and asked me if I would care to try the machine.

Indeed, I was curious, and scrambled into it, feeling a little foolish and self-conscious—but less so than I might have been, because Temple herself was so wholly lacking in self-consciousness. She turned the compressor on again and filled the master cylinder, and I experimented gingerly with the controls. It was indeed a sweet, calming feeling—one that reminded me of my deep-diving days long ago, when I felt the pressure of the water on my diving suit as a whole-body embrace.

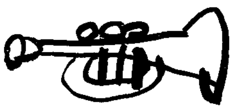
AFTER my own trial in the squeeze machine, and with both of us suitably relaxed, we drove out to the university's experimental farm, where Temple does much of her basic field work. I had earlier thought there might be a separation, even a gulf, between the personal—and, so to speak, private—realm of her autism and the public realm of her professional expertise. But it was becoming increasingly clear to me that they were hardly separated at all; for her, the personal and the professional, the inward and the outward, were completely fused.

"Cattle are disturbed by the same sorts of sounds as autistic people—high-pitched sounds, air hissing, or sudden loud noises; they cannot adapt to these," Temple told me. "But they are not bothered by low-pitched, rumbling noises. They are disturbed by high visual contrasts, shadows or sudden movements. A light touch will make them pull away, a firm touch calms them. The way I would pull away from being touched is the way a wild cow will pull away—getting me used to being touched is very similar to taming a wild cow." It was precisely her sense of the common ground (in terms of basic sensations and feelings) between animals and people that allowed her to show such sensitivity to animals, and to insist so forcefully on their humane management.

She had been primed to this knowledge, she felt, partly through the experience of her own autism and partly because she came from a long line of farmers and, as a child, had spent much of her time on farms. And her own mode of thinking allowed her no escape from these realities. "If you're a visual thinker, it's easier to identify with animals," she said as we drove to the farm. "If all your thought processes are in language, how could you imagine that cattle think? But if you think in pictures . . ." Temple has always been a powerful visualizer. She was astonished when she discovered that her own near-hallucinatory power of visual imagery was not universal—that there were others who, apparently, had other ways to think. She is still very puzzled by this. "How do *you* think?" she kept asking me. But she had no sense that she could draw, make blueprints, until she was twenty-eight, when she met a draftsman and watched him drawing plans. "I saw how he did it," she told me. "I went and got exactly the same instruments and pencils as he used—a 0.5-mm. HB Pentel—and then I started pretending I *was* him. The drawing did itself, and when it was all done I couldn't believe I'd done it. I didn't have to learn how to draw or design, I pretended I was David—I appropriated him, drawing and all."

Temple constantly runs "simulations," as she calls them, in her head: "I visualize the animal entering the chute, from different angles, different distances, zooming in or wide-angle, even from a helicopter view—or I turn myself into an animal, and feel what it would feel entering the chute."

But if one thinks only in pictures, I could not help reflecting, one might not understand what nonvisual thinking was like, and one would miss the richness and ambiguity, the cultural presupposition, the depth, of language. All autistics, Temple had said earlier, were intensely visual thinkers, like her. If this was true, was it, I wondered, more than a coincidence? Was Temple's intense visuality a vital clue to her autism?



A cattle farm, even a large one, is often a quiet place, but when we arrived we could hear a great tumult of bellowing. "They must have separated the calves from the cows this morning," Temple said, and, indeed, this was what had happened. We saw one cow outside the stockade, roaming, looking for her calf, and bellowing. "That's not a happy cow," Temple said. "That's one sad, unhappy, upset cow. She wants her baby. Bellowing for it, hunting for it. She'll forget for a while, then start again. It's like grieving, mourning—not much written about it. People don't like to allow them thoughts or feelings. Skinner wouldn't allow them."

As an undergraduate in New Hampshire, she had written to B. F. Skinner, the great behaviorist, and finally she had visited him. "It was like having an audience with God," she said. "It was a letdown. He was just a regular human being. He said, 'We don't have to know how the brain works—it's just a matter of conditioned reflexes.' No way *I* could believe it was just stimulus-response." The Skinner era, Temple concluded, was one that denied feelings to animals, and rationalized regarding them as automatons; it was an era of exceptional cruelty, both in animal experimentation and in the management of farms and slaughterhouses. She had read somewhere that behaviorism was an uncaring science, and this was exactly how she herself felt about it. Her own aspiration was to bring a vivid sense of animals' feelings back into husbandry.

Seeing the grieving cow and hearing the bereft bellows angered Temple and turned her mind toward inhumanities in slaughter. She had nothing to do with chickens, she said, but the killing of chickens was particularly loathsome. "When it's time for chickens to go to McNuggetland, they pick 'em up, hang 'em upside down, cut their throats." A similar shackling of cattle, and hanging them upside down so that the blood rushes to their heads before their throats are cut, is a common sight in old kosher slaughterhouses, she said. "Sometimes their legs get broken, they scream in pain and terror." Mercifully, such practices are now starting to change. Properly performed, "slaughter is more humane than nature," she went on. "Eight seconds after the throat's cut, endorphins are released; the animal dies without pain. It is similar in nature, after sheep have been ripped up by coyotes. Nature has done this to ease the pain of a dying animal." What is terrible, the more so because it is avoidable, she feels, is pain and cruelty, the introduction of fear and stress before the lethal cutting; and it is this that she is most concerned to prevent. "I want to reform the meat industry. The activists want to shut it down," she said, and added, "I don't like radical anything, left or right. I have a radical dislike of radicals."

Away from the bellowing of the separated calves and mothers, whose distress Temple seemed to feel in her bones, we found a calm, quiet area of the farm, where cattle were browsing placidly. Temple knelt and held out some hay, and a cow came over to her and took the hay, nudging her hand with its soft muzzle. A soft, happy look came over Temple's face. "Now I'm at home," she said. "When I'm with cattle, it's not at all cognitive. I know what the cow's feeling."

The cattle seemed to sense this, sensed her calm, her confidence, and came up to her hand. They did not come up to me, sensing, perhaps, the unease of the city dweller, who, living mostly in a world of cultural conventions and signals, is unsure how to behave with huge, nonverbal animals.

"It's different with people," she went on, repeating her earlier remark about feeling like an anthropologist on Mars. "Studying the people there, trying to figure out the natives. But I don't feel like that with animals."

I was struck by the enormous difference, the gulf, between Temple's immediate, intuitive recognition of animal moods and signs and her extraordinary difficulties understanding human beings, their codes and signals, the way they conducted themselves. One could not say that she was devoid of feeling or had a fundamental lack of sympathy. On the contrary, her sense of animals' moods and feelings was so strong that these almost took possession of her, overwhelmed her at times. She feels she can have sympathy for what is physical or physiological—for an animal's pain or terror—but lacks empathy for people's states of mind and perspectives. When she was younger, she was hardly able to interpret even the simplest expressions of emotion; she learned to "decode" them later, without necessarily feeling them. (Similarly, Dr. Hermelin, in London, had told me a story about an intelligent autistic girl of twelve who came to her and said, of another student, "Joanie is making a funny noise." Upon going to investigate, Hermelin found Joanie crying bitterly. The meaning of weeping had been completely missed by the autistic girl: she had merely registered it as something physical, "a funny noise." I was reminded, too, of Jessy Park, and how she was fascinated by the fact that onions could make one weep but was totally unable to comprehend that one could also weep for joy.)

At the level of the sensorimotor, the concrete, the unmediated, Temple is enormously sensitive. "I can tell if a human being is angry," she told me, "or if he's smiling." At this primal, almost animal level, then, she has no difficulty. What about children, I asked her. Were they not intermediate between animals and adults? On the contrary, Temple said, she had great difficulties with children—trying to talk with them, to join in their games (she could not even play peekaboo with a baby, she said, because she would get the timing all wrong)—as she had had such difficulties herself as a child. Children, she feels, are already far advanced, by the age of three or four, along a path that she, as an autistic person, has never advanced far on. Little children, she feels, already "understand" other human beings in a way she can never hope to do.

What is it, then, I pressed her further, that goes on between normal people, from which she feels herself excluded? It has to do, she has inferred, with an implicit knowledge of social conventions and codes, of cultural presuppositions of every sort. This implicit knowledge, which every normal person accumulates and generates throughout life on the basis of experience and encounters with others, Temple seems to be largely devoid of. Lacking it, she has instead to "compute" others' feelings and intentions and states of mind, to try to make algorithmic, explicit, what for the rest of us is second nature. She herself, she infers, may never have had the normal social experiences from which a normal social knowledge is constructed.

And it may be from this, too, that her difficulties with gesture and language stem—difficulties that were devastating when she was a near-speechless child, and also in the early days of speech, when she mixed all her pronouns up, not able to grasp the different meanings of "you" and "I," depending on context.

It is extraordinary to hear Temple speak of this time, or to read of it in her book. When she was three, as an outside chance, although her family did not have much belief in its promise, she was sent to a special nursery school for disturbed and handicapped children, and a trial of speech therapy was suggested. Somehow, the school and the speech therapist got through to Temple, rescued her (she later came to feel) from the abyss, and started her on her slow emergence. She remained clearly autistic, but her new powers of language and communication now gave her an anchor, some ability to master what had been total chaos before. Her sensory system, with its violent oscillations of oversensitivity and undersensitivity, started to stabilize a little. There were many periods of backsliding and regression, but it is clear that by the age of six she had achieved fair language and, with this, had crossed the Rubicon that divides "high functioning" people like her from "low functioning" ones, who never achieve proper language or autonomy. With the access of language, the terrible triad of impairments—social, communicative, and imaginative—began to yield somewhat. Temple started having some contact with others, especially one or two teachers who could appreciate her intelligence, her specialness, and could withstand her pathology—her now incessant talking and questioning, her strange fixations, her rages. No less crucial was the emergence of some genuine playfulness and creativity—painting, drawing, making cardboard models and sculptures, as well as "unique and creative ways of being naughty." At eight, Temple was starting to achieve the "pretend play" that normal children achieve as toddlers but the lower-functioning autistic child never achieves at all.

Her mother, an aunt, and several teachers were crucial, but also crucial, on the long journey up, was the slow development that many autistics show; autism, being a developmental disorder, tends to become less extreme as one grows older, and one may learn to cope with it better.

Temple had longed for friends at school, and would have been totally, fiercely loyal to a friend (for two or three years, she had an imaginary friend), but there was something about the way she talked, the way she acted, that seemed to alienate others, so that, while they admired her intelligence, they never accepted her as part of their community. "I couldn't figure out what I was doing wrong. I had an odd lack of awareness that I was different. I thought the other kids were different. I could never figure out why I didn't fit in." Something was going on between the other kids, something swift, subtle, constantly changing—an exchange of meanings, a negotiation, a swiftness of understanding so remarkable that sometimes she wondered if they were all telepathic. She is now aware of the existence of these social signals. She can infer them, she says, but she herself cannot perceive them, cannot participate in this magical communication directly, or conceive the many-levelled, kaleidoscopic states of mind behind it. Knowing this intellectually, she does her best to compensate, bringing immense intellectual effort and computational power to bear on matters that others understand with unthinking ease. This is why she often feels excluded, an alien.

A crucial event occurred when she was fifteen. She had become fascinated with the squeeze chutes used to hold cattle. A science teacher took her fixation seriously, instead of scoffing, and suggested she actually build her own squeeze chute. From this beginning, he guided her from particular considerations of farm animals and machinery to a general interest in biology and all science. And here Temple, still quite abnormal in her understanding of ordinary or social language—she still missed allusions, presuppositions, irony, metaphors, jokes—found the language of science and technology a huge relief. It was much clearer, much more explicit, with far less depending on unstated assumptions. Technical language was as easy for her as social language was difficult, and it now provided her with an entry into science.

But if there was a resolution at this level, with the focussing of much of her intellectual and emotional energy into science, other tensions, anxieties—even agonies—remained. With the onset of adolescence, Temple started to confront the realization that she might never lead a "normal" life, or enjoy the "normal" satisfactions—love and friendship, recreation and society—that went with it. This realization may be devastating for gifted young autistic people at this stage, and has been a cause of depression in some and even of suicide on occasion. Temple dealt with this realization, partly by renunciation and dedication: she would be celibate, she decided, and would make science her whole life.

Adolescence also taught her that not only her emotional state but her whole mental and physical being were very finely tuned, and could easily be thrown out of balance by overwhelming sensory stimuli, stress, exhaustion, or conflict. The hormonal turbulences of adolescence, in particular, threw her up and down. But there was also a passion, an intensity, at this turbulent time; and it was only when she had finished college and was launched on her career, she said, that she could afford to calm down. Indeed, she felt she had to; otherwise her body would destroy itself. At this point, she started on a small dose of imipramine, a drug marketed as an antidepressant. In her book, Temple speaks of the pros and cons of this:

> Gone are the frenzied searches for the basic meaning of life. I no longer fixate on one thing since I am no longer driven. During the last four years I have written very few entries in my diary because the anti-depressant has taken away much of the fervor. With the passion subdued, my career and . . . business is going well. Since I am more relaxed, I get along better with people, and stress-related health problems, such as colitis, are gone. Yet if medication had been prescribed for me in my early twenties, I might not have accomplished as much as I have. The "nerves" and the fixations were great motivators until they tore my body apart with stress-related health problems.

I was reminded, reading this, of what Robert Lowell once told me about being on lithium for his manic-depressive disorder: "I feel much 'better,' in a way, calmer, stabler—but my poetry has lost much of its force." While Temple, too, is well aware of the cost of being calmed down, she feels, at this point in her life, that it is well worth paying. Yet she sometimes misses the emotions, the frenzies, she once felt.

The other side of a much retarded development may be a continuing ability to develop social skills and perceptions throughout life, and the last twenty years have indeed been years of a continuing development for Temple. Ten years ago, when she first started lecturing, I had been told, she often seemed not to be addressing the audience—she would have no eye contact, and might actually be facing in another direction—and she could not take questions after the lecture. Now she spends almost ninety per cent of her time on the road, lecturing around the world. She has become much more fluent in her lecturing style, has more eye contact with the audience, and may even add humorous asides and improvisations; she answers—and, if need be, parries—questions easily. In her social life, she seems also to have developed, so that most recently, Temple told me, she has been able to enjoy spending time with two or three friends. But achieving genuine friendship, appreciating other people for their otherness, for their own minds, may be the most difficult of all achievements for an autistic person. Uta Frith, in "Autism and Asperger Syndrome," writes, "Asperger syndrome individuals . . . do not seem to possess the knack of entering and maintaining intimate two-way personal relationships, whereas routine social interactions are well within their grasp." Her colleague Peter Hobson writes of an intelligent but autistic man who could not comprehend the meaning of "a friend." Yet it seemed to me, as I listened to her, that Temple, now in her

---

DECEMBER 31ST

Housebound, ice-wrapped, our window framing
next door's bare Nativity
cast in elemental shellac the weathercaster
says won't lift for days—
iced Mary, glittering Magi, spotlit
for the few cars cleated enough to make it up our road
on the way to the all-night pharmacy, perhaps,
or corner package store,
whose brown and green and frosted bottles will
choir and clink
against the tool kit in the trunk:
celebrations to come or get over, through somehow,
hair of dog, eye of newt,
invocations to the Atman from which all men come
chanting, Solution lies all around you.
But we've agreed to weave instead
the singular soul,
borne on aspirin and cotton sheets worn almost
to silver from our settle and fall, a lustre
smooth as varnish on the brittle crèche
(a relic already to the infant year)—
but warmer far, and tangibly here.

—LYNNE MCMAHON

forties, had grasped at least something of the nature of friendship.

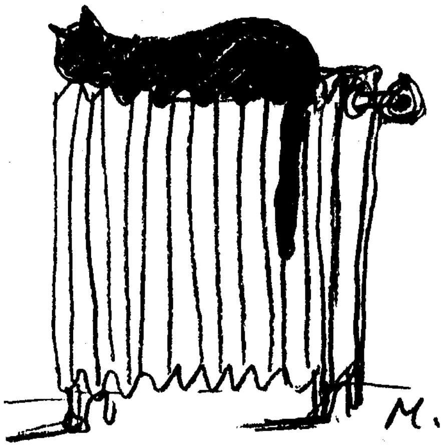
On this note—we had been walking and talking for almost two hours—we finished our visit to the university farm and took a break for lunch. Temple, it seemed to me, was happy to stop talking, stop thinking for a while; there had been an almost ferocious intensity in the self-examination I had forced on her (although it was not unlike the self-examination she forces on herself daily, struggling, as always, to understand and live with autism in a non-autistic world). "Normality" had been revealed more and more, as we spoke, as a sort of front, or façade, for her, albeit a brave and often brilliant front, behind which she remained, in some ways, as far "outside," as unconnected, as ever. "I can really relate to Data," she said as we drove away from the farm. She is a "Star Trek" fan, as I am, and her favorite character is Data, an android who, for all his emotionlessness, has a great curiosity, a wistfulness, about being human. He observes human behavior minutely, and sometimes impersonates it, but longs, above all, to *be* human. A surprising number of people with autism identify with Data, or with his predecessor, Mr. Spock.

This was the case with the B.s, the autistic family I had visited in California—the older son, like the parents, with Asperger's syndrome, the younger with classical autism. When I first arrived at their house, the whole atmosphere was so "normal" that I wondered if I had been misinformed, or if I had not, perhaps, ended up at the wrong house, for there was nothing obviously "autistic" about them or it. It was only after I had settled down that I noticed the well-used trampoline, where the whole family, at times, likes to jump and flap their arms; the huge library of science fiction; the strange cartoons pinned to the bathroom wall; and the ludicrously explicit directions, pinned up in the kitchen, for cooking, laying the table, and washing up—suggesting that these had to be performed in a fixed, formulaic way (this, I learned later, was an autistic in-joke). Mrs. B. spoke of herself, at one point, as "bordering on normality," but then made clear what such "bordering" meant: "We know the rules and conventions of the 'normal,' but there is no actual transit. You act normal, you learn the rules, and obey them, but . . ."

"You learn to ape human behavior," her husband interpolated. "I still don't understand what's behind the social conventions. You observe the front—but . . ."

The B.s, then, had learned a front of normality, which was necessary, given their professional lives, their living in the suburbs and driving a car, their having a son in regular school, etc. But they had no illusions about themselves. They recognized their own autism, and they had recognized each other's, at college, with a sense of such affinity and delight that it was inevitable they would marry. "It was as if we had known each other for a million years," Mrs. B. said. While they were well aware of many of the problems of their autism, they had a respect for their differentness, even a pride. Indeed, in some autistic people this sense of radical and ineradicable differentness is so profound as to lead them to regard themselves, half-jokingly, almost as members of another species ("They beamed us down on the transporter together," as the B.s liked to say), and to feel that autism, while it may be seen as a medical condition, and pathologized as a syndrome, must also be seen as a whole mode of being, a deeply different mode or identity, one that needs to be conscious (and proud) of itself.

Temple's attitudes seem similar to this: she is very aware (if only intellectually, inferentially) of what she is missing in life, but equally (and directly) aware of her strengths—her concentration, her intensity of thought, her single-mindedness, her tenacity; her incapacity for dissembling, her honesty, her directness. She suspects—and I, too, was coming more and more to suspect—that these strengths, the positive aspects of her autism, go with the negative ones. And yet there are times when she needs to forget that she is autistic, to feel at one with others, not outside, not different.

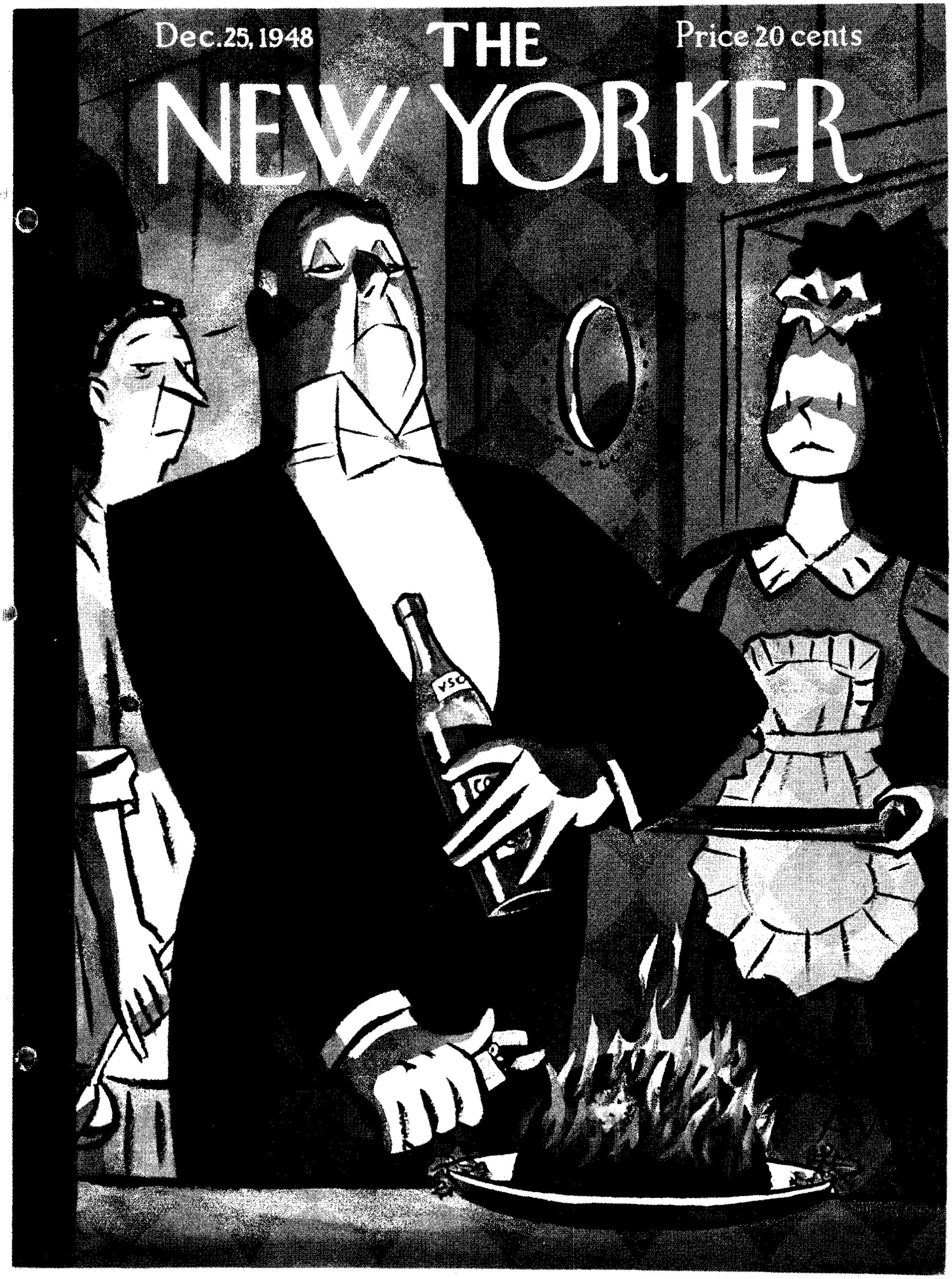


Having spent the morning among beef cattle, and planning to visit a slaughterhouse (or "meat-packing plant," in the industry's euphemism) in the afternoon, we found ourselves a little avers[illegible] meat, and had a Mexican meal of rice and beans. After lunch, we drove to the airport and took a tiny commuter plane, then drove out to the plant. Temple was proud of its layout and wanted to show me how it looked. Such plants are closed to the public and maintain a high degree of security. Temple had designed the facilities a couple of years earlier, and still had her overalls and I.D. with the plant's insignia. But I was a problem: What was to be done with me? Temple had thought of this in the morning, and had selected from her hat collection a sanitary-engineer's bright-yellow hard hat. She handed it to me, saying, "That'll do. You look good in it. It goes with your khaki pants and shirt. You look exactly like a sanitary engineer." (I blushed; no one had ever told me this before.) "Now all you have to do is behave like one, think like one." I was astounded at this, for autistic people, it is said, have no pretend-play, and here Temple had, very coolly, and without the slightest hesitation, determined on a subterfuge and was all set to smuggle me into the plant.

Our entry, in the event, went off without trouble. Temple drove through the gate with a sublime air of confidence, waved cheerily to the security guard, and was as cheerily waved in. "Keep the hard hat on," she said to me when we parked. "Keep it on the whole time. You're a sanitary engineer here."

We stopped to lean over the fence where the cattle are corralled outside the large plant building, and then followed the path that the cattle follow when they go on their last journey, up and up a curving ramp leading into the main plant building—"the stairway to Heaven," Temple called it. Here, again, I was puzzled. The autistic have difficulty with metaphor, it is said, and never use irony. But, looking at Temple's straight, serious expression, I was not sure that, for her, this *was* metaphor or irony. She had

FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE NEW YORKER


Dec. 25, 1948
THE NEW YORKER
Price 20 cents
VSO

A BORN POLITICIAN
So what did you do in school today?
School was one of the most valuable character-building experiences of my life.
MOM
R. Chast

heard the phrase—perhaps it seemed to her literally true. She describes in her autobiography a similar literalization of a symbol when, as an adolescent, she heard a minister quote John 10:9—"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved"—and the minister added, "Before each of you there is a door opening into Heaven. Open it and be saved." Temple writes:

> Like many autistic children, everything was literal to me. My mind centered on one thing. Door. A door opening to Heaven. . . . I had to find that door. . . . The closet door, the bathroom door, the front door, the stable door—all were scrutinized and rejected as *the door*. Then one day . . . I noticed that an addition to our dorm was being constructed. . . . A small platform extended out from the building and I climbed on it. And there was *the door*! It was a little wooden door that opened out onto the roof. . . . A feeling of relief flooded me. . . . A feeling of love and joy . . . I'd found it! The door to my Heaven.

Later, Temple told me that she believed in some sort of existence after death (even if it was only as "an energy impression" in the universe). Intensely conscious of animals' emotions, their "humanity," she had to grant them some sort of immortality, too.

We walked slowly up by the side of the gently curving, high-walled ramp, where cattle walk in single file, blithely unconscious of what is to come, up to the stunner, with its lethal bolt. Temple has been a pioneer in the design of such ramps, and her name is associated, in the trade, with the introduction of curved chutes. As we ascended the catwalk, looking over the chute's walls, Temple told me of their special virtues, how curved chutes prevented the animals from seeing what was at the other end of the ramp until they were almost there (thus preventing any apprehension), and, at the same time, took advantage of the cow's natural tendency to circle. The high walls prevented upsetting distractions, and served to concentrate the animals on their walk.

At the top of the ramp, inside the building, the animals found themselves moved, almost insensibly, onto a conveyor belt running under their bellies. (This "double-rail restrainer" was another innovation of Temple's.) A few seconds later, the animal is instantly killed by a bolt shot by compressed air through the brain. A very similar system, Temple told me, might be used for hogs as well, though typically these would be killed by electrical stunning, not a bolt. She added an interesting gloss: "An electroshock machine"—such as is used in some psychiatric facilities—"and a hog stunner have almost exactly the same parameters: around one ampere, at three hundred volts." A slight misplacement of the leads, she added, and the patient would be killed, stunned, like a hog. She was a bit shocked, she allowed, when she realized this.

I got a sense of horror as Temple showed me the stunner, but the cattle, she assured me, had no intimation, no apprehension of what was to happen to them; her whole effort, indeed, was to remove anything that could frighten or stress the animals, so that they could go peacefully, gently, unknowingly to their death. But I still felt queasy about the whole thing. How did she feel, how did others feel, working in such places?

Temple has explored this, and has written a classic paper on the subject. Some employees in slaughterhouses, she notes, rapidly develop a protective hardness and start killing animals in a purely mechanical way: "The person doing the killing approaches his job as if he was stapling boxes moving along a conveyor belt. He has no emotions about his act." Others, she reveals, "start to enjoy killing and . . . torment the animals on purpose." Speaking of these attitudes turned Temple's mind to a parallel: "I find a very high correlation," she said, "between the way animals are treated and the handicapped. . . . Georgia is a snake pit—they treat [handicapped people] worse than animals. . . . Capital-punishment states are the worst animal states and the worst for the handicapped."

All this makes Temple passionately angry, and passionately concerned for humane reform: she wants to reform the treatment of the handicapped, especially the autistic, as she wants to reform the treatment of cattle in the meat industry.

It was an enormous relief getting out of the slaughter plant, away from the hideous smell, which seemed to permeate every inch of the place and had made me hold my stomach and my breath sometimes, in an effort not to puke; an enormous relief, once we were outside, to breathe the sharp, clear air, untainted with the smell of blood and offal; an enormous relief, morally, to get away from the idea of killing. I asked Temple about this as we drove away. "Nobody should kill animals all the time," she said, and she told me she had written much on the importance of rotating personnel, so that they would not be constantly employed in killing, bleeding, or driving. She herself is in need of other atmospheres and occupations, and these form a vital and altogether pleasanter part of her life. Her understanding of the psychology and behavior of herd animals is sought not only by feedlots and slaughterhouses all over the world but by sheep shearers as far away as New Zealand, and by game parks and zoos. I had the feeling that she might like to spend time on the African veldt, as a consultant on elephant herds and prey animals like antelopes and wildebeests. But would she, I wondered, be able to understand apes as well as she understood cattle? Or would she find them bewildering, impenetrable, the way she found children and other human beings? ("With farm animals, I *feel* their behavior," she said later. "With primates I intellectually understand their interactions.")

Temple's deepest feelings are for cattle; she feels a tenderness, a compassion for them that is akin to love. She spoke of this at length as we made our way to our next destination, a feedlot—how she sought gentleness, holding cattle in the chute, how she sought to transmit calmness to the animals, to bring them peace in the last moments of their lives. This, for her, is half physical, half sacred, this cradling of an animal in the last moments of its life; and it is something she endlessly tries to teach the people who operate the chutes in the slaughter plants. She told me a story of how one plant manager, while very defensive about being advised on this by her, was fascinated by her power to calm excited animals, and how, unknown to her, he had spied on her through a hole in the ceiling as she worked. This had occurred when she was consulting at a slaughterhouse in the South, and the entire scene, and its context, kept returning to her mind: she told me the story half a dozen times in the afternoon, each time at length, and in virtually the same words.

I was struck both by the vividness of the reëxperience, the memory for her—it seemed to play itself in her mind with extraordinary detail—and by its unwavering quality. It was as if the original scene, its perception (with all its attendant feelings), was reproduced, replayed, with virtually no modification. This quality of memory seemed to me both prodigious and pathological—prodigious in its detail and pathological in its fixity, more akin to a computer record than to anything else. Such computational analogies, indeed, are frequently brought up by Temple herself: "My mind is like a CD-ROM in a computer—like a quick-access videotape. But once I get there, I have to play that whole part." She could not just focus, for instance, on the cradling of an animal in its last moments; she had to play, in memory, the entire scene, from the animal entering the chute and progressing steadily ("no fast-forward, it takes about two minutes") until the death of the animal and its collapse, after its throat has been cut. "I can do anything the computers in 'Jurassic Park' do," she continued. "I can do all that stuff in my head. . . . I actually have that machine in my head. I run it in my mind. I play the tape—it's a slow method of thinking." But an ideal sort of thinking for much of her work. She designs the most elaborate facilities in her mind, visualizing every component of the system, juxtaposing them in different ways, viewing them from different angles, from near and far. Once the design is complete, she will "run a simulation" in her mind—that is, imagine the entire plant in operation. This simulation may show an unexpected problem, and when this happens she will pinpoint the problem, modify the design, do another simulation—several simulations, if need be—until the design is perfect. Only at this point, when all is clear in her mind, does she make an actual blueprint of it. No more attention is needed at this point; the rest is mechanical. "Once I get the basic thing laid out, I just put it on paper. I can listen to the TV. There's no emotion in it. I just turn on my Sun workstation and do it."

But this sort of simulation or concrete imagery is much less appropriate when she has to do other kinds of thinking—symbolic or conceptual or abstract thinking. To understand the proverb "A rolling stone gathers no moss," she said, "I have to run a video of the rock rolling and getting the moss off before I can think of what it 'means.' " She has to concretize before she can generalize. At school, she could not understand the Lord's Prayer until she "saw" it in concrete images: " 'The power and the glory' were high-tension electric wires and a blazing sun, the word 'trespass' . . . a 'No Trespassing' sign on a tree."

In her autobiography, and, more concisely, in a thirty-page article published a little before the book—"My Experiences as an Autistic Child," which appeared in the *Journal of Orthomolecular Psychiatry* in 1984—Temple indicates how, even as a child, she scored at the top of the recorded norms in spatial tests and visual tests but did rather badly in abstract and sequential tasks. (Such "profiles" are characteristic of autistic people: they tend to show "scatter," or extreme unevenness, on so-called intelligence tests.) In some cases, Temple writes, the scores were misleading, because tasks that might have been very difficult for her if she had done them in the "normal" way were easy because she did them in an idiosyncratic, visual way: thus sentences and poems, and strings of numbers, instantly generated visual images, and these were what she remembered, not the words or numbers as such. Complex calculations, impossible for her in the normal way, might become possible if she transformed them into visual images.

Visual thinking in itself is not abnormal, and Temple was quick to point out that she knows several non-autistic people—engineers, designers—who seem able to "see" what they need to do, to make designs in their mind and test them in simulations, just as she does. Indeed, she often gets on very well with such people, especially her friend Tom. He is a powerful, creative visualizer, like her, and is also, like her, unorthodox, roguish, fond of pranks. "I get on the same wavelength as Tom," Temple said, "though it's a childish wavelength." But, above all, she enjoys working with Tom—this, too, is "childish," but a form of childishness which is essentially creative. "Tom and I are little children," she said. "Concrete is grown-up mud, steel is grown-up cardboard, building is grown-up play."

I was moved by Temple's words, with

CLASH
OF THE
TITANS
'TIS MY SEASON!
JUSTIN GREEN

their lovely analogizing of creativity and child's play, and thought what a healthy development this had been in her. And moved, too, when she spoke of her relation to Tom. I wondered whether indeed she loved him, and had ever thought of a sexual relationship or marriage with him. I asked her about this—asked whether she had ever had sexual relationships, or dated, or fallen in love.

No, she said. She was celibate. Nor had she ever dated. She found such interactions completely baffling, and too complex to deal with; she was never sure what was being said, or implied, or asked, or expected. She did not know, at such times, where people were coming from, or their assumptions or presuppositions, or intentions. This was common with autistic people, she said, and one reason why, though they had sexual feelings, they rarely succeeded in dating or having sexual relationships.

But the problem was not just in actual dating or relating. "I have never fallen in love," she told me. "I don't know what it's like to rapturously fall in love."

"What do you imagine 'falling in love' is like?" I asked.

"Maybe it's like swooning—if not that, I don't know."

I thought the phrase "falling in love," with its suggestion of overwhelming feeling or transports, might be the wrong term to use. I amended my question to "What is 'loving'?"

"Caring for somebody else . . . I think gentleness would have something to do with it."

"Have you cared for somebody else?" I asked her.

She hesitated for a moment before answering. "I think lots of times there are things that are missing from my life."

"Is this painful?"

"Yeah . . . I guess." Then she added, "When I started holding the cattle, I thought, What's happening to me? Wondered if *that* was what love is . . . it wasn't intellectual anymore."

She is wistful about love, in a sense, but cannot actually imagine how it might be to feel passion for another person. "I couldn't understand how my roommate would swoon over our science teacher," she recalled. "She was overwhelmed with emotion. I thought, He's nice, I can see why she likes him. But there was no more than that."

The capacity to "swoon," to experience a passionate emotional response, seems diminished in other areas, too—not merely in relation to other people. For, after speaking of her roommate, Temple immediately said, "It's similar with music—I don't swoon." She has absolute pitch, she added (this is normally very rare, but is relatively common in people with autism), and a precise and tenacious musical memory, but, on the whole, music fails to move her. She finds it "pretty," but it evokes nothing deep in her, only [illegible]eral associations: "Whenever I hear that 'Fantasia' music, I see those stupid dancing hippos." It doesn't seem to "call" her. She didn't "get" music, she said—didn't see what it was "about." One might suppose that Temple is simply not "musical," despite her absolute pitch and her ear. But her inability to respond deeply, emotionally, subjectively is not confined to music. There is a similar poverty of emotional or aesthetic response to most visual scenes: she can describe them with great accuracy but they do not seem to correspond to or evoke any strongly felt states of mind.

Temple's own explanation of this is a simple mechanical one: "The emotion circuit's not hooked up—that's what's wrong." For the same reason, she does not have an unconscious, she says; she does not repress memories and thoughts, like normal people. "There are no files in my memory that are repressed," she asserted. "You have files that are blocked. I have none so painful that they're blocked. There are no secrets, no locked doors—nothing is hidden. I can infer that there are hidden areas in other people, so that they can't bear to talk of certain things. The amygdala locks the files of the hippocampus. In me, the amygdala doesn't generate enough emotion to lock the files of the hippocampus."

I was taken aback, and said, "Either you are incorrect or there is an almost unimaginable difference of psychic structure. Repression is universal in human beings." But, having said it, I was not so sure. I could imagine organic conditions in which repression might fail to develop, or be destroyed, or might be overwhelmed. This seems to have been the case with the "Mnemonist" (described by A. R. Luria), who, though not autistic, had memories of such vividness as to be inextinguishable—even though some of these were so painful that they would surely have been repressed, had this been (physiologically) possible. I myself had had a patient in whom damage to the frontal lobes of the brain "released" some of the most deeply repressed memories—memories of a murder he had committed—and forced them upon his terror-stricken consciousness.

I had another patient, an engineer, with massive frontal-lobe damage from a hemorrhage, whom I would often see reading *Scientific American*. He was still able to understand most of the articles, but he said that they no longer evoked any sense of wonder in him—the very sense that, formerly, had been central to his passion for science.

Another man, a former judge, who is described in the neurological literature, had frontal-lobe damage from shell fragments in the brain, and, in consequence, found himself totally deprived of emotion. It might be thought that the absence of emotion, and of the biases that go with it, would have rendered him more impartial—indeed, uniquely qualified—as a judge. But he himself, with great insight, resigned from the bench, saying that he could no longer enter sympathetically into the motives of anyone concerned, and that since justice involved feeling, and not merely thinking, he felt that his injury totally disqualified him.

Such cases show us how the whole affective basis of life can be undercut by neurological damage. But there is something much more selective about the affective problems in autism; there is by no means an over-all flatness or blandness, despite Temple's comments about the "emotion circuits," or amygdala. An autistic person can have violent passions, intensely charged fixations and fascinations, or, like Temple, an almost overwhelming tenderness and concern in certain areas. In autism, it is not affect in general that is faulty but affect in relation to complex human experiences, social ones predominantly, but perhaps allied ones—aesthetic, poetic, symbolic, etc. No one, indeed, brings this out more clearly than Temple herself.

Both as a person struggling to understand herself and as a scientist exploring animal behavior, Temple is constantly exercised by her own autism, constantly seeks models or similes to understand it. She feels that there is something mechanical about her mind, and she often compares it to a computer, with many elements in parallel (a parallel-distributed processor, to use the technical term), seeing her own thinking as "computation" and her memory as computer files. She surmises that her mind is lacking some of the "subjectivity," the inwardness, that others seem to have. She sees the elements of her thoughts as concrete and visual images, to be permuted or associated in different ways. She believes that the visual parts of her brain and those concerned with processing a great mass of data simultaneously are very highly developed, and that this is generally so in autistic people; and she believes that the verbal parts of her brain, and those designed for sequential processing, are comparatively underdeveloped, and that this, too, is very common in autistic people. She is conscious of the "stickiness" of attention in herself, so that there is great tenacity on the one hand but a lack of agility and pliability on the other; she ascribes this to a defect in her cerebellum, the fact that (as an MRI has shown) it is below normal size in her. She believes such cerebellar defects are significant in autism, though scientific opinion is divided on this.

She feels that there are usually genetic determinants in autism; she suspects that her own father, who was remote, pedantic, and socially inept, had Asperger's—or, at least, autistic traits—and that such traits occur with significant frequency in the parents and grandparents of autistic children. Though she feels early environment (in pigs or people) plays a crucial role in psychic development, she does not hold (as Bruno Bettelheim did) that parental behavior is responsible for autism; it is more likely, she thinks, that autism itself presents barriers to contact and communication which parents may be unable to penetrate, so that the entire range of sensory and social experiences (especially holding and deep pressure) becomes severely impoverished.

Temple's own formulations and explanations generally correspond with the range of existing scientific ones, except that her emphasis on the necessity of early hugging and deep pressure is very much her own—and, of course, has been a mainspring in directing her thoughts and actions from the age of five. But she thinks that there has been too much emphasis on the negative aspects of autism, and insufficient attention, or respect, paid to the positive ones. She believes that, if some parts of the brain are faulty or defective, others are very highly developed—spectacularly so in those who have savant syndromes, but to some degree, in different ways, in all individuals with autism. She thinks that she and other autistic people, though they unquestionably have great problems in some areas, may have extraordinary, and socially valuable, powers in others—provided that they are allowed to be themselves, autistic.

Moved by her own perception of what she possesses so abundantly and lacks so conspicuously, Temple inclines to a modular view of the brain, the sense that it has a multiplicity of separate, autonomous computational powers or "intelligences"—much as the psychologist Howard Gardner proposes in his book, "Frames of Mind." He feels that while the visual and musical and logical intelligences, for instance, may be highly developed in autism, the "personal intelligences," as he calls them—the ability to perceive one's own and others' states of mind—lag grossly behind.

Temple is impelled by two drives: a theorizing part of herself, which makes her want to find some general explanation of autism, some key that will be applicable to all of its phenomena, and to every case; and a practical, empirical part of herself, which constantly faces the range and irreducible complexity and unpredictability of her own disorder, and the great range of phenomena in other autistic people, too. She is fascinated by the cognitive and existential aspects of autism, and their possible biological basis, even though she is intensely aware that they are only part of the syndrome. She herself faces, almost every day, extreme variations, from over-response to nonresponse, in her own sensory system, which cannot be explained, she feels, in terms of "theory of mind." She herself was already asocial at the age of six months, and stiffened in her mother's arms at this time, and such reactions, common in autism, she also finds inexplicable in terms of "theory of mind." (No one supposes that even normal children develop a theory of mind much before the age of three or four.) And yet, given these reservations, she is strongly attracted by Uta Frith and other cognitive theorists; by Hobson and others who see autism as foremost a disorder of affect, of empathy; and by Gardner and his theory of multiple intelligences. Perhaps, indeed, all these theories, despite their different emphases, hover about the same point.

Temple has dipped into the chemical and physiological and brain-imaging researches on autism, and emerged with the sense that they are still, at this point, fragmentary and inconclusive. But she holds to her notion of an impaired "emotion circuit" in the brain (sometimes she speaks of "empathy circuits," too), and she imagines these serve to link the phylogenetically ancient, emotional parts of the brain—the amygdala and the limbic system—with the most recently evolved, specifically human, parts of the prefrontal cortex. Such circuits, she accepts, may be necessary to allow a new, "higher" form of consciousness, an explicit concept of one's self, one's own mind, and of other people's—precisely what is deficient in autism.

At a recent lecture, Temple ended by saying, "If I could snap my fingers and be non-autistic, I would not—because then I wouldn't be me. Autism is part of who I am." And because she believes that autism may also be associated with something of value, she is alarmed at thoughts of "eradicating" it. She wrote in the 1990 article:

> Aware adults with autism and their parents are often angry about autism. They may ask why nature or God created such horrible conditions as autism, manic depression, and schizophrenia. However, if the genes that caused these conditions were eliminated there might be a terrible price to pay. It is possible that persons with bits of these traits are more creative, or possibly even geniuses. . . . If science eliminated these genes, maybe the whole world would be taken over by accountants.

Temple arrived to pick me up at the hotel at exactly eight o'clock on Sunday morning, bringing along some additional articles of hers. I had the feeling that she was incessantly at work, that she used every available moment, "wasted" very little time, that virtually her entire waking life consisted of work. She seemed to have no recreations, no leisure. Even the weekend she had "scheduled" for me was by no means regarded as a social one but as forty-eight hours allocated for a special purpose, forty-eight hours set aside to allow a brief, intensive investigation of an autistic life, her own. If she sometimes saw herself as an anthropologist on Mars, she could see me as a sort of anthropologist, too, an anthropologist of autism, of *her*. She saw that I needed to observe her in all possible contexts and situations, amass a sufficient data base to make correlations, to arrive at some general conclusions. That I might see with a sympathetic or friendly eye as well as an anthropological one did not at first occur to her. So our visit was seen as work, and work to be carried through with the same conscientiousness and scrupulousness as all her work. Though in the normal course of events she invites people to her house, she would ordinarily never have shown her bedroom to a visitor; much less displayed, and illustrated the use of, the squeeze machine by her bedside—but this, she realized, was part of the work.

And though normally in the course of her own life she never went to the beautiful mountains in Rocky Mountain National Park, a two-hour drive southwest of Fort Collins, having no time or impulse for leisure or recreation, she thought that I might like to go, and that this would also allow me to observe her in a quite different context—one in which we could perhaps feel unprogrammed, free.

We piled our stuff into Temple's car—with its four-wheel drive, it was the thing for mountain terrain, especially if we wandered off-road—and took off around nine for the national park. It was a spectacular route: we climbed to higher and higher altitudes on a hairpin road, with terrifying bends, and saw towering cliffs with banded rock strata, foaming gorges far below, and a marvellous range of evergreens, mosses, and ferns. I had the binoculars out constantly, and exclaimed at the wonders at every turn.

As we drove on into the park, the landscape opened out into an immense mountain plateau, with limitless views in every direction. We pulled off the road, and gazed toward the Rockies—snow-capped, outlined against the horizon, luminously clear even though they were nearly a hundred miles away. I asked Temple if she did not feel a sense of their sublimity. "They're pretty, yes. 'Sublime,' I don't know." When I pressed her, she said that she was puzzled by such words, and had spent much time with a dictionary, trying to understand them. She had looked up "sublime," "mysterious," "awe," and "numinous," but they all seemed to be defined in terms of one another.

"The mountains are pretty," she repeated, "but they don't give me a special feeling, the feeling you seem to enjoy." After living for three and a half years in Fort Collins, she said, this was only the second time she had been to them.

What Temple said here seemed to me to have an element of sadness or wistfulness, even of poignancy. She had said similar things on the way up to the park ("You look at the brook, at the flowers, I see what great pleasure you get out of it. I'm denied that"), and, indeed, throughout the weekend. There had been a spectacular sunset the evening before (the sunsets have been particularly fine since Mount Pinatubo erupted), and this, too, she found "pretty" but nothing more. "You get such joy out of the sunset," she said. "I wish I did, too. I know it's beautiful, but I don't 'get' it." Her father, she added, often expressed similar sentiments.

I thought about what Temple had said on Friday night, as we walked under the stars. "When I look up at the stars at night, I know I should get a 'numinous' feeling, but I don't. I would like to get it. I can understand it intellectually. I think about the Big Bang, and the origin of the universe, and why we are here: Is it finite, or does it go on forever?"

"But do you get a *feeling* of its grandeur?" I asked.

"I *intellectually understand* its grandeur," she replied, and continued, "Who are we? Is death the end? There must be reordering forces in the universe. Is it just a black hole?"

These were grand words, grand thoughts, and I found myself looking at Temple with a heightened sense of her mental spaciousness, her courage. Or were they, for her, just words, just concepts? Were they purely mental, purely cognitive or intellectual, or did they correspond to any real experience, any passion or feeling?

Now we drove on, higher and higher, the air becoming thinner, the trees smaller, as we moved toward the summit. There was a lake near the park, Grand Lake, which I especially wanted to swim in (I am always excited by the prospect of swimming in exotic, remote lakes: I dream of Lake Baikal and Lake Titicaca), but, sadly, since I had a plane to catch, we did not have time.

On the way back down the mountain, we stopped the car for a brief plant- and bird-spotting geological walk—Temple knew all the plants, all the birds, the geological formations, even though, she said, she had "no special feeling" for them—and then we started the long descent. At one point, just outside the park, seeing a

"Lookin' good, Frosty!"

• •

huge, inviting flat sheet of water, I asked Temple to pull over, and impetuously scrambled down toward it: I *would* have my swim, even though we had not made it to the lake.

It was only when Temple yelled "Stop!" and pointed that I paused in my headlong descent and looked up, and saw that my flat sheet of water, my "lake," so still just in front of me, was accelerating at a terrifying rate a few yards to the left, prior to rushing over a hydroelectric dam a quarter of a mile away. There would have been a fair chance of my being swept along, out of control, right over the dam. There was a look of relief on Temple's face when I stopped and climbed back. Later, she phoned a friend, Rosalie, and said she had saved my life.

We talked of many things on the way back to Fort Collins. Temple mentioned an autistic composer she knew ("He would take bits and pieces of music he had heard, and rearrange them"), and I spoke of Stephen Wiltshire, the autistic artist. We wondered about autistic novelists, poets, scientists, philosophers. Hermelin, who has studied (low-functioning) autistic savants for many years feels that though they may have enormous talents, they are so lacking in subjectivity and inwardness that major artistic creativity is beyond them. Christopher Gillberg, one of the finest clinical observers of autism, feels that autistic people of Asperger type, in contrast, may be capable of major creativity, and wonders whether indeed Bartók and Wittgenstein may have been autistic.

Temple had spoken earlier of being mischievous, or naughty, saying she enjoyed this at times, and she had been pleased at having smuggled me successfully into the slaughterhouse. She likes to commit small infractions on occasion—"I sometimes walk two feet outside the line at the airport, a little act of defiance"—but all this is in a totally different category from "real badness." That could have terrifying, instantly lethal consequences. "I have a feeling that if I do anything really bad, God will punish me, the steering linkage will go out on the way to the airport," she said as we were driving back. I was startled by the association of divine retribution with a broken steering linkage; I had never thought about how an autistic person, with a wholly causal or scientific view of the universe and a deficient sense of agency or intention, might formulate such matters as divine judgment or will.

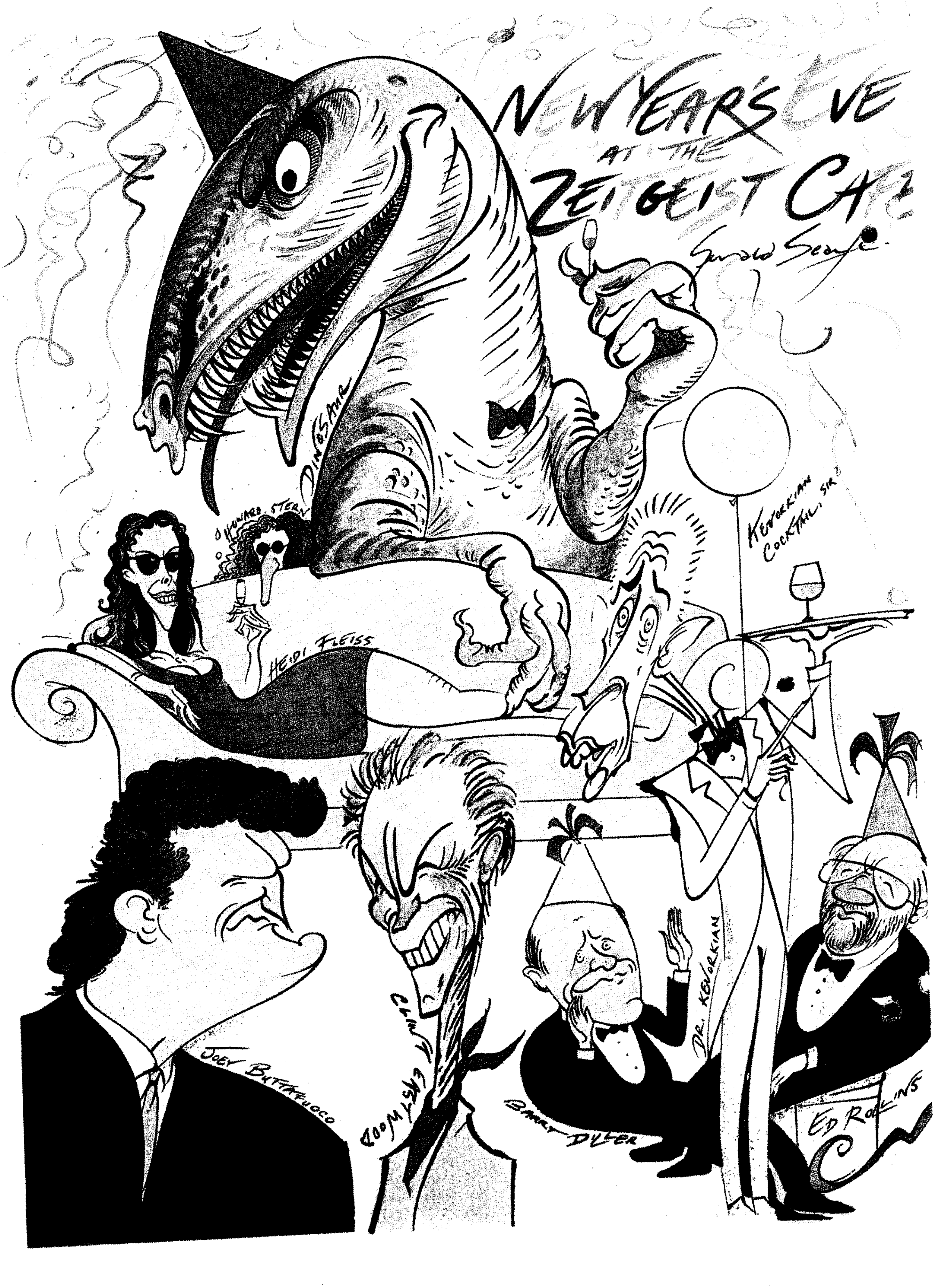
Temple is an intensely moral creature. She has a passionate sense of right and wrong, for example, in regard to the treatment of animals; and law, for her, is clearly not just the law of the land but, in some far deeper sense, a divine or cosmic law, whose violation can have disastrous effects—seeming breakdowns in the course of nature itself. "You've read about action at a distance, or quantum theory," she said. "I've always had the feeling that when I go to a meat plant I must be very careful, because God's watching. Quantum theory will get me."

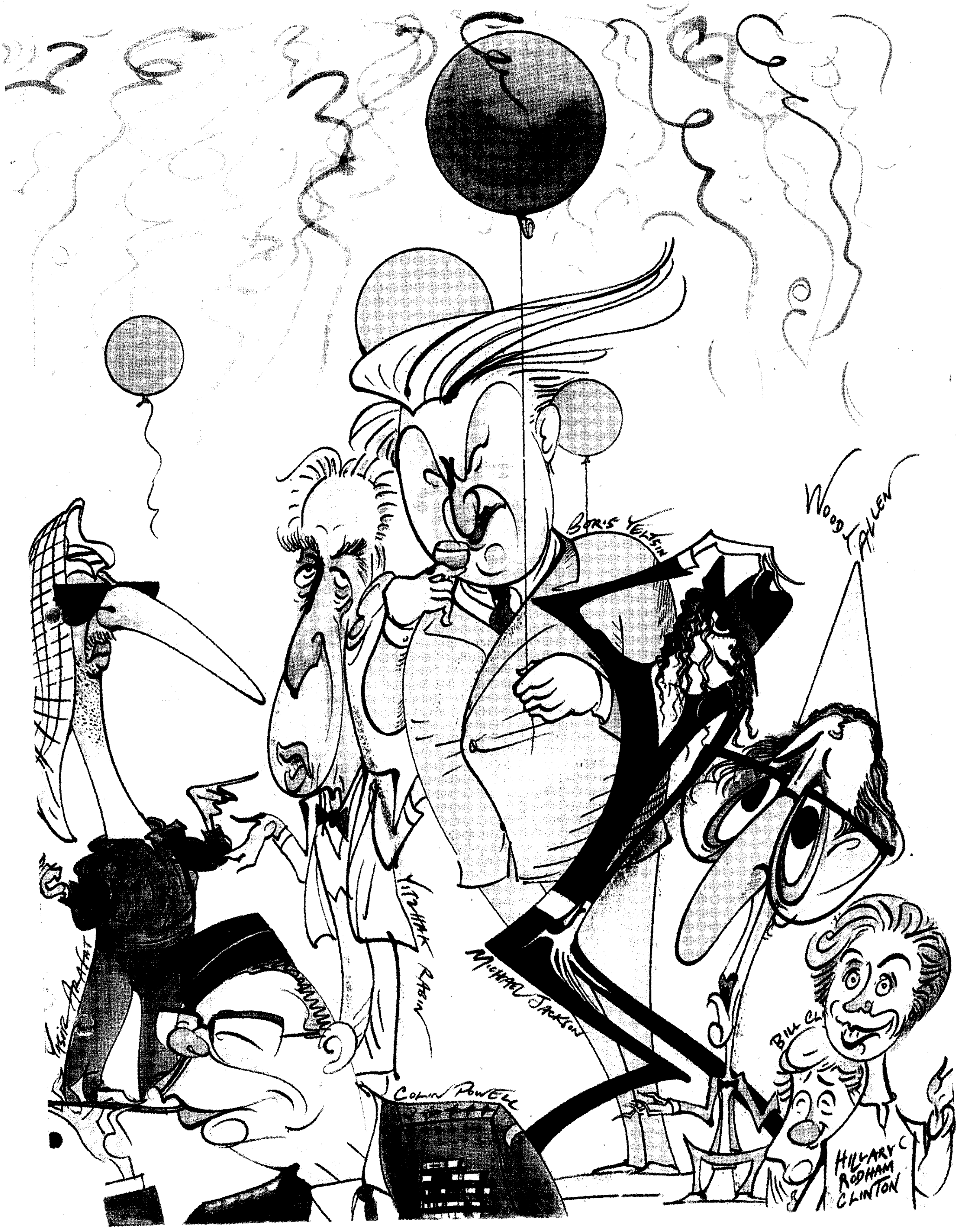
Temple started to become excited. "I want to get this out before you get to the airport," she said, with a sort of urgency.

She had been brought up an Episcopalian, she told me, but had rather early "given up orthodox belief"—belief in any personal deity or intention—in favor of a more "scientific" notion of God. "I believe there is some ultimate ordering force for good in the universe—not a personal thing, not Buddha or Jesus, maybe something like order out of disorder. I like to hope that even if there's no personal afterlife, some energy impression is left in the universe. . . . Most people can pass on genes—I can pass on thoughts or what I write.

"This is what I get very upset at. . . ." Temple, who was driving, suddenly faltered and wept. "I've read that libraries are where immortality lies. . . . I don't want my thoughts to die with me. . . . I want to have done something. . . . I'm not interested in power, or piles of money. I want to leave something behind. I want to make a positive contribution—know that my life has meaning. Right now, I'm talking about things at the very core of my existence."

I was stunned. As I stepped out of the car to say goodbye, I said, "I'm going to hug you. I hope you don't mind." I hugged her—and (I think) she hugged me back. ♦


NEW YEAR'S EVE
AT THE
ZEITGEIST CA
Gerald Scarfe
DINOSAUR
HOWARD STERN
HEIDI FLEISS
KEVORKIAN COCKTAIL, SIR?
JOEY BUTTAFUOCO
CLINT EASTWOOD
BARRY DILLER
DR. KEVORKIAN
ED ROLLINS


Yasir Arafat
Yitzhak Rabin
Boris Yeltsin
Woody Allen
Michael Jackson
Colin Powell
Bill Cl
Hillary Rodham Clinton

FICTION

THE SCIENCE OF UPSETS

BY TOM DRURY

Sheriff Dan Norman took Russell Ford duck-hunting because he wanted something from him. There was no reason to expect trouble. Russell claimed to be a pheasant hunter, and whether the game is pheasant or ducks there are certain rules.

It was just before five o'clock on a Sunday morning in November when Dan drove up to Russell's house. Russell lived in the area known as Mixerton, which took its name from the Mixers, a utopian society that lived around the turn of the century and broke up under the strain of constant squabbling. There is nothing much in Mixerton now except a medical clinic and some houses.

Rain fell steadily. Dan sat in his car looking at Russell's house. The wipers went back and forth as he unscrewed the metal lid of his thermos. Steam rose from the coffee. Hunting is considered recreational, but when you get up in the dark, the act acquires unusual gravity. The radio played softly "Hello, It's Me" on the second day of a Todd Rundgren weekend.

Russell came out of his house with a shotgun and a box of doughnuts. He was a fat man, and, in fact, his nickname used to be Fat, before he became chairman of the Grouse County board of supervisors. He was dressed in the mixed greens of camouflage.

He opened the door and slid into Dan's police car. Dan could tell that Russell's costume was stiff and new. "Brought you some breakfast," Russell said.

"And I thank you."

"You know, I wonder about this using the cruiser for off-duty."

"My car is broke down," said Dan.

"You always say that."

"It always is."

"Why don't you take the thing to Ronnie Lapoint and have it fixed? You make twenty-two thousand dollars a year."

"I've been thinking I could cut some corners by working on the car myself. I got a Chilton's manual and a good ratchet set, but it seems like there's always something to sidetrack a person."

"I know that feeling," said Russell. He looked around the car as Dan pulled onto the road going south. "I guess you don't have a dog."

"No. That's true."

"I would have thought for some reason that you had to."

Dan took a bite of a doughnut. "Not if you have waders and the water isn't deep."

Russell shook his head and folded his arms with a great scratching of material. "See, there, I'm learning," he said.

"I used to have a dog," Dan said.

"That right?"

"His name was Brownie."

"I remember that dog," said Russell. "He was good."

"What ever happened to him?"

Dan slowed for a corner. "Well, that was a funny story. He ran away, and I never did find out where he went."

"Isn't that something."

"He must have got in a car with somebody. Because, you know, dogs will always come home. I heard a thing on Paul Harvey the other day where a dog walked all the way from Florida to Quebec looking for his owner."

"Quebec, Canada?"

"They just said Quebec. I'm assuming it's Canada."

"If they didn't say, it probably is Canada."

"That's what I thought."

"Son of a bitch. Now, that's interesting. What did he do, take the interstate?"

Dan shrugged. "Don't know. We also have the white dog on the farm. But he isn't a retriever. I don't really know what kind of dog he is."

They parked on the southern end of Lapoint Slough, and walked to Dan's blind, a distance of about half a mile. They moved along with their guns resting on their shoulders. Russell was slightly ahead of Dan—he could not stand walking behind anyone. Rain drummed their hats. The sky was dark except for a line of red light on the eastern horizon. Grass batted their legs, the ground rose and fell beneath their boots.

"Be looking for a fence," Dan said.

"What fence is that?" said Russell.

"Lee Haugen's."

"That's east of here. Way east."

"We're not talking about the same fence."

"Hulf," said Russell, as he ran into the fence.

"That's the one I mean," said Dan.

Dan's blind was a plywood shed separated from the water of the slough by a screen of marsh grass. He had decoys inside and, with Russell's help, carried them down to the water.

Russell and Dan sat in the blind smoking cigars and watching the clouds turn gray and white. The rain seemed to fall a little harder. Soon they could see across the water to the other side. Dan reached into a corner and brought out a bottle of blackberry brandy. They each had a drink and shuddered.

Dan laughed. "It is pretty bad," he said.

"It's bitter," said Russell.

"That brandy belonged to Earl Kellogg. And I don't think I've hunted with him in two years. Every now and then I'll have a drink, but there always seems to be the same amount left."

Russell took out a box of shells and loaded his gun, a twelve-gauge with a bolt action, and modest carving on the stock. A good part of hunting's appeal is loading the shotgun. The shell is very satisfying, with its brass base and forest-green plastic. The weight and balance seem natural, as if shells grew on vines.

"Where are the ducks?" Russell said.

"You have to be patient," said Dan. "This is the time when you sit and think. That's what I like about duck-hunting—the thinking."

"That's pretty deep," Russell said. "What do you think about?"

"I just let my mind wander," said Dan. "But I'll tell you what you should think about, and that's making Paul Francis a constable."

Russell ignored this. "Tell me what we do when the ducks come in."

"Don't get flustered. Don't turn your

safety off until you're shouldering the gun. Remember to chamber a shell. If you think something is too far away to hit, you're right—it is."

A flock came in eventually, beaks and webs reaching for the water. Dan and Russell stood and fired. They got three birds, and Dan waded into the slough to retrieve them. There were two males, with green, velvety heads and copper breasts, and a speckled brown female. All the wings had traces of blue. These were mallards, and Dan felt the exhilaration and sadness of having killed them, as if he were a wheel in the machine of the seasons.

Then a long time passed with no action, although they could hear gunfire from other places around the slough. Russell clipped his fingernails, and Dan laid his gun down and leaned back on his elbows. He thought about his wife, Louise. She was two months pregnant, and according to the book they had, the baby was an inch and a quarter long and the heart was beating. Dan considered for a moment the outlandish fact of reproduction, and it struck him that even Russell had been a fetus at one time, hard to visualize as this might be. Then he thought how one day their child would be as old as Russell, who had to be at least sixty, and that by that time he, Dan, would probably be dead, and Louise probably would be as well, and he hoped that the child would not be too upset at their deaths—wouldn't turn to booze, or get gouged by the undertaker. A plain pine box would be fine with Dan. He considered the large number of people who would be satisfied with a plain pine box and wondered why he had never seen such a box, let alone seen anyone buried in one, except in historical dramas on television. In this county even paupers went to their graves in coffins that looked as if they could withstand rifle fire.

Dan got away from this line of thinking by turning to some serious lobbying for the hiring of the pilot Paul Francis as a constable. "The total cost for the first year would be twelve thousand seven hundred dollars," he said to Russell. "That includes thirteen hundred for state-police training school in Five Points, eight thousand for estimated part-time salary, twenty-one hundred dollars for flight insurance, and the rest for medical insurance."

"This is just the kind of thing that I'm always railing against," said Russell. "What in hell are we doing paying medical insurance for a constable?"

"This is a very conservative policy," Dan said. "He has to be practically dying before it kicks in."

"So why have it?"

"The state requires it."

"The fucking state," said Russell, and then he ranted about the state for a while.

"The way it is now we can't fly anywhere," said Dan. "We used to be able to, but the insurance company won't insure our flights anymore, because Paul is freelance. So we would be able to fly again, and sometimes we need to fly. Secondly, Earl, Ed, and I all work at least sixty hours a week without overtime. Now, for me, that's not really a problem, because I'm management. But if the union were to find out about Ed and Earl, they would definitely have a grievance, and defending that, as you know, would cost a lot more than hiring Paul Francis and giving these guys some relief. Now, I'm not going to call AFSCME, but can I guarantee they'll never find out? No. And the third thing is, once Paul is licensed to fly as a constable—and I checked into this, so I know—he will be able to fly for other county functions, too. Say you want to go to a policy conference in the Ozarks. Well, you jump in the Piper Cub, and Paul Francis takes you down there. Sounds kind of nice, doesn't it?"

"Dan, I can't see adding a constable when all the county towns are getting police of their own."

"You're just wrong about that, Russ," said Dan. "Three of the towns don't have any police coverage at all, ever."

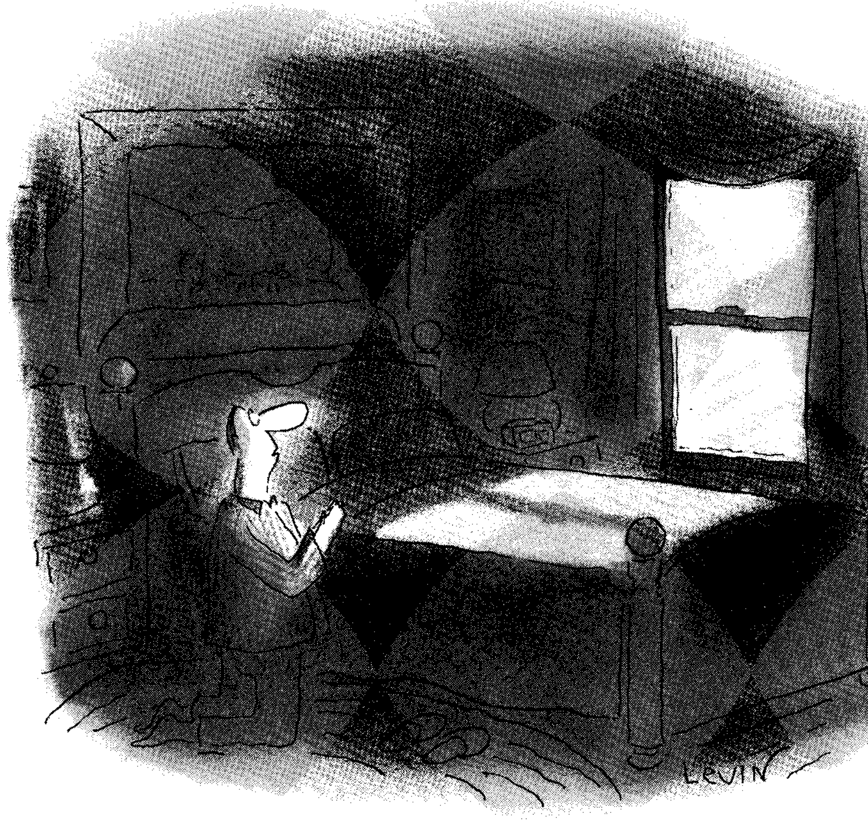
"The trend is toward town police."

"Like where? Grafton?"

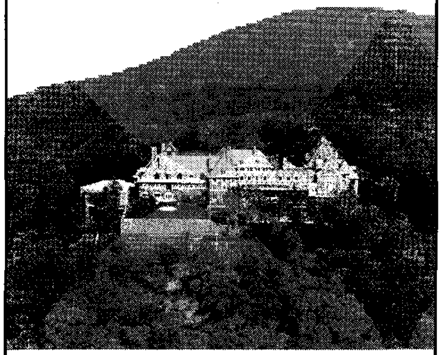
"I'm not talking about Grafton, or Boris, or Pinville, or any of those ghost towns—Lunenberg is another—where they can't sell houses."

"We are in those towns all the time," said Dan. "They are the county."

"Let me tell you something, Dan," said Russell. "Twenty years down the road, there won't be a Sheriff's Department as we think of it now." As he said this he made a crumbling gesture with the thumb and fingers of his right hand. "There might be a sheriff, and I say *might*, but he'll mostly be a figurehead. And this was set in motion many years ago, when Otto Nicolette had the opportunity to solve the Vince Hartwell murder but he couldn't do it before the



"Please, Lord, enough already."



COLUMBIA
BUSINESS
SCHOOL

Executive education at the highest level.

Upcoming programs at Arden House, Columbia's mountaintop conference center:

Leading and Managing People
Feb. 27-Mar. 4, Oct. 30-Nov. 4

Marketing Management
March 6-11, April 17-22, July 24-29

Sales Management
March 6-11, May 22-27, Nov. 27-Dec. 2

International Strategy: Winning Globally
April 10-15

Market Analysis for Competitive Advantage
April 10-15

Accounting and Financial Management for the Non-Financial Executive
April 24-29, Sept. 25-30, Dec. 11-16

Managing Operations for Competitive Advantage
May 1-6

Achieving the Sustainable Turnaround
May 8-13

Managing Strategic Innovation & Change
May 15-20

Building Teams *(New)*
May 15-20, Nov. 27-Dec. 2

Mastering Negotiation Dynamics *(New)*
May 22-25, Nov. 6-9

Columbia Executive Programs
324 Uris Hall, Columbia University,
Dept. 550, New York, NY 10027

For a complete listing, mail or fax.
Or, call (212) 854-3395, ext. 550.
Fax (212) 316-1473

Name____________________ (Title)
Company____________________
Address ____________________
City__________ State_____ Zip_____
Country ____________________
Program of Interest ________________
Phone__________ Fax__________

EXECUTIVE
PROGRAMS

Morrisville police stumbled on the answer by pure chance. Ever since that time, the Sheriff's Department has been like—well, you know what it's like. And I don't mind telling you that, because I said the same exact thing when you first ran for sheriff back in whenever it was."

"You and that Hartwell business," said Dan. "Living in the past."

"Don't slight the past. I remember those times with great fondness. Today, you look around, you don't see much. By the way, did you know that Johnny White is thinking about running against you next year?"

"Good," Dan said. "He's no threat." This was not an unheard-of opinion to have about Johnny White. When you looked at his experience it was hard to see anything that might justify his being sheriff. He had run a restaurant in Cleveland that went bust. He had been an assistant in the county clerk's office. And he now ran an anti-drug group called the Room, but he didn't get much respect for this position of authority, because his father, Jack White, was on the board of directors and provided a lot of the money.

"Well, Jack is a friend of mine," said Russell. "We often play pool together at the Cigar Store. Eight-ball, last-pocket, scratch-you-lose. He may seem scattered, but I wouldn't sell him short."

"You mean Jack."

"Jack," said Russell. "You're right by and large about Johnny. He was a file clerk for the county there for a while, and I happen to know that some pretty important papers have yet to turn up. But he's not doing that anymore. He's leading that group of addicts called the Wall or the Hall or something. They have taken the abuse issue and are running with it."

"The operation seems pretty specious," Dan said, "but who knows? Maybe they do some people good."

"They do Johnny good," said Russell. "You know who Johnny's partner is over there, don't you? Tiny Darling."

Charles Darling, a.k.a. Tiny, was Louise's ex-husband. "I have heard that," said Dan.

PROBABLY they should have left earlier than they did. Certainly that's easy to say in retrospect. Either way, everything would have been all right if Russell had followed Dan's advice about not shooting at distant targets. After the first few passes by the mallards and some teals, the banks of the slough were more or less exploding with gunfire, and no duck was going to come near the water until sundown. But, unable to leave well enough alone, Russell raised his gun to the sky and fired at something overhead, then swore that he had brought a duck down at the curve of the slough to the north of them.

Dan was skeptical. "It would just fall," he said.

"No, it coasted."

"Then you didn't hit it."

"I'm pretty sure I did."

They retrieved the decoys, put them away, and went looking. They never did find a duck, but they did scatter a dozen or so red-winged blackbirds and a large and unfortunate waterfowl, which got up with a slow and graceful ripple of wings only to have Russell Ford shoot it.

"Russell, quit shooting."

"Got you, son of a bitch."

"Don't shoot anymore."

Russell walked over to the bird and picked it up by the neck. It was gray and brown, with a long body, reedlike legs, and a black patch on the head. "It's a goose," he guessed.

"I don't think so."

"It might be in the goose family."

"It's a crane, I'll bet you anything."

Russell folded the bird carefully in his arm. "You've been hard to get along with this whole trip," he said.

There was nowhere to go now but the Leventhaler farm. Bev and Tim lived in a cedar house on Route 29, north of the slough. They were very proud of their house, and when they invited you there they would mention it specifically, as if it were something marvellous that just appeared one day.

The rain had stopped, and the sun was coming through the clouds in discernible rays. The Leventhalers had just got back from church. They attended the Methodist church in Margo. Their children ran across the wet grass in green and red coats.

Bev was the county-extension woman, practical and utilitarian, but she loved birds with a passion. It was brave of Russell to go to her with an illegal kill, but she was the only one Dan or Russell could think of who would be capable of identifying the species.

Bev and Tim asked Russell and Dan into the kitchen for waffles and coffee.

Tim was a serious young man with round glasses, and he was known as the Tile Doctor because he ran crews that installed drainage tiles in fields all around the state. They had waffles from a real iron—Bev showed how easy it was to keep the batter from sticking and burning—and Tim spoke about the uncertainties of the tiling business and about a kid who had mashed his fingers between two tiles not that long ago but was now back in school and playing the clarinet in the University of Wisconsin marching band.

Then Russell said, "Bev, we got a problem. There's something in the trunk of the car. There's a bird in the trunk of the car that perished by accident."

Bev wiped her mouth with a red-and-white napkin. "How?"

"I shot it," said Russell. "I think it's a goose. I hope it's a goose. I don't know what it is. Dan doesn't agree with me. We need to get some kind of I.D. on this bird. So naturally we thought of you."

Bev had a radiant smile, and to see it fade would make anyone sad. She left the room. Tim said, "Where did this happen?"

"At the slough," said Dan.

"Maybe I'll call the kids in," Tim said.

"Do," said Russell.

Bev came into the kitchen with a bird book and an old sheet, and they all went outside. Dan opened the trunk. It came up with a little whoosh. The bird did not look bad. A shotgun from medium range often does little apparent damage. "It's a great blue heron," said Bev.

"It doesn't seem that blue," said Russell.

Bev sighed. "They're not."

"Well, what's the sense of that?" said Russell. "Why call it blue if it isn't? I mean, I should have known. I should have made sure. I'll admit that. But it's not like I went out of my way to shoot a great blue heron."

"They're really beautiful when they fly," Bev said. "The neck folds into an S, and the wings move so slowly you can't understand what keeps them in the air. Do you know what I mean?"

"It was over in a heartbeat," said Russell.

"They are just intensely beautiful birds."

"All right. I fucked up."

"Shh," Bev said. She wrapped the bird in the sheet. "We'll bury him underneath the willow tree. There's a shovel by the side door in the garage."

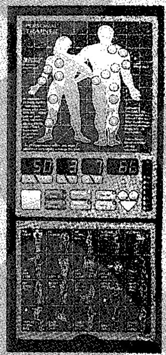
"I'll get it," said Russell.

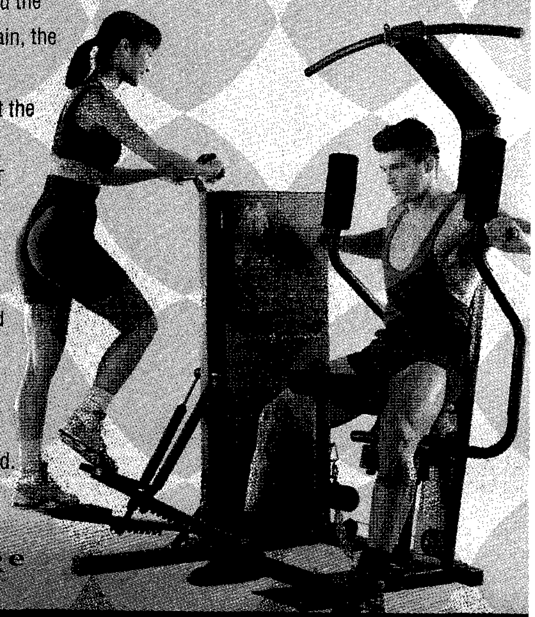
"Well, I guess I'd better report this," said Dan. "I mean, you can't not report it because it's Russell Ford, can you? There are game laws, and that's that. Maybe I should take the bird for evidence."

"Oh, Dan, no," Bev said. "I mean, no. And what? Put it in a room, on a table, with a bright light? No."

So they buried the heron under the willow tree at the Leventhaler farm. Dan and Russell drove away without conversation. The day had been a fiasco. On the radio Todd Rundgren sang "Can We Still Be Friends?"

RUSSELL pleaded not guilty to killing the heron. He said it was an accident, and that without intent the county attorney Rusty Rasmussen had no case. The law did not require intent, but Russell didn't care; he had public relations in mind. He said he and Dan had been searching for wounded game when the heron burst from the grass. He said he had merely raised his gun as any prudent hunter might have, positioning the





YOUR OWN PERSONAL TRAINER AT THE PUSH OF A BUTTON.

Now you can get professional fitness training in your own home with the Cross Trainer from Proform. **SUPERIOR MOTIVATION.** With Cross Trainer's "personal trainer" panel, you no longer have to psyche yourself up for a workout. Just press the muscle group you want to exercise and the "personal trainer" panel shows you the exact exercises you need. It even recommends specific reps, sets, and weight. And as you train, the "personal trainer" panel monitors your workout.. With Cross Trainer's motivating "personal trainer" panel, you'll stick with the program and get the toned and balanced physique you've always wanted. **PROGRAM YOUR OWN ROUTINE.** With Cross Trainer's unique "SMART CARD", you can program your own personalized routine to improve your performance in a particular sport. **TOTAL BODY FITNESS.** Cross Trainer's design provides a total body workout in one compact, easy-to-use unit. By combining cardiovascular exercise with concentrated muscle toning and building, the Proform Cross Trainer conditions your entire body better than any other home fitness system. We guarantee it. **30-DAY FREE TRIAL.** Use the Cross Trainer for 30 days in your home. And if for any reason you're not totally satisfied, Proform will give you a full refund. **INCREDIBLY LOW PRICE.** The Cross Trainer can be yours for only $49.95 per month. Call today and start building the ideal body with your own personal trainer.

CROSS TRAINER®

To take advantage of this offer, call toll free:
1-800-274-6461 ext. L614

ONLY **$49.95** PER MONTH.

PRO·FORM®

DISCOVER VISA MasterCard AMERICAN EXPRESS

6am- 8pm Mon-Fri. 8am-12pm Sat MST
Major credit cards accepted. (interest rate will vary with credit card used for purchase)

PROFORM Fitness Products, Inc.
A subsidiary of Weider Health & Fitness, Inc.
© 1993 All rights reserved

Presenting...
The DR® FIELD and BRUSH MOWER
--the amazing walk-behind brush cutter that--
CLEARS & MAINTAINS meadows, pastures, woodlots, wooded and rough non-lawn areas with ease. CUTS tall grass, weeds, brambles, tough brush and saplings up to 1" thick.
CHOPS/MULCHES most everything it cuts. Leaves NO TANGLE of brush to pick up like hand-held brushcutters and sicklebar mowers. Perfect for low-maintenance wildflower meadows, European-style woodlots, walking paths, or any area you only want to mow once a month or once a season!
TOLL FREE 1 (800) 446-8746
Please mail this coupon TODAY for complete FREE DETAILS of the DR® FIELD and BRUSH MOWER including prices, specifications, and "Off-Season" Savings now in effect. There is no obligation.
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ ZIP ____
To: COUNTRY HOME PRODUCTS®, Dept. 12312F
Ferry Road, Box 89, Charlotte, VT 05445
©1993 CHP, Inc.

DUKE
Safe, serious weight loss through lifestyle change. Personalized care from Duke physicians and health professionals.
Diet and Fitness Center
Duke University Medical Center
804 W. Trinity Avenue
Durham, NC 27701
800-362-8446

"When Microsoft Corp. transfers software engineers for a stint in its Tokyo office, it gives them a computer (program) called 'Power Japanese' made by BayWare."
The Wall Street Journal
Learn Japanese
Power Japanese, the award-winning software system for Windows-based PC's, combines just the right mixture of sound, graphics, and content to make learning Japanese a stimulating intellectual adventure!
Call for a FREE demo:
800-538-8867
Now at COMP USA and other fine retailers

animal in his sights in case it was something legal to shoot, and that his gun somehow went off, fired itself, an accident. People were doubtful. As Louise's mother, Mary Montrose, said, "A gun doesn't just up and fire itself." A hearing was scheduled for February.

This was the second time Russell had been prosecuted in the years that he had been a supervisor. The first was in 1969, for assaulting a young teacher whose political opinions Russell did not agree with. Russell had a restaurant in Stone City at the time, and the teacher, Mr. Brown, and a seventh-grade class were picketing the restaurant for using paper napkins with blue dye, which would pollute the water when the napkins were thrown away, instead of using white napkins with no dye. Russell ended up paying a seventy-five-dollar fine on that one.

Both cases were embarrassing to Russell, and one might wonder how they could proceed, since he was such a big shot. But people in Grouse County have an enduring distrust of those who would put themselves above others, and they are vigilant. There used to be a saying painted on the railroad bridge south of Stone City that summed this up. It went, "Better to be Nobody who does Nothing, Than Somebody who does Everybody." And it was only in the last ten or twelve years that this had faded so you couldn't read it.

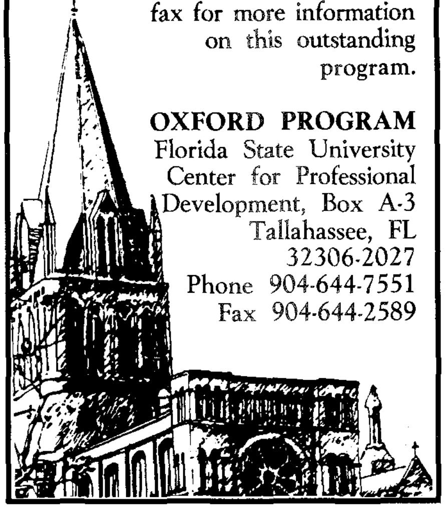
If Russell Ford was angry at Dan for pushing the issue of the dead heron, he did not let on. In fact, he saw to it that the board of supervisors sent Paul Francis to the state-police training school while Russell was still being ridden pretty hard by the Stone City newspaper, which ran, for example, a large graphic showing the many differences between the mallard duck and the great blue heron, including size, coloration, shape, and method of flight.

The police school was located in a former Baptist Bible camp in the southern part of the state, near a town called Five Points. Dan went along as Paul's sponsor on the first day of the two-week course. He did not have to go, but his father lived in Five Points, and Dan figured he would take the opportunity to see him. To get to the main lodge of the state-police campus you had to cross a ravine on a rope bridge. The bridge swung as Dan and Paul crossed it, and Paul accidentally dropped his shaving kit into the ravine.

The office was not open when the two men arrived, and they stood under a large oak tree in the dead grass out front. With a pilot's sense of curiosity, Paul spied something red in a knothole on the tree, and he reached in and brought out a moldy pocket version of the New Testament that must have been there since the days when the camp was occupied by Baptist children. Being a religious man, although a Methodist and not a Baptist, Paul felt that this discovery meant he was on the right track in his career. But Dan could not shake the uneasy feeling that the police and trainees milling around in the uniforms and sunglasses of their respective towns were about to be asked to sing "Michael, Row the Boat Ashore," and so once the lodge had opened he delivered the check, which was signed by Russell Ford, shook Paul's hand, wished him luck, and left.

Dan's father was a retired pharmaceutical salesman named L. Joseph Norman. A stern, sorrowful man, he lived in a yellow bungalow on two acres of thick and untended trees. His first wife had drowned at a picnic at Lake Margo in 1949, at the age of nineteen. His second wife, Dan's mother, had died five years ago. Joe Norman's job had taken him all over the upper Midwest, but had seemed a relatively small position in a region where many men, through no special effort of their own, had wound up running farms of many hundreds of acres. He was once reprimanded for failure to account for some pharmaceuticals, but there were no hard feelings, and he retired on a full pension.

Joe had tried various hobbies, but they never seemed to last. He had golfed, but his eyesight was not good, and when he ran a motorized cart into the corner of the clubhouse his membership was restricted. Then he tried woodburning, but lost interest once he had put decorative brands on every wooden surface in the house. Lately, he carried a video camera everywhere. When Dan came to visit, which wasn't very often, his father would play tapes for him on the television. "This is a Buick LeSabre bought by a friend of mine, and here he is washing it. . . . This is Denny Jorgensen, who delivers the mail. . . . Some people



O X F O R D
FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY
S U M M E R P R O G R A M

The tradition. The prestige. The incomparable academic quality. Spend Summer '94 experiencing Oxford at historic Christ Church College. Study in residence with Oxford tutors...earn academic credit...make field trips to historic sites...get to know England in a way few visitors can. July 4-23 and July 25-Aug. 13, 1994. Please write, call, or fax for more information on this outstanding program.

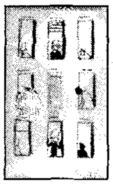
OXFORD PROGRAM
Florida State University
Center for Professional Development, Box A-3
Tallahassee, FL
32306-2027
Phone 904-644-7551
Fax 904-644-2589

YANGZI RIVER
& TIBET

Cruising the renowned Yangzi Gorges, see Tibet's first monastery and the snow-capped Himalayas from the Northern foothills, walk in river-town markets and the Lhasa bazaar.

An awe inspiring travel experience!

TILLER INTERNATIONAL TOURS
209 Post Street, Suite 1015
San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 397-1966 Fax (415) 397-1967



CITY LIGHTS
hand enameled light switch plates
enameled in black, white and shades of gray.
They come with screws to add additional heads looking out of the windows of these charming scenes.
direct from the artist.
single $20; double $25; triple $30; quad $35
s & h $3. Visa, MC 1-800-336-7102 or checks to
Kline/Art, 933 Avondale Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45229

★ LONDON'S WEST END CARES ★
When in London see one of this season's smash hits.
By paying twice – one half a donation to help fight AIDS –
we could get you the best seats in the house
costing you, in total, less than a Broadway musical.
From USA 011 44 71 976 6751 (within UK 071 976 6751)
CRUSAID, 1 Walcott Street, GB-London SW1P 2NG
Registered UK Charity No. 1011718

don't like Denny. Denny and I get along fine."

This time Joe played a tape of wild animals eating white bread and cinnamon rolls at night, under a floodlight in the back yard. This was fascinating at first and then weirdly monotonous.

"Look at the raccoon, how he uses his hands," said Joe.

"Yup," said Dan.

"They call him 'the little thief,' " said Joe. "Well, I say 'they.' I don't really know who calls him that."

"We missed you at the wedding," said Dan.

"I wasn't feeling that great."

"I've got a picture." Dan reached into the pocket of his shirt.

"There's a pain that comes and goes in my eye. I don't know what that's about."

"This is Louise."

"She's a very pretty girl, son."

"You can keep that," said Dan.

His father got up and stuck the picture on the refrigerator door with a magnet. On the television, skunks were shimmying around with slices of bread in their jaws. "Well, have you been to the doctor?" Dan said.

"What is a doctor going to say?"

"Maybe he'll be able to figure out what's wrong."

Joe pulled out a drawer under the kitchen counter and rummaged through it. "I'm old," he said.

"That's no attitude," said Dan. He took from the davenport an orange rubber ball covered with spiky nubs. "Didn't they use these for something in the Middle Ages?"

Joe looked up. "That's for my circulation. I don't know what you're talking about."

"As weapons," Dan said.

Joe finally found what he was looking for and brought it into the living room—a photograph of Dan's mother's headstone. "See a difference?" Joe asked.

"What am I looking for?" said Dan.

"I had them redo the letters."

"Oh . . . O.K. How did that come about?"

"I happened to be at the cemetery when some fellows came by offering the service. And do you know what the problem is? Acid rain. It turns out that acid rain is eating away at the stones. It's the same thing that's happen-

Awaken in the Dream
LE TOINY
The Hidden Treasure of St. Barthelemy

The cherished intimacy of your own private villa with individual pool; complemented by all of the services and amenities of a classic, 4 star, Small Luxury Hotel

For Free Brochure, Rates & Reservations
WIMCO
WEST INDIES MANAGEMENT COMPANY
North American Representative of Le Toiny
1-800-932-3222
P.O. Box 1461, Newport, RI 02840
phone: 401-849-8012 fax: 401-847-6290

IF IT'S TOO LATE FOR
CHRISTMAS,
GIVE HER A KISS
FOR THE NEW YEAR!

This beautifully crafted sterling silver kiss by J & C Ferrara is a perfect gift for any occasion when you want to show affection. And, how about wrapping it with a package of real Hershey's Milk Chocolate Kisses to satisfy her sweet tooth. Then, the rest is up to you - *a kiss or two of your own wouldn't be bad.*

IN STERLING SILVER ON MATCHING CHAIN $19.50
IN VERMEIL ON MATCHING CHAIN $29.50
IN 14K GOLD ON MATCHING CHAIN $185.00

Postage & Handling $4.00 • Free Gift Wrapping • No Sales Tax
EXCLUSIVELY LICENSED TRADEMARK OF HERSHEY FOODS CORP.
J & C FERRARA CO., INC. LICENSEE.

Continental Jewelers
2209 SILVERSIDE RD. • WILM., DE 19810
302•475•2000 1•800•708•3344
Delaware's Distinctive Jeweler
TUES.-SAT. 10AM-5:30PM
EVE HRS./WED-FRI UNTIL 8PM

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call, or come and see us.
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312, 1-800-277-0130

Come to Scotland... Come to Ardsheal House

Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure: Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX Scotland. Tel: 44 63174 227. Fax: 44 63174 342.

Slow down!

You move too fast.
Why not give yourself a break and try a different kind of holiday? Butterfield & Robinson is the leader in biking and walking trips across Europe and around the globe. We take the time to explore a region's landscape, culture and cafés, then relax in fine châteaux, villas or inns. Ask your travel agent or call us at:

1-800-678-1147
(Canada:1-800-268-8415)

Butterfield
&Robinson
Biking & Walking since 1966

$3.00 Off
16-18 of our incredibly sweet
HoneyBells

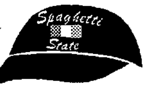
World Famous
INDIAN RIVER
GROVES

HoneyBells are a special surprise-half tangerine, half grapefruit-but with a flavor all their own. So deliciously sweet and juicy, you'll need a bib! HoneyBells are available in January only, so order today to ensure your supply.

Indian River Groves
P.O. Box 3689
Seminole, FL 34642
800-940-3344

Introductory offer to new custumers only. Limit one. Offer expires 01/31/94 NY93

SPAGHETTI
STATE



VIVA L'ITALIA

Support your culinary alma mater with a tasteful sweatshirt and baseball cap
Sweatshirt, Size: L & XL $36
Baseball Cap, Adjustable. $22
Black with Red Lettering
White with Green Lettering

Choose from:
LINGUINI TECH
SPAGHETTI STATE
RAVIOLI UNIVERSITY

Call: IT'S AMORE - 800 805-1100
PO Box 641952, Los Angeles, CA 90064
PAY BY Visa, MC, AmEx, or Check.
Add $4.95 S&H - In CA add 8.25% tax

ing to the statues in Rome and Vienna."

"So what did they do exactly?" Dan asked.

"Well, they had what I would call a 'router.' "

"And it helped?"

"I'm not saying it leaps out at you across the cemetery, but yes, there's a difference."

"What does a thing like that cost?"

"It's paid for."

"It sounds a little bit like a con."

"You could see the erosion."

"I believe you," said Dan. Now on the television the animals scattered, and Joe himself walked onscreen casting more bread into the yard. His back and arms were stiff. He wore a red plaid shirt, gray pants with suspenders.

"When did you film this?" Dan asked.

"Last night," Joe said.

Dan left his father watching the tape of the greedy animals, and on his way back to the highway he visited the cemetery where his mother was buried. He knelt and examined her stone, but of course he could not see any difference in the letters, which said "Jessica Lowry Norman, 1922-1988. What a Friend we have in Jesus." His mother had died of a heart attack on Flag Day, in an ambulance on the way to the hospital. One of Dan's strongest memories of her was the time she broke a knife. The three of them were eating supper one evening when there was a loud clatter and his mother inhaled sharply. A stainless-steel table knife had broken in the middle, blade from handle, cutting her hand. She cupped the base of her thumb in a napkin and hurried to the sink. There was perfect silence in the house except for the running of the faucet. Dan had never heard of a table knife breaking under normal use, or any use, and the whole thing seemed to suggest or represent some deep psychic turbulence in his mother.

THE cold weather took a long time coming that winter. It snowed maybe three times before Christmas, and the snow did not stick. The Fire Department wore shirtsleeves while stringing lights across Main Street in Grafton. It was sixty-three degrees for the Stone City–Morrisville football game, and this drew nine hundred fans, although Stone City had a bad team that could do nothing with a conventional approach and was reduced to trying desperate sleight-of-hand plays that resulted in big losses. Dan waited until two weeks before Christmas to cut a tree. He paid twenty dollars and walked across the hills of a tree farm outside Romyla. The sky blazed with a blue so strong that he could hardly see where he was going. Louise was three months pregnant, beginning to show. Accordingly, Dan selected a full and abundantly branched tree. "Tree" is maybe even the wrong word; it was more like a hedge. Dan lay with his back on pine needles, sawing through the trunk. He dragged the thing over the grassy fields and struggled to confine it to the bed of a borrowed pickup.

The tree took up the whole north side of the living room. Dan had to run guy wires from the window frames to keep it from falling over. At first the tree seemed wrong somehow in the house. Why this was so, Dan could not explain. Either it seemed like the tree of a showoff, or by its sheer expanse it revealed something sinister and previously unknown about the whole concept of having a Christmas tree. In any case, the only thing to do now was decorate it. Being the kind of people they were, Louise and Dan had not really considered what they would use for decorations. Louise found some ornaments that dated back to her days with Tiny, but they decided not to use these, and in fact burned them, or at least melted them, in the trash burner.

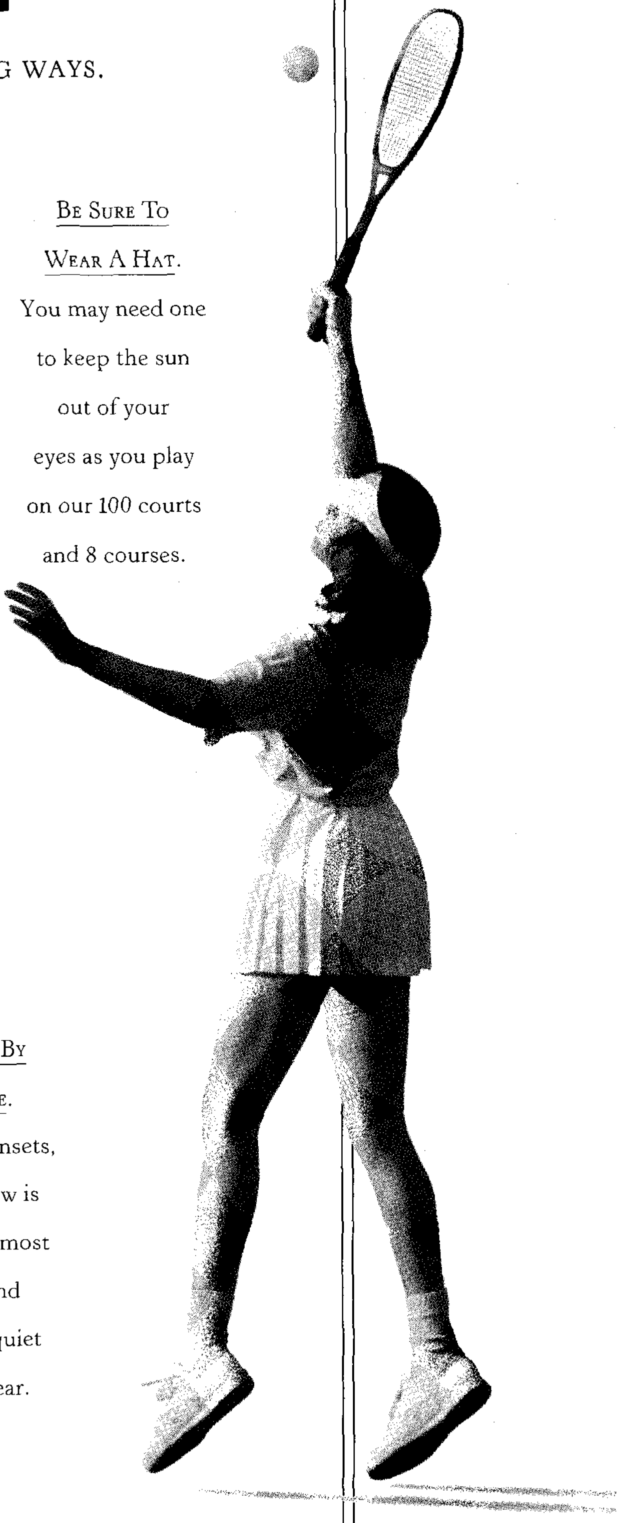
They went over to see Louise's mother, who gave them six unopened boxes of bird ornaments that she had got years ago at Target, evidently in anticipation of a situation such as this. Louise hung these one afternoon while Dan untangled a ball of lights that had been seized in a drug raid and stored for several years in a closet at the sheriff's office. Louise glided around the tree, her breasts and belly pressing sweetly against a long, colorful dress. The flimsy silver birds responded to air currents, turning and glittering when doors were opened or closed.

All in all it was a good Christmas, although it was true, as rumored, that Dan and Louise were not sleeping in the same bed, or even under the same roof. Louise had been spending her nights in a small trailer next to the garage for the past couple months. They had tried this as a solution to Dan's insomnia, but it turned out to be something they were both

BERMUDA SHORTS

On our wonderfully warming ways.

Be Sure To
Wear A Hat.
You may need one
to keep the sun
out of your
eyes as you play
on our 100 courts
and 8 courses.



Today's Forecast:
Flurries Of
Flowers.
With temperatures
around a balmy 68°,
our little island stays
green and growing
all through your fall
and winter.

Curl Up By
The Fire.
Our fiery sunsets,
that is. Now is
Bermuda's most
serene and
blissfully quiet
time of year.

Call your travel agent or 1-800-BERMUDA.

Bermuda. A short trip to the perfect holiday.

PREPARE FOR ADVENTURE
Tilley Endurables

Pity the Pickpockets!

Tilley Endurables. "The best travel and adventure clothing in the world": classically styled, long-lasting, comfortable clothes with **secret pockets, security pockets,** and **"Give 'em hell!"** washing instructions. And, of course, the Tilley Hat.

The (free to you!) 68-page catalogue is a hoot!

1-800-338-2797

What's in Turkey?

Troy, Ephesus, Philadelphia, Antioch, Aphrodisias, Cappadocia and Mt. Ararat are all in Turkey. Prophet Abraham, St. Paul, St. Nicholas, Homer, Herodotus, Strabo all lived there, too.

CULTURAL FOLK TOURS INT'L & Bora Özkök present their 16th year of:

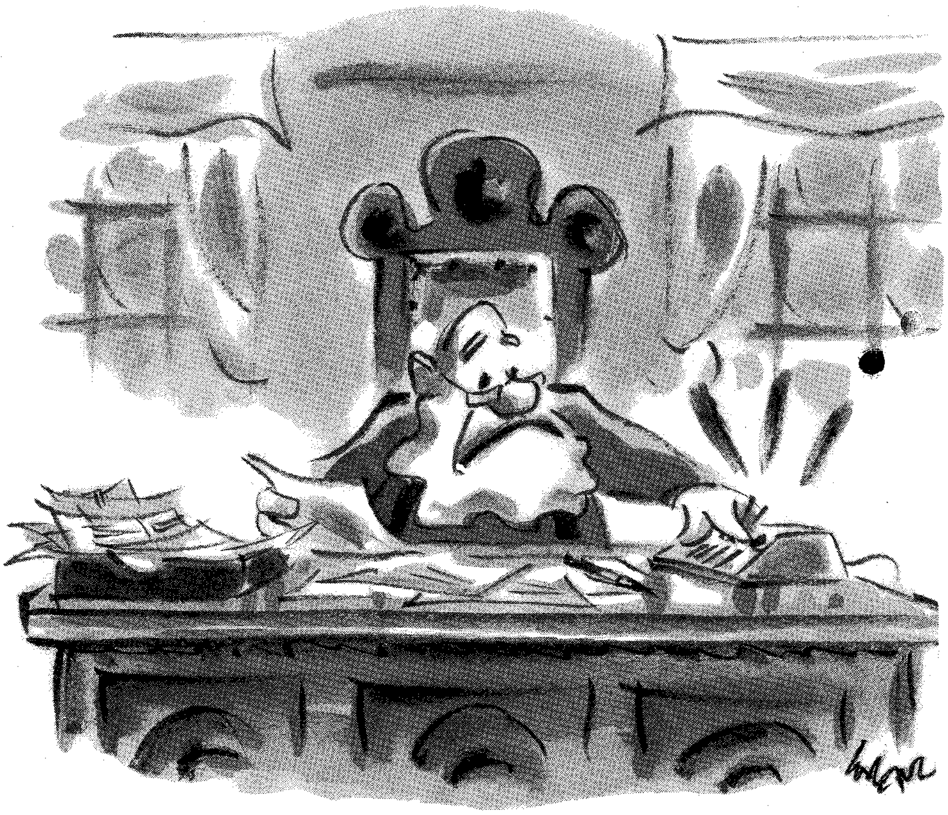
TURKEY

GOOD QUALITY • REASONABLE RATES
GREAT HOTELS, CUISINE & PHOTOGRAPHY

For a free 1994 brochure: Call:
9939 Hibert Street 1-800-935-TURK
Suite 207 8875
San Diego, CA 92131-1031 (619) 566-5951

GIVE A CAT A LAUGH
– with Dick Shapiro's amazing Video Catnip – a 25 minute movie cats watch and love. A howl of a gift for cat owners.
Just $19.95 plus $4 s/h
VISA MC AMEX
TOLL FREE
CAN. 1-800-268-9323
U.S. 1-800-268-1630
DICK SHAPIRO'S CATS
#14, 20 Wertheim Court., Richmond Hill, Ont. Canada L4B 3A8

Budgets Modest to Mogul
ITALY
HOLIDAY HOMES
Villas • Castles • Farmhouses
Countryside • Seashore • Lakes
Apts. Rome, Florence, Venice
By the week or month
Vacanza Bella
All Personally Screened 800-955-3435



"A sugarplum fairy to see you, sir—with her lawyer."

• •

comfortable with, and their therapist advised against changing anything that was working, and especially not during the holidays, a stressful time to begin with. So it was that Dan woke alone on a windy Christmas morning and made bacon, eggs, and coffee, with "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" playing softly on the radio. The broadcast had that strange, nobody-at-the-station quality that you don't hear at any other time of the year. Louise came over at about seven-forty-five in a nightgown, robe, and sneakers. There was no snow on the ground. She kissed Dan on the neck, and the smell of sleep in her hair made him shiver. Out the window above the sink the sky was the yellow color of dust.

They exchanged presents at the breakfast table. He gave her a coral necklace and earrings, and she put these on, and she gave him a gray-and-purple scarf that she had knitted, and he put that on. Then they went upstairs to bed and stayed there until one o'clock, when it was time to watch college football. Since becoming pregnant, Louise had become a dedicated fan of college football. She felt that the college boys played a better game than the pros, because in college the plays seemed more earnest and at the same time less likely to work, and therefore more poignant when they failed. She had watched the games every Saturday and knew the names of eight or ten colleges in Arkansas alone. She had developed a science of upsets. California teams always upset Great Lakes teams. Any college with "A. & M." in its name could upset any college with "State" in its name. Teams called something "Poly," on the other hand, might come close to an upset but would always lose in the end. The higher the male cheerleaders could throw the female cheerleaders, the more likely a team was to be upset, all else being equal. Michigan State was in a class by itself, a school that existed for no other purpose than to have its football team upset. As her pregnancy progressed, Louise was both emotional and forgetful; she could not keep track of the score and grew pensive whenever a kicker, with his forlorn minimal face guard, squared his shoulders to try for a field goal.

In the middle of the afternoon Dan and Louise walked up to Henry Hamilton's place with a bottle of Grand Marnier. Henry was watching television, but he turned it off, and they all sat on the sunporch drinking Grand Marnier—even Louise had half a glass—and listening to the strange, unseasonal wind.

Elsewhere in the county the public forms of Christmas were being observed. Paul Francis had drawn his first flying assignment as a certified constable, playing pilot to Russell Ford's Santa for the benefit of a group of poor children gathered on the tarmac at the Stone City Airport. The plane tilted wing to wing as it came down to land, leading the children to speculate with genuine excitement about the prospect of Santa's crashing and going up in flames before their eyes. But Paul got the plane down all right, and Russell climbed down in a red suit and white beard and that shiny black vinyl belt that seems to have been added to Santa's wardrobe sometime in the seventies. He gave out dolls and footballs and colored pencils, and one little boy said, "We already got colored pencils," so Russell took back the gift, boarded Paul Francis's plane, and, grabbing a microphone that did not work, said, "Clear the runway for departure."

And over at the Little Church of the Redeemer, in Margo, Johnny White and Tiny Darling were trying to cook a Christmas goose for twenty of the declared alcohol and drug abusers who participated in the programs offered by the Room. Two things that people fail to understand until it's too late about the cooking of a goose are how long it takes and how much grease is produced. So at four-thirty, with a church full of hungry addicts, Tiny and Johnny were huddled in front of an oven and stabbing at an uncooked goose in a gently swirling lake of grease. "Let's spoon some of this out," said Tiny, and using an oven mitt that looked like the head of a goat, he attempted to pull the pan toward him. This little bit of motion spilled grease onto the grate of the oven, where it ignited with a fiery gust that singed his forearms. Johnny shoved Tiny from the oven door and blasted the goose with a fire extinguisher. When the fire was out, they tried to scrape the foam and ash from the main course, but this

Have Chair Will Travel

Remploy Stowaway Transport

Perfect for trips over the land, on the sea or in the air. The Remploy Stowaway folds into an extremely small package, with minimum effort. It is lightweight and easy to handle, yet exceptionally strong and durable. We also offer sports models and other fine wheelchairs and accessories.

HEALTH

Call today for a free video!

1-800-CHAIRS-9

VISA, MASTERCARD, DISCOVER accepted. Insurance billing assistance available.

Rebus Health Products, Inc. • 3454 S. Linden Road • Flint, Michigan 48507

Earth's most comfortable shoe

The ultimate in casual footwear for men and women. Send for the most complete line of Mephisto walking, hiking, golfing and casual footwear in the Northeast.

Catalog on request.
1-800-488-Lace
Lace-Up
110 Orchard Street
NYC 10002

Gift Certificates Available

Open Sunday

MEPHISTO®

ISLAND HIDEAWAYS
Elegant Caribbean Villas 1-800-832-2302

A Friend Indeed

The newsletter for women in menopause or midlife.

For a free introductory issue send a SASE to:

Box 1710, Champlain NY 12919-1710

TOTALLY NEW EDITION

Volume IV
CLASSIC BOB & RAY
The New York Years *(Part One)*

Now Available $29.95*

This extraordinary new volume features four hours of original material not available for nearly twenty years. Enjoy it all for just $29.95* **in time for the holidays.** Hear never-to-be-forgotten live performances, including their last performances on WOR & WINS in New York. This collectors classic contains some of their most famous characters, including Wally Ballou, Mary McGoon, Kent Lyle Birdley, Webley Webster, Mary Backstayge and many, many more. This is one Bob & Ray Audio Cassette Collection you cannot afford to be without. *Order the entire Collection, Volumes I-IV, for just $89.75**—save over $30—and enjoy even more of their great radio years.* **Order by Dec 17th for Christmas Delivery. Order by Dec 22nd for Overnight Delivery** (additional charge).

For fastest delivery use your credit card and call toll-free now:

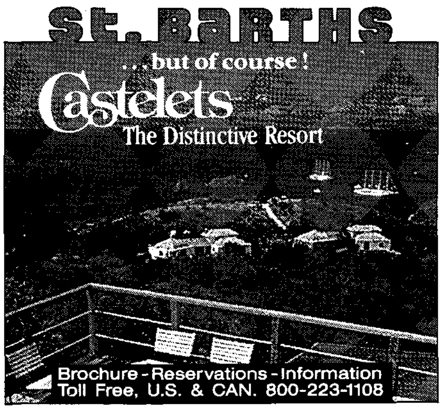
1-800-528-4441

For gift orders include name and address of gift recipients. Gift cards will be enclosed. NY residents add sales tax. For mail orders send your name, complete address and telephone with your check or MasterCard/Visa account number and expiration date to: **RADIOART'S, Dept. NY 20, Box 2000 GPO, New York, NY 10116**

* includes $4 UPS shipping and handling **includes $10 UPS shipping and handling

Blenheim Ginger Ale

WE MAKE GINGER ALE
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY...
SINCE 1903
Now you can order our famous Ginger Ale
prepaid anywhere in the U.S.
$24.00 per case of 24/12 oz. bottles.
SPECIFY #3 HOT or #5 NOT AS HOT
(or can mix)
NOT FOR TIMID PALATES!
Write to: Blenheim Bottlers
Box 452, Hamer, SC 29547
or Call: (803) 774-0322
AMX/DISCOVER/VISA/MC



ST. BARTHS
...but of course!
Castelets
The Distinctive Resort
Brochure - Reservations - Information
Toll Free, U.S. & CAN. 800-223-1108

The main hope
of a state
lies in
the proper education
of its youth.

Desiderius Erasmus

WAGNER COLLEGE
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

Offering the Legendary "Fetish" Necklace
Each a work of art...handcarved originals from the
American Southwest to be treasured forever!
Order while supplies last $89 + $3.95 SH, Check/MO/AMEX
NATIVE AMERICAN TREASURES "The Art of the People"SM
P.O. Box 160032
Altamonte Springs, FL 32716
FL residents add 6% sales tax
(800) 340-6533
24 hrs. 7 Days

proved futile, and the celebrants had devilled ham instead of goose with their stringbeans and sweet potatoes. But they had waited so long that even devilled ham seemed good, and they ate hungrily in the basement of the church.

IN February, as scheduled, Russell Ford went to Wildlife Court to face the charge of shooting a protected species. Wildlife Court met on the second Tuesday of every month, presided over by Ken Hemphill, a retired judge and permanently tanned outdoorsman who ran his courtroom in the affable style of Curt Gowdy in "The American Sportsman." In the summer months the court mainly concerned itself with fishing violations, but during the winter most of the defendants were young or middle-aged men who had been keeping illegal traplines. One innovative step taken by Ken Hemphill had been to order the surrender of any trapline deployed without a trap stamp, and defendants were accordingly required to bring their traps to court in case the verdict should go against them. Thus it was that in the cold months Wildlife Court became a sort of purgatory of downcast men wearing Red Wing boots and orange coats and clinking their chains up and down the aisles of the courthouse. Dan ordinarily enjoyed this spectacle, but today he was testifying.

Russell's lawyer was Ned Kuhlers, a mousy man who represented so many people in Grouse County that he more or less ran the court docket, and when he went on vacation the system slowed to a crawl. Ned's strategy was simple. He tried to show that the witnesses for the prosecution could not know what they claimed to know. First he established that Bev had not been at the slough and so could not say firsthand who shot what. Her response was that of the flustered citizen trying to defend her common-sense conclusions only to be told that common sense has no place in the judicial system. "But he told me," she said. "We had just finished our waffles, and he said that he had shot this bird that he could not identify. I mean, I suppose that's hearsay, but, for heaven's sakes, it's hearsay from the guy who did the shooting."

"I'm afraid I object to that," Ned said.

Judge Hemphill chuckled softly. "Overruled," he said.

Dan took the stand next. On a signal from Ned, the bailiff went out, returning several minutes later with a large stuffed bird. There was a moment of surprise as Ned held the bird up before the members of the jury.

The jury foreman, who had seemed uncertain of his role throughout the trial, said, "Excellent taxidermy."

"Sheriff," said Ned. "You have testified that Russell shot a waterfowl. I would ask you now to look very carefully at this example, which comes to us courtesy of the folks at the Stone City Museum of Natural History. Please take your time, because this is important. Is this the species of bird that Russell shot?"

Dan looked at the bird. It was gray and spindly, with a glazed expression, and a red mark over the eye. The courtroom was hushed. "I don't know," said Dan.

"In other words," said Ned, "it might be, or it might not be? Don't look at Bev. We want your opinion, Sheriff. Isn't it true that you don't know what kind of bird Russell shot?"

"I'm not an ornithologist," Dan said. "I think the two birds are similar. But whether it was this exact one, no, I don't know."

"Sheriff," said Ned Kuhlers, "what if I were to tell you that this is a sandhill crane; that he spends his winters in Texas and Mexico; that there is virtually no way a sandhill crane could have been in Lapoint Slough on that November day?"

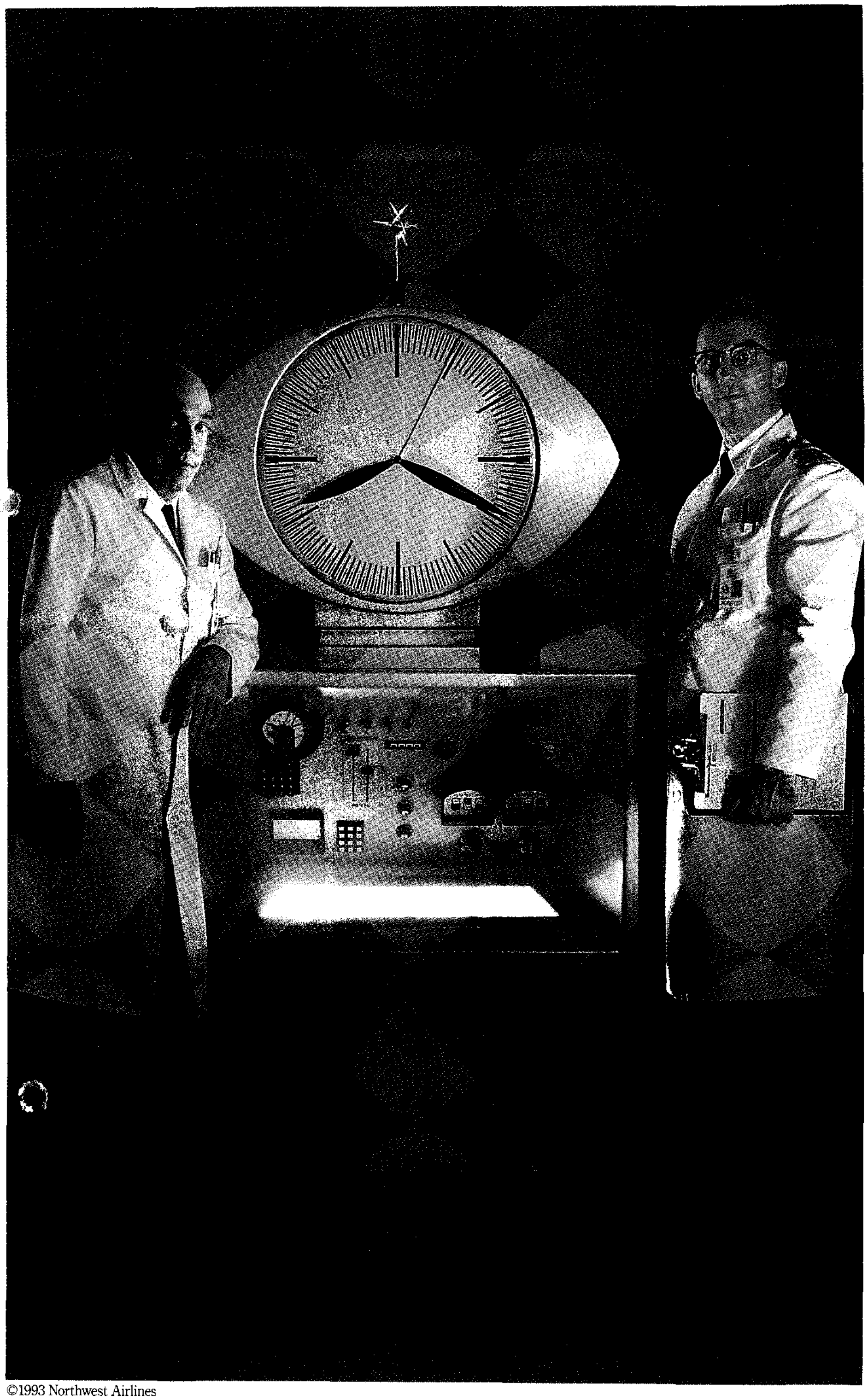
"What does that prove?" said Dan.

"What indeed," said Ned. "The defense rests."

The jury deliberated all morning and all afternoon. At twelve-thirty, they were given a lunch of deli sandwiches, coleslaw, and chips. At three, they requested a snack and received two bags of pretzels and some Rolos. At four-thirty, a message came from the foreman informing Judge Hemphill that one of the jurors was on a salt-free diet and that this should be kept in mind when ordering the evening meal. At this point, Russell entered a plea of nolo, or no contest, and Ken Hemphill called the jury in and told them they were free to go home and make their own suppers. ♦

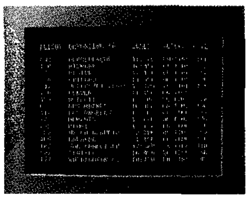
RECENTLY, SCIENTISTS IN BRAUNSCHWEIG, GERMANY, SET THE ATOMIC CLOCK BACK ONE FULL SECOND.

OUR FLIGHT SCHEDULES HAVE BEEN ADJUSTED ACCORDINGLY.



Every 365 days, more or less, the earth completes another revolution around the sun. It is a ritual as predictable as it is beautiful.

And for the last three of those revolutions, almost as predictably, Northwest has been the #1 on-time airline among the four largest U.S. carriers.



(Based on U.S. Department of Transportation consumer reports for the years 1990, 1991 and 1992.)

This sort of record should be expected from an airline that has made punctuality a sort of corporate mission.

For information or reservations, call your travel agent or Northwest at **1-800-225-2525.**

And you'll soon understand why, in Switzerland, they say that a good watch "should run like a Northwest flight."

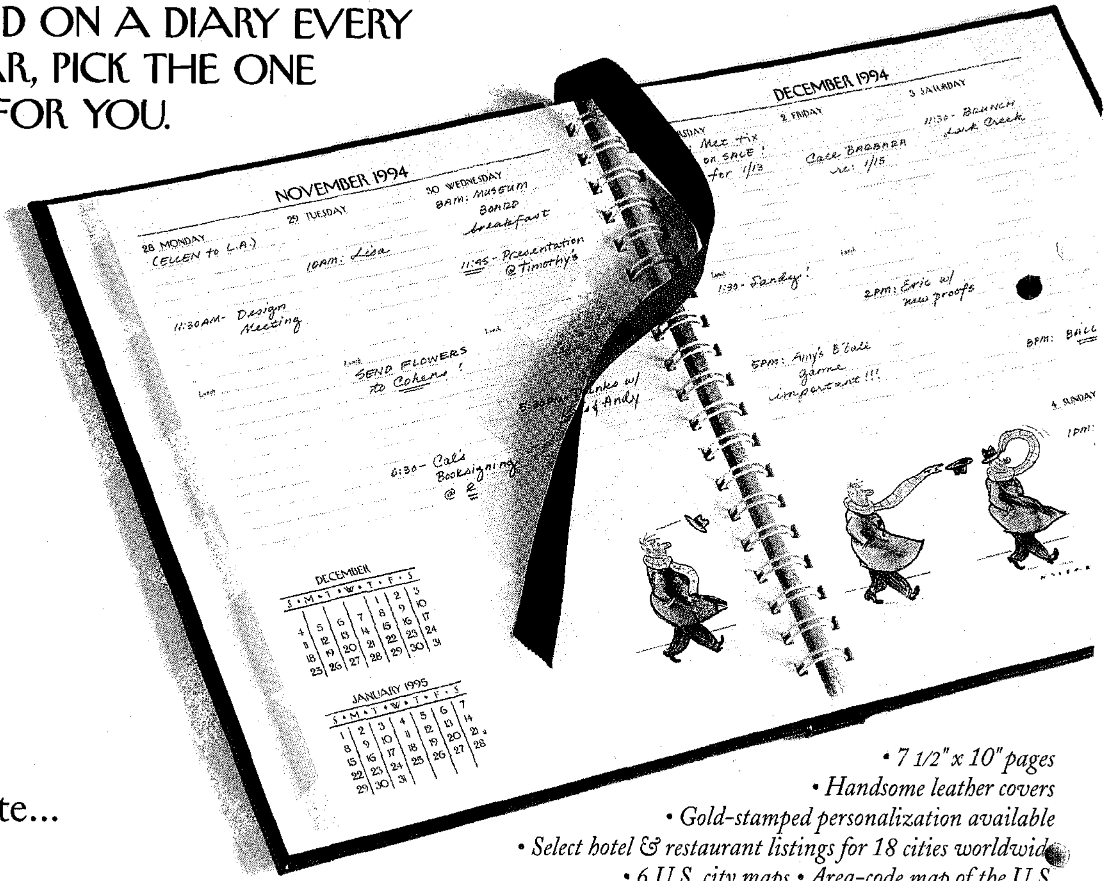
WORLDWIDE KLM RELIABILITY

NORTHWEST
AIRLINES
Some People Just Know How to Fly™

©1993 Northwest Airlines

THE PERFECT COMPANION FOR 1994

SINCE YOU DEPEND ON A DIARY EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR, PICK THE ONE THAT'S PERFECT FOR YOU.

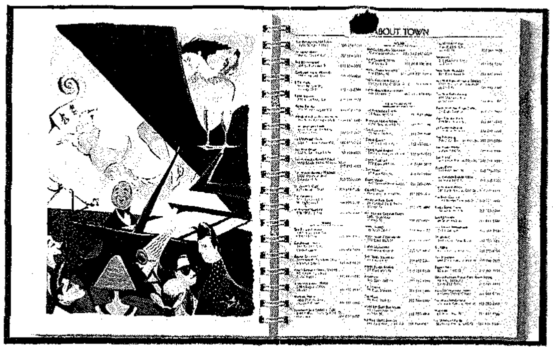


Bright,
attractive,
colorful, always
good for a smile...

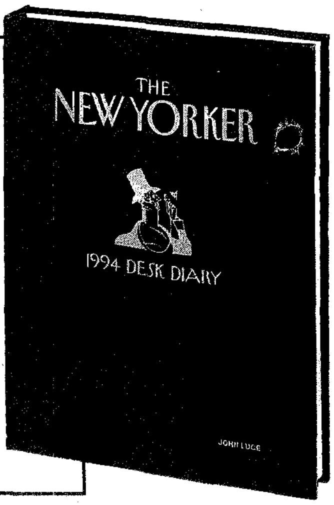
Recognizes what's
important to you:
a week at a glance,
a ribbon marker,
lie-flat binding,
lots of space to write...

- *7 1/2" x 10" pages*
- *Handsome leather covers*
- *Gold-stamped personalization available*
- *Select hotel & restaurant listings for 18 cities worldwide*
- *6 U.S. city maps* • *Area-code map of the U.S.*
- *International dialing codes*

Knows all the right places to go
and how to reach them - restaurants,
museums, clubs, galleries, theatres.



THE 1994 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY



CALL (800) 336-5510 *for credit card orders,*

Or send check or money order with your name and address to:

THE NEW YORKER
Box 10214, Dept. 236224
Des Moines, IA 50336-0214

Yours for only $24.95 for the standard diary or $27.45 for the personalized version, plus $3.25 in the U.S. ($6.50 in Canada) for shipping and handling. For personalized diaries please specify the name(s) to be imprinted (limited to 22 letters).*

**Offer only available in the U.S. and Canada. Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, & OH, please add applicable sales tax, Canada 7% GST. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.*

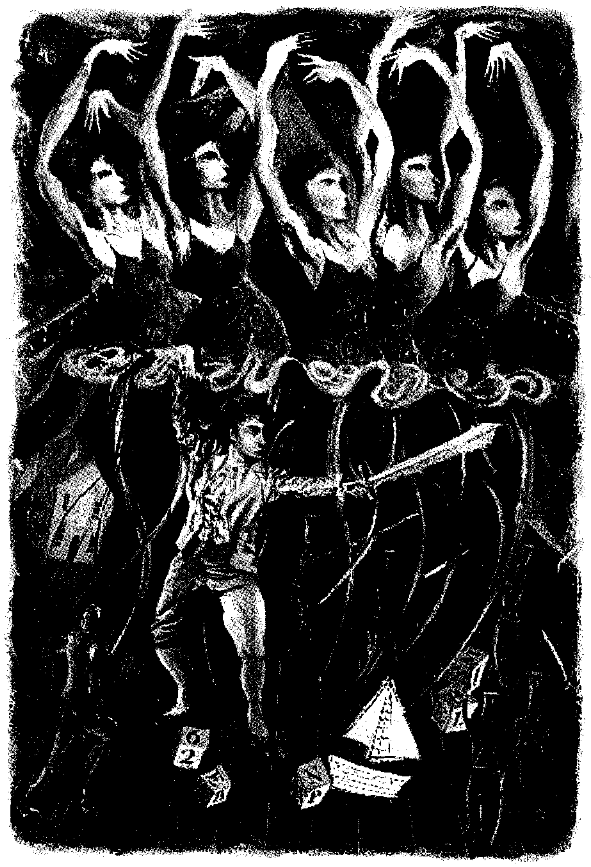
THE CRITICS

DANCING

THE NUTCRACKER: NO FRILLS, NO THRILLS

BY ARLENE CROCE

Ballet on film is airless, soundless, and soporific, but it can benefit from distinguished presentation. The new movie called "George Balanchine's The Nutcracker" leaves all the presentation up to Balanchine. A narration written by Susan Cooper and spoken in whispers by Kevin Kline (so as not to offend the purists?) is the moviemakers' boldest contribution. They may have meant it to provide a frame for the action, but it doesn't, and Balanchine's work occurs in a vacuum. This is a no-frills film version, which adds not so much as a punch bowl to the party scene. Yet it isn't the record of a live performance; nor is it many performances synthesized to simulate the experience of watching the ballet in the theatre. It's one of those in-between things, in which we are taken straight into a stage world and kept there by a camera crew strangely bent on manipulating an artificial atmosphere. The only hint at the existence of an outer world comes during the overture, when, after touring the branches of a Christmas tree and the toys lying under it, the camera comes upon a pop-up book. A stage rises out of the book, and the curtain goes up. But this doesn't make the painted scrim of the ballet's opening scene, set in the Stahlbaum house, any easier to take. And we never see that little stage curtain descend. At the end of the ballet, the sleigh goes up in the sky with some lovely star bursts trailing behind it. That's the movie being kind to "The Nutcracker." Then, with the sleigh hanging in midair, there's a quick cut to the credits and some remarkably poor freeze-frame curtain calls. That's the movie being brutal to "The Nutcracker."

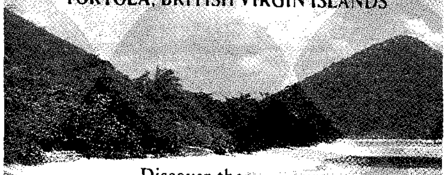


This two-mindedness is never resolved. The camera wants to record and it wants to create, too. The only time it gets to do both is in the party scene. Despite a tendency to shoot too close in, the director, Emile Ardolino, keeps the party moving; his takes are as full of life and of peripheral incident as Balanchine's staging. He succeeds because the action is already halfway to being comprehensible in movie terms. But, as against a party scene with acceptable "silent film" acting and a clearly blocked battle scene (another transferable virtue of the Balanchine production), there are those momentous transitions in which stage spectacle is all: the Christmas tree growing to an immense height, the Nutcracker becoming as big as a real boy, the miracle of the bed travelling out of the house and through the snow. In the film, the bed flies, a gently swaying journey over Rouben Ter-Arutunian's rooftops, but the transitions are handled just the way they are on the stage: the small bed is exchanged for a big one, the Nutcracker is exchanged for the Prince by means of a breakaway costume. If we can have a flying bed, why can't we have lap dissolves? And, instead of a painted scrim, which was Balanchine's way of indicating a door with a keyhole, why not a real door and keyhole? Balanchine, following the Hoffmann tale of the Nutcracker, was concerned with the interaction of the prosaic and the fantastic. But in the eyes of a movie camera, a stage world is already fantastic, and in an alienating sense that disrupts the story. Saddest of all is the transformation of the tree. The camera, sighting down from the treetop, shows little Marie looking up in wonder, just as in a real movie, but it also shows us that the tree is nothing but a flat piece of painted scenery—

Long Bay Beach Resort
TORTOLA, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

Discover the Caribbean's best kept secret, Long Bay... Tortola's beach resort.
With under 100 guests, our hidden barefoot paradise spoils you with a choice of tropical accommodations, the Island's finest food, and nearly a mile of secluded beach.
Next time you want to escape—alone or with somebody special—to a haven that lets you do nothing but enjoy yourself...
COME SHARE OUR SECRET

For reservations call your travel agent or call 1-800-729-9599. For Brochure mail coupon to: P.O. Box 284, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538-0284
Name
Address
City State Zip
Tel: ( ) N.Y.



Scottish Cashmere Capes
... At Scottish Mill Prices!
Ruffle or Plain Edge
Full Size $589.00
Black, Charcoal, Natural, Red, Ruby Navy, Plum, Hunter Green, Dk Brown
ALBERENE CASHMERES
New York Showroom
Open to the Public • 435 5th Av at 39th St. • 800-843-9078

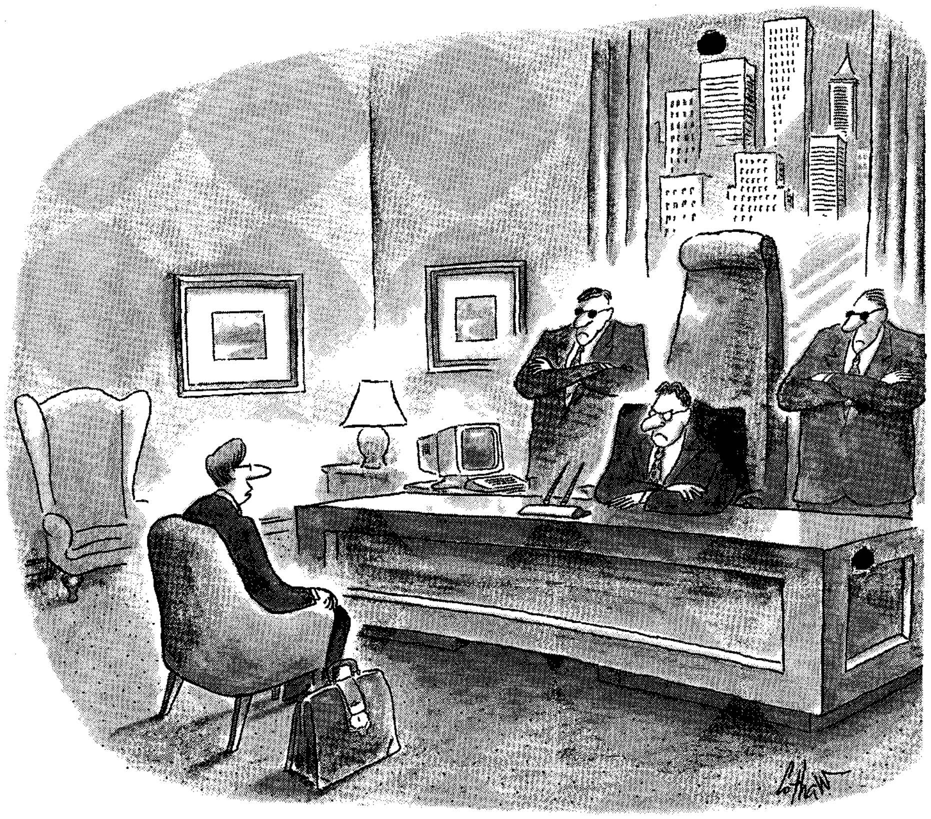
THE IBIS COLLECTION
American artist Ken Kantro interprets the timeless beauty of dolphins.
THE IBIS COLLECTION now offers you this handcrafted pin signed by the artist. Sterling silver $48.
14K gold vermeil $96. Matching earrings and pendant avaiable.
Exhibited at the Smithsonian.
Shown 2/3 actual size.
IBIS GALLERY, A Collection Of Fine Handcrafts
P.O. Box 280 Cedar Key, FL 32625 (904)543-5060
All major credit cards or by check. Add $3.50 S&H. FL residents add sales tax. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CASTELLO DI SPALTENNA
Set in a beautifully restored fortified ex convent in the heart of Chianti, this renowned Country Inn is offering
Weekly Courses on Tuscan Cooking
March April November
CASTELLO DI SPALTENNA - 53013 GAIOLE IN CHIANTI (Si)
Tel. 39-577-749483 - Fax 39-577-749269

and shouldn't there be a carpet on the floor?

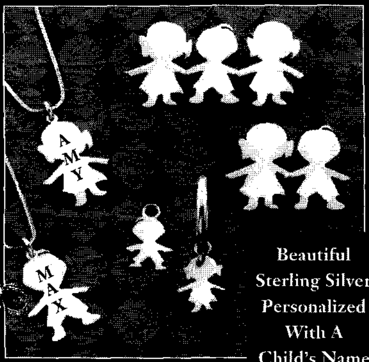
In Candyland, where, oddly, there is a floorcloth (a new one), the film has no choice but to reproduce everything in theatre terms, for "candy" is dancing, lots of it, and the camera can only add reaction shots where appropriate: of the Sugar Plum Fairy as she "listens" to the Prince miming the story of Act I, and of Marie and the Prince as they watch the dancing. The naturalness of these reaction shots is in stark contrast to the fundamental absurdity of having Marie and the Prince watch the dancing from behind, on their upstage throne. If, as the narrator informs us, the divertissement is being danced for them, surely they should have been placed in front of it and the camera set up behind them. Logic costs money. The film's budget started at six million and rose to ten. Even at this figure, the cost of building new sets would have been out of the question. The producers seem to have taken refuge in a notion of fidelity: this is *Balanchine's* "Nutcracker"—his version and nobody else's. Had they been willing to forgo this absolutism, had they come right out and acknowledged the obvious—that ballets happen in real life, in places called theatres—they might have succeeded in giving us both a record and something interesting in its own right, which could have functioned as an introduction to a masterpiece. At the very least, stage convention and stage metaphor could have been kept from getting twisted with movie reality. But, whether for budgetary or aesthetic reasons, a theatrical frame was rejected from the outset. No frame, no opening out, no wraparound.

Models are easy to find: Ingmar Bergman's "Magic Flute," Olivier's or Branagh's "Henry V." In Bergman's film, the wraparound consists, modestly enough, of an eighteenth-century theatre in which we are to suppose the opera taking place. We are shown the stage sets, the backstage machinery. Then we are taken to Heaven, and without ever letting go of the real world of performance. Mozart's "Magic Flute" was in Tchaikovsky's mind when he composed "The Nutcracker," and Ardolino may well have been thinking of Bergman's film. At the beginning of the second act, he brings the Christmas Angels, the youngest children in the cast, into closeup one by one. Those faces, which are the highlight of the film and go to the heart of the ballet's meaning, should have set the style of this production. For



"They say you are a great warrior."

HERE COME THE KIDS



Beautiful
Sterling Silver
Personalized
With A
Child's Name

Approximate size 1 1/2 inches

Boy or Girl Pendant $20
36" Snake Chain $60
Two Child Pin $55

Add $20 for each additional child. Engraving $10 per name. Also available in 14k gold. Any combination or number of children.

1-800-336-3822
10am-5pm PST. We welcome all major credit cards.

Zina
STERLING SILVER

470 So. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, CA. 90212
Telephone: (310) 286-2206

SUITE PRIVACY

No lobby and no elevator. You walk right out of your one or two bedroom Villa Suite to 21 tennis courts with no charge for court time, a state-of-the-art Fitness & Aerobics Center, Health Spas and 800 feet of private white sand beach. For the kids (and you) there's a complimentary daily children's program. For the whole family there's superb dining in two restaurants plus patio dining, weather permitting, all overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. **IT'S A SUITE DEAL.**

The Colony
BEACH & TENNIS RESORT
1620 Gulf of Mexico Drive, Longboat Key, Florida 34228-3499
For Reservations Call (813) 383-6464 or 1-800-4-COLONY

Beverly Dubrin's
Where-To-Guide
Our 12th Year
The insider's newsletter about San Francisco and beyond
→ Restaurants → Travel → Shopping
→ Getaways → Day trips → And more!
Sample issue $2
$25 for one year (6 issues); Gift Subscriptions welcomed
P.O. Box 4274 • Walnut Creek, CA 94596-0274 • (510) 943-7386

BICYCLE TRAVEL REVIEW
Charter Subscription Offer
Six Issues, $44 per year. Sample copy $5. Send checks to: Bicycle Travel Review, P.O. Box 3220, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266.

A GUIDE TO GREAT RIDING IN CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST
Each newsletter features three-to-five 20-60 mile road rides in regions selected for cycling quality. *Maps, Route Notes, Lodging/Restaurant Recommendations, Culture and Heritage, and More!*

forty years—thirty at Lincoln Center—New York schoolchildren have played "The Nutcracker" to an audience of New York schoolchildren. Could a moviemaker ask for a better wraparound? Last year, Nancy Goldner, the dance critic of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, wrote a memoir of being one of the children in the first production, almost all of whom played several parts. She was a Polichinelle, but the biggest thrill "was being a lowly soldier," she wrote. "Standing behind a scrim while the Christmas tree grew, the soldiers couldn't actually see it grow, but we could see sparks shooting off from the tree's lights, and we could hear the music. Its constant swelling of sound, growing fuller and fuller until the triumphant crashes of cymbals signaled the tree's final shudder of growth, sent shudders down my spine just as it does today when I watch the ballet from the audience." (Goldner's tree was the unforgettable City Center tree, which was electrically wired and rose in precarious gatefold sections.) A "Nutcracker" told from this perspective, a "Nutcracker" seen through the eyes of one of the children in the cast, would have been the ballet's nearest movie equivalent, for, as Goldner says, the ballet unfolds from the children's point of view. An important point. Balanchine's production is not, *pace* Mark Morris, an adult's mistaken idea of kiddie entertainment. The party scene constantly pits adult condescension against the subversive joys that Drosselmeier represents, and then the whole world of adult logic is subverted in the madness of the "dream" that he orchestrates.

The children in the film, led by Jessica Lynn Cohen as Marie and Peter Reznick as her brother Fritz, are brilliant ads for the School of American Ballet, playing with that utter lack of affectation which is one of the perennial charms of "The Nutcracker." Macaulay Culkin, now thirteen years old, is there, too, bestowing his presence on the role of the Nutcracker Prince. Ardolino and the editor, Girish Bhargava, try to make his aloofness work for him: they try to convert it into endearing bewilderment at the ways of society. When he meets Marie and gives her that long slow handshake, he's allowed to shrug it off in a way that defeats Balanchine's intention. (The film wouldn't have been possible

Shirt Pocket Briefcase™

Our Shirt Pocket Briefcase lets you take notes on the run. Instead of writing on business cards, which are often coated so the ink doesn't dry, write freely on 3" by 5" cards.

*Our new model has a writing pad plus **two** pockets for cards (so you can keep completed cards separate from blank ones).*

Made in America of luxurious saddle tan, black, or burgundy leather. (We welcome corporate orders.)

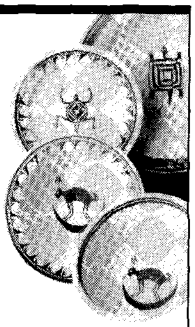
$29.95 + $4.95 shipping
$3.95 Optional Monogram
MC/VISA/AMEX/DI/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER®
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYSP4, Delray, FL 33445

AL HIRSCHFELD
ON PERMANENT EXHIBITION AT THE
MARGO FEIDEN GALLERIES

699 MADISON AVENUE (62ND & 63RD ST.)
(212) 677-5330
★ TELEPHONE INQUIRIES INVITED ★
GALLERY HOURS: SEVEN DAYS, 10AM-6PM
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST, $5.00 (Post. Incl.)
Al Hirschfeld is represented exclusively by
The Margo Feiden Galleries Ltd.

Santa Fe Dining Car China...

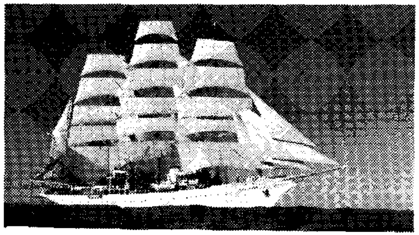


Over 30 different pieces! Reproduced in authentic black hues, true to the 1,000-year-old originals of New Mexico's ancient Mimbres Indians.

Color brochure $1; FREE when purchasing cereal bowl *(2nd from bottom)* $17 ppd. Check, VISA, MC, call 717-235-8998, or write:

PIPESTONE Dept. 103, 6 Onion Blvd. Shrewsbury, PA 17361

THE SEA CLOUD



THE SEA CLOUD. Once again, **ANNEMARIE VICTORY,** host of Discovery Channel's new series, 'World Class Cuisine', invites you to join her luxury gourmet cruise aboard this incomparable tall ship...built with the grace, style and elegance of her original owners, Majorie Merriweather Post and E.F. Hutton.
Annemarie's cruise this year features the very best of the Spanish and French Mediterranean... Malaga, Ibiza, Palma de Mallorca, Barcelona, St. Tropez (after a stop in Provence) and Nice. Each day the ship's master chef will feature recipes (from the TV show) of Europe's greatest chefs, highlighted by the wines of DOMECQ, Spain's most prestigious producer of wines, brandies and sherries.
A very special treat... the adventure will begin with a two-day stay at **HACIENDA BENAZUZA,** outside Seville... a magnificent thousand-year old treasure of Moorish architecture, easily Spain's most outstanding resort.
It will be a wonderful 10-day private party. Space is very limited (only 55 passengers), and Annemarie's cruises are always sold out, so book early.
Dates: May 4 to 14, 1994
For detailed brochure contact
THE ANNEMARIE VICTORY ORGANIZATION INC.
136 East 64th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021
Tel. 212.486.0353 / Fax 212.751.3149

Experience California's Smaller, Boutique Wineries
Each month, you or your giftee will receive two bottles of award-winning wines, plus an 8-page newsletter, *Uncorked.* $30.00 per month (includes shipping).
HOLIDAY GIFTS SHIPPED WITHIN 24 HOURS!
Visa / MasterCard / Am. Express
The California Wine Club
800/777-4443 *Call 24 hours*

HIKE THE SWISS ALPS
- 1 and 2 Week Tours
- Inn-to-Inn Trekking
- Scottish Highlands Tours

RYDER-WALKER ALPINE ADVENTURES
5 Lake Fork Junction
Box 947 Dept. Y
Telluride, CO 81435
303-728-6481
RYDER-WALKER ALPINE ADVENTURES

"...the last word."
A smashing gift.
GARY GALYEAN'S GOLF LETTER
THE INSIDE REPORT ON WORLD GOLF
Sample upon request. 800-320-6450
Our 4th year. $78. *P.O. Box 3899, Vero Beach, FL 32964*

without him, so he couldn't be replaced.) But Macaulay seems genuinely bewildered. During his "Home Alone" period, he had been cast as Fritz, the comic (and scene-stealer). Plainly, if he was going to get through this other kid's part, and put on that pink costume, he would need special coaching, and maybe special *coaxing, too. I don't know whose job this* was—whether Peter Martins' as the man responsible for the staging in the film or Kit Culkin's as Macaulay's father and an actor who had himself played the Nutcracker Prince in the late fifties—but it didn't get done. It is the film's most glaring failure.

As for the grownups, those in the party scene come off best. Drosselmeier is Bart Robinson Cook (as he now bills himself), with a wizardly glint in his eye and a shock of white hair that matches the Nutcracker doll's. Edward Bigelow and Karin von Aroldingen are a fine pair of festive, undoddering grandparents. As the adults who are closest to Marie and Fritz, their parents, Heather Watts and Robert La Fosse seem farthest away, but in this case grandly insincere performances come off in the film's favor. The dancers in Act II are up against the movies' natural hostility to ballet. One of the things that technology hasn't brought us is a camera that can photograph multiple pirouettes à la seconde and other bravura feats without turning the dancer into a windmill. This is the undoing of Damian Woetzel as Sugar Plum's Cavalier, but the camera is hardest on the women; their musculature, their very faces look carved in rock. The effect can be softened. When the film of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was made, in 1966, Balanchine took special care with lighting and lenses, and his girls appeared as beautiful as movie stars. Darci Kistler has her moments, though, as Sugar Plum, most of them in the second half of the adagio. The camera keeps its distance, you see the dancer in her space, and, from the pirouettes-into-backbend on, the performance gathers force, reaching a transcendent calm in the sustained arabesque poses on point. This is also Ardolino's finest moment. Perhaps another director could have done as good a job with the party and the battle, but I can think of no one else who could have brought off Kistler's triumph or captured as much of Kyra Nichols' purity as Ardolino does in the Waltz of the Flowers. Along with Bhargava and Merrill Brockway (who is listed in the credits as a coördinating producer), Ardolino worked with Balanchine on the PBS "Dance in America" series. Then he made an Oscar-winning documentary about Jacques d'Amboise. But it was in his Hollywood début that *he really put his Balanchine experience* to use: "Dirty Dancing" was the dance film of the eighties. Ardolino got to direct only one other dance film—this "Nutcracker." An AIDS victim, he died just before Thanksgiving, while the prints were still in the lab.

Emile Ardolino belonged to the TV generation of balletomane technicians who are trying to serve the dance. They work on crippling schedules against impossible odds, undeterred by the essential unseemliness of the task. They make me wonder if there's really an audience for ballet filmed head on, in unmitigated TV style. We live, after all, in an era in which every utterance of live theatre, whether spoken, sung, danced, or mimed in subway tunnels, seems destined to find its way onto film or videotape. Small wonder that so much of what we see live looks preprocessed. The movie of "The Nutcracker," filmed in 35 mm., will be appreciated, perhaps even loved, by dance students who can make allowances for its faults. Maybe people who have never seen Balanchine's "Nutcracker" will have a look out of curiosity. But its inevitable end will be as a videocassette, competing with other "Nutcracker"s on the kid-vid market. Would Balanchine have agreed to this? Well, he tried "The Nutcracker" on television several times, playing Drosselmeier in one version, and was never pleased with the results. There exists a script for a "Nutcracker" film which was prepared by him with Nicolas Nabokov; its resemblance to the ballet is slight. Was it Vladimir Nabokov or Cocteau who said that the only true adaptation is one in which the life of the original continues by another means? The telecommunications industry exists to bring us the original, the actual unaltered event itself—Wimbledon, the Super Bowl, "Brideshead Regurgitated." The TV version of "Gypsy," with Bette Midler, was the last film Ardolino directed, and a replica of the Broadway show. The industry disseminates, it does not adapt. ♦

Help stop a different kind of child abuse.

Innocent fragile lives are brutalized daily by utter poverty...constant hunger...relentless disease...and no hope for even a basic education.

But you can ease the pain. Become a Save the Children sponsor and help stop the horrible abuse.

Your monthly gift of just $20 will be combined with gifts from others to benefit an entire community of children. Instead of direct hand-outs, your gifts help establish self-help programs, enabling your girl or boy to get food, medical care and education.

Only 65¢ a day will help stop this abuse – and replace it with vitality and hope.

Please call 1-800-767-1600 or mail the coupon below today.

I want to help put an end to a different kind of child abuse.

☐ My first monthly sponsorship contribution of $20 is enclosed.
I prefer to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl
☐ either in the area I've checked below.
Please send my child's photo and personal history.

☐ Where the need is greatest
☐ Middle East ☐ Africa ☐ Asia
☐ Amer. Indian ☐ Latin Amer. ☐ U.S.

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________________
State ________ Zip ______________

☐ Instead of becoming a sponsor at this time, I am enclosing a contribution of $________.

☐ Please send me more information.

Established 1932. The original child sponsorship agency. YOUR SPONSORSHIP CONTRIBUTIONS ARE U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE. We are indeed proud of our use of funds. Our annual report and audit statement are available upon request. ©1993 Save the Children Federation, Inc.

NY 12/27/3

Save the Children®
50 Wilton Road, Westport, CT 06880

MUSICAL EVENTS

VERDI'S CRUSADES

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

SANTIAGO COHEN

COMING only six weeks after "Stiffelio," the Met's second new homegrown production of the season was again devoted to an early Verdi piece the company had never staged before. But that was where resemblances ended. "Stiffelio" held its fascinations and posed its queries as an unfamiliar arrangement of familiar items of vocal and dramatic furniture; "I Lombardi Alla Prima Crociata" demands rather less of us—perhaps little more than that we be prepared to be continually astonished by a slapdash spectacle of fraternal rivalry, changed allegiances, betrayal and baptism, hermit and heroine, battles and blessings, all set among the Milanese and their combatants at the time of the First Crusade. After these mad fireworks, the drama of the Salzburg pastor in "Stiffelio" begins to appear in retrospect like some triumph of sober maturity and depth.

It isn't surprising, then, that "I Lombardi" should have been the victim of time and of the critics during the century and a half of its existence. When it was first heard in this city, in 1847, it may have represented Verdi's United States début. (There is some doubt about whether it was this opera or "Ernani," which a Havana company brought to New York the same year, that had the privilege.) But it was rapidly overtaken by later works, and Verdi himself perhaps hoped to hasten its burial by recasting it as "Jérusalem" for Paris, also in 1847. Italians went on ostentatiously preferring the original version, possibly because this is one of Verdi's surprisingly few operas in which most of the characters are themselves Italians; but in the long view of Julian Budden, writing in his definitive study of the composer's output, "I Lombardi" is "an agglomeration of heterogeneous ideas, some remarkable, some unbelievably banal."

This judgment the Met production cannot but uphold. Beautifully modulated responses to Bellinian cantabile (Verdi, like Stravinsky, learned by theft) flow in rich and subtle rhythms; then, suddenly, you find you're into one of those bang-bang choruses which have all the musical interest of a child at a tin drum, and equivalently zero charm. There are similar letdowns in the orchestral writing. Fine moments—upward spirallings of woodwinds and violins together, passages of delicate chamber music—exist alongside raucous march tunes, the supererogatorily elegant jammed up against the downright rude. There's the feeling of a sensibility at war with itself, which may be the composer's response to the bellicose subject matter but may also be the flailing of a young artist beginning to gain possession of his talents but not yet certain how to use them.

One result of the internal confusion is conspicuous wastefulness. The opera is almost baroque in its scenic demands, requiring at least ten different sets, and several costume changes for the chorus. Happily, these are areas in which the Met excels. John Conklin, the set designer, provides a useful unity and grandness of image by keeping a row of great gold-panelled doors along each side of the stage, and his conjurings of the different locales are quick, emblematic, and strong: a Romanesque arcade and rose window for the Basilica of Sant' Ambrogio in the first scene; Moorish arches for the tyrant of Antioch's palace when we jump to the Near East at the start of the next act; a painted landscape for the River Jordan; a cyclorama of mustard light for the desert. Dunya Ramicova's costumes are also simple and colorful—especially the patterned robes of the Antiochians and the copper armor of the crusaders. Nowhere is there much effort at historical accuracy: these are broad, swift, modern reactions to Romantic reactions to crusaders, and their aim, rightly, is more to be smart and effective than to be integrated.

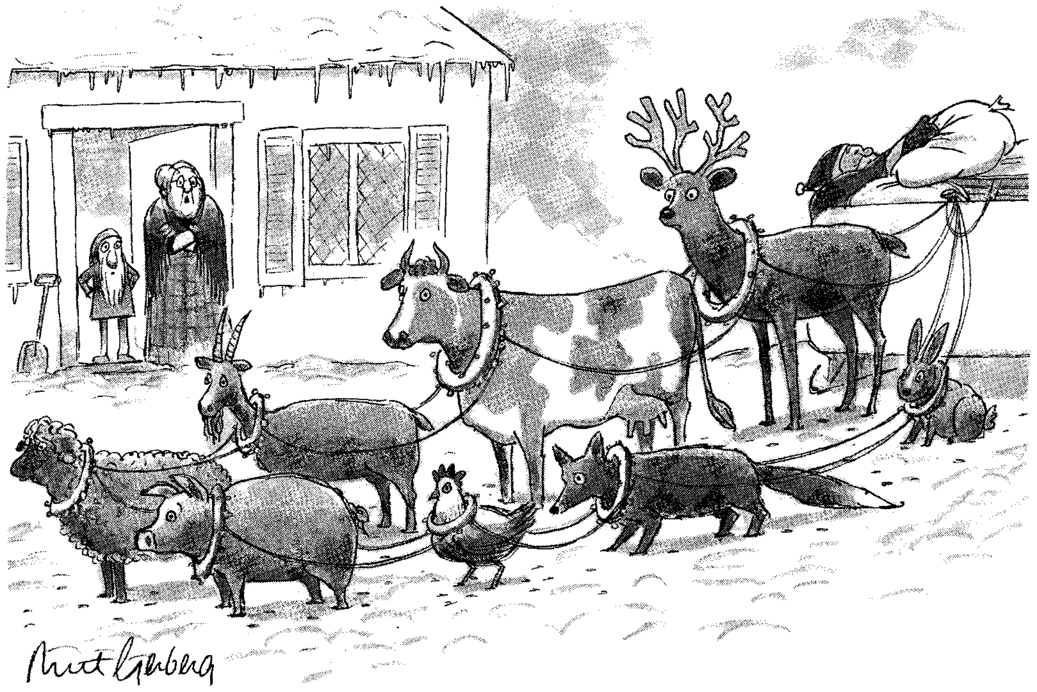
Quite apart from its spilling over so many settings, "I Lombardi" is also wasteful in its treatment of minor characters. Viclinda, cause of the dispute between the brothers Arvino (her husband) and Pagano, sings briefly in the first scene; by the next act, her daughter is praying to her spirit, without anyone's having bothered to tell us she has died. The tyrant of Antioch has his hot moment at the start of the second act, goes off almost at once to fight the invaders, and returns as a corpse. Sofia, his wife, appears in just one scene, where her sole function is to serve as an admiring audience for her son, Oronte.

Since this is Luciano Pavarotti's role, she acts as the embodiment of the entire house—or certainly did so on the opening night, when Mr. Pavarotti was at his most mellifluous and persuasive in this mama's-boy aria. His tone was unfailingly sweet, his comportment of the voice between registers assured, and his decoration nimbly executed without disturbance to the line. He was all the time driving along securely, holding plenty in reserve, keeping to the style. If he seemed also a little careful, that was perhaps a touching disclosure of artistic bashfulness and loneliness. Nobody in the world is more fearsomely exposed, more alone, than Mr. Pavarotti in embarking on a new role; here he produced, out of that condition, simply the finest he could offer—singing of silvery appeal, and a marriage of his natural gifts with the artistry he has assiduously developed and sustained.

Sadly, he slackened his concern and his awareness in his later scenes—or, more likely, found them slackening inside him against his better intentions, as well might have happened under the unhelpful circumstances. In the love duet of the third act, he had to hold to his line—and he did—against Aprile Millo's disturbing mistunings as Giselda (and she was as determined in holding to her quarter tone at the cadence). His character's death, in the course of another ensemble with Ms. Millo, may have come as a hoped-for relief to him. Then, when he was obliged to reappear from the dead, it was perhaps the dreadness of that eventuality, together with the absurdity of the drama and his backward placement on the stage, that was responsible for encouraging out of him a more uniform, and uniformly loud, treatment. Spirits—even spirits who come on to bring distressed Europeans good news of a handy water supply—ought to coax rather than trumpet.

Samuel Ramey, as Pagano, was more consistent in his singing, and in his vivid presence: he alone conveyed the impression that he thought he was in something that mattered. And he did so despite the fact that the piece required him to present not one character but two, with no opportunity for developing one out of the other. In the first act, Pagano is naked villain: Mr. Ramey aptly and ably used that bark, particularly on long "a" sounds, which he can produce without damage to his melody. (Part of what makes his singing special is his strange ability to enunciate and color the words with the strength of speech while letting forth a sway of pure music: you seem to hear the words and the musical line separately but at the same time.) In the three acts following, where the move to the Holy Land finds the wicked brother become a sombre eremite, Mr. Ramey softened in tone but not in power. Even when prayerful and subdued, he was in command.

The honors belonged to him, to Mr. Pavarotti in his first aria, and to James Levine and the orchestra, whose leader, Raymond Gniewek, played decorously in the violin concerto that suddenly pops up as an interlude and stays around to underlie the whole last scene of the third act. Bruno Beccaria was stark as the good brother, Arvino: the part could take more ring, more music. (Maybe this could still be an opera in which Mr. Pavarotti and Plácido Domingo might share the stage: they wouldn't have to sing together, for Verdi and his young librettist, Temistocle Solera, weren't so inexperienced that they didn't know to keep their fighting-cock tenors apart, never mind what the result might be in making a switchback of the drama.) Anthony Laciura, in a brief appearance, offered a startling moment of high-tenor intensity well suited to his role as the Milanese grandee who comes rushing into the opening scene to announce the crusade: Mark Lamos's production, otherwise pretty straight, had him look like a Russian holy fool, which was striking.



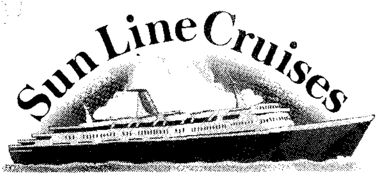
"I think I preferred it before he became an equal-opportunity employer."

In writing of the production, I come up now against the plot, which I've resisted trying to summarize, partly because of the considerable risks of muddle and disbelief.

FOLLOW
THE SUN TO
MAYAN ADVENTURES!
Roundtrip from Galveston, Texas

Discover the lost secrets of the Mayas. Four 7-day cruises sail through Mexico and the Caribbean. And don't miss our Mayan Equinox Cruise on March 18. Witness the annual celestial phenomenon during the vernal equinox. Other itineraries from Galveston include 12-day Panama Canal cruises. Early booking savings are available. For more information call your travel agent or Sun Line at 800-872-6400.

Sun Line Cruises



STELLA SOLARIS

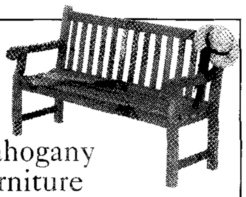
Or write to: Sun Line Cruises. One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020. NY1293

Name ______________ Phone ________

Address ______________________

City ____________ State ____ Zip ________

STELLA SOLARIS — Luxury ship of Greek registry.

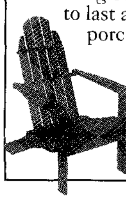


Free
Catalog

Teak and Mahogany
Outdoor Furniture

Precision-cut Kits or Fully Assembled

Let us show you our all-weather furniture of enduring beauty and character, handcrafted to last a lifetime. Classic garden benches, porch swings, chairs, tables, lounges, and market umbrellas. Available fully assembled, or as kits that are easy and fun to put together.



Wood Classics
Box 3Y52 Gardiner, NY 12525
(914) 255-5599

LONDON THEATRE NEWS

Stylish monthly newsletter features reviews, recommendations, theatre and restaurant listings, and a ticket booking service. $49 - 1 yr; $29.95 - 6 months. Please send check to:

London Theatre News
Suite 620, 12 East 86th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028.
Or call: 1-800-779-0077.

Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
Montego Bay, Jamaica
T: 809-953-2211 • F: 809-953-2731
Call your Travel Agent or
Direct 800-626-0592 (24 hrs)/CHARMS 800-742-4276

World's Greatest Vacation

Port Yacht Charters Discover the world of private luxury yachts with crew. Golf, tennis, diving, all water sports. Superb cuisine/world class chefs. Better than a cruise ship — priced the same. Caribbean/Worldwide. 1-800-213-0465

Also, I don't honestly think it matters very much in this opera. What matters is the subtending geometry—the geometry that makes it possible for an aria to happen here, a duet there, a concerted finale someplace else—and, particularly in the case of this work, the atmosphere. It isn't that Verdi, at so early a point in his career, is responsive to place or time: there isn't much difference between the Milanese of the first act and the Antiochians of the second; the strands of church music probably aren't to be inspected too closely for signs of Ambrosian chant; and one listens in vain for any musical realization of the parching sun or of its effect on the crusaders. When they're supposed to be on the brink of dying from thirst, they fling out a grand hymn that Verdi evidently modelled on "Va pensiero," the hit of his immediately preceding opera, "Nabucco." History, geography, and dramatic plausibility were all pretty much closed books to Verdi at this time. But where the music certainly does find itself in accord with the character of the libretto—however hard it would be to maintain that Verdi was directly stimulated by Solera's text or by the subject—is in the belligerence I've already mentioned.

The roughness in the piece may be the roughness of a raw, as yet unformed and undisciplined creativity, but it's a roughness that fits all too well, almost sinisterly well, with the dramatic proceedings as realized by Mr. Lamos. Several of the Holy Land scenes are dominated by ranks of coarse-cut crosses, covered with the scarlet gloss of new blood—and we remember that the priests of the Sant' Ambrogio scene were also vested in brilliant scarlet. What we have here is a portrayal of the Church Militant as the Church Barbaric. The tableau of crosses, an image that's repeated until the very end of the opera, comes on each time seeming more threatening, in an appalling crescendo that's thoroughly in keeping with the music. Nastiness on this scale may not be what Verdi intended, but it's the way he sounds, and in making the nastiness functional—in fixing it on the crusaders—Mr. Lamos puts a little power into the dramatic shambles of the score. He also provides—faint praise though this must be—the most thought-provoking new production at this theatre in a couple of seasons. ◆

Behind every cup of Gevalia® Kaffe is a free coffeemaker.

The superb Gevalia® Kaffe blend that has delighted Swedish Kings and coffee lovers for years comes right from our roastery to your door. It arrives with this free gift—a European-style, 4-cup Automatic Drip Coffeemaker in your choice of jet black or soft white (retail value $39.95), ensuring that you enjoy Gevalia at its most flavorful.
Mail the coupon below or call
1-800-678-2687.

COMPLETE AND MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
GEVALIA KAFFE IMPORT SERVICE,
P.O. BOX 11424, DES MOINES, IOWA 50336

Yes! I would like to try one pound of Gevalia® Kaffe for $10.00, including shipping and handling, and receive with it the Automatic Drip Coffeemaker as a free gift. I understand that I will continue to receive shipments of Gevalia every six weeks. I may cancel at any time after receiving my introductory shipment without obligation. The Coffeemaker is mine regardless of my decision.

Check Coffeemaker color: ☐ White (95) ☐ Black (96)
Check One: ☐ Whole Bean (1) ☐ Ground (2)
Check One: ☐ One Lb. Traditional Roast
☐ One Lb. Traditional Roast Decaf.
☐ ½ Lb. Traditional Roast & ½ Lb. Decaf.
Charge my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ VISA
☐ Discover Card
Card No.: ______________ Exp. Date: ________
☐ **Enclosed is my check payable to Gevalia Kaffe for $10.00**

Please sign here ______________________
Name (please print) ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________ State ____ Zip ________
Phone (________) ______________________
CODE: 006-907667

HOW THE SERVICE WORKS: Satisfaction is guaranteed or you may cancel your membership and keep the Coffeemaker as a gift. You will receive the same shipment of four ½ pound packages once every 6 weeks unless you notify us otherwise. You will be billed at the time of each shipment only $4.25 per package; $4.75 decaffeinated, plus shipping and handling. (Prices slightly higher for Canadian residents.) Prices are guaranteed through May 31, 1994.

GEVALIA KAFFE

Limit one membership per household. Offer is open to residents of the U.S., and now Canada, until May 31, 1994. ©1994 Gevalia Kaffe Import Service. A Service of Victor Th. Engwall & Co.

Sitting on a tax Write-Off?

OBSOLETE
EXCESS INVENTORY
EXCESS INVENTORY

Turn your excess inventory into a tax break and help send needy kids to college.

Call for your free guide to learn how donating your slow moving inventory can mean a generous tax write off for your company.

Call 718.690.0010

EAL

P.O. Box 3021, Glen Ellyn, IL 60138
Fax 718.690.0565

Excess Inventory today...student opportunity tomorrow

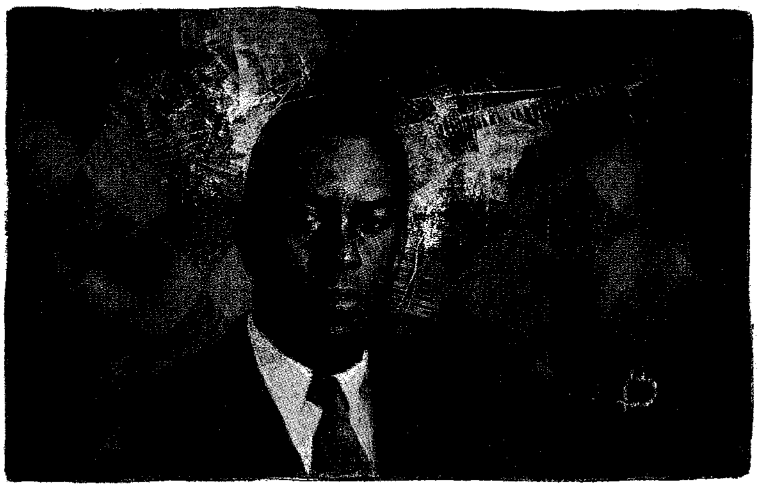
THE CURRENT CINEMA

AGAINST THE LAW

BY ANTHONY LANE

In "Philadelphia" Tom Hanks plays Andrew Beckett, a lawyer with AIDS. He loses his job; he sues his employers; he dies. It's not much of a story, but it's more than enough; anything more intricate would confuse the issue—an issue that Hollywood has largely preferred not to think about. Written by Ron Nyswaner and directed by Jonathan Demme, "Philadelphia" has the courage of its own simplicity, and is content to chart the steady descent of its hero and the ascent of unlikely feelings in the hearts of others; when death is the plot, it doesn't really matter if you give the end away.

Andrew is already sick by the time the movie begins, and you immediately get the point of giving the role to Tom Hanks. We see him sitting in a clinic, talking about platelet levels with a doctor, and then we cut to his arrival at his office. It's like the moment in "Big" when he comes to work after losing his virginity: a flurry of backchat and palm-slapping. This guy may be infected with H.I.V., but people seem to be infected with *him*—with the high spirits that he gives off—and they look all the better for it. Demme and his longtime editor, Craig McKay, who did such terrific, heart-seizing work on "The Silence of the Lambs," up the tempo of these early scenes, and the speed makes you worry: Andrew is enjoying himself, no question, but it looks like a case of grabbing all the apples before the tree falls down. When Andrew gets called upstairs by his boss, Charles Wheeler (Jason Robards), assigned to a hot new case, and promoted to senior associate, his cry of glee is only a breath away from delirium.



Denzel Washington delivers two seductive performances, in "Philadelphia" and "The Pelican Brief."

TIM BOWER

Wheeler and his cronies don't yet know about Andrew's illness, although one of them spots a lesion high on his forehead. The next thing he knows, Andrew is fired for incompetence, hardly something he was famous for. It's away with the suit, on with the beard and the baseball cap, and off to seek redress. He consults nine lawyers before trying Joe Miller (Denzel Washington), a personal-injury attorney he met once before. They shake hands. "I have AIDS," Andrew says. Something in Joe freezes up, his hand drops fractionally out of the shake, and, without stopping the conversation, he very slowly inches backward, as if a scorpion had just crawled out of his "in" tray. Even his repulsion looks cool: this is the start of a rich, controlled performance from Washington, who has to cover a lot of ground as his character wanders into unmapped areas of experience. We know immediately that Joe will come round to Andrew's cause and stand up for him in court, and there are plenty of actors who would have milked that metamorphosis for schmalz value, but Washington sets his face against any hint of fairy tale. He gives himself no gold stars for good behavior, deliberately making Joe every bit as sexy and relaxed in his bigotry—joshing around with his wife, doing his gay impression in the doorway of the kitchen—as he is during his ringing proclamation of constitutional rights.

The film badly needs Denzel Washington; without him, it could have collapsed under the weight of its own goodness. When Joe offers his handkerchief and a glass of water to a distressed witness, he is turning an act of kindness into a dash of legal trickery. The other characters wouldn't dare to *use* their emotions in this sneaky, mildly corrupt fashion: they just bare them and hope for the best. Right from its heartening credit sequence, where the citizens of Philadelphia wave at the camera passing by, the movie fights to convince us that brotherly love is alive and well in America. At times this innocence comes close to absurdity. When Andrew goes home, taking his lover, Miguel (Antonio Banderas), he finds himself amid such boundless tolerance that you can't help wishing the Addams Family would drop in for drinks. Is Demme really suggesting that AIDS sufferers across the nation are sitting around with their siblings and boyfriends, bottle-feeding the youngest generation? I would love to think so. Dramatically, it would have cost him nothing to have one sneering uncle, or a father grown slightly stiff. Instead, Andrew is told that "you've faced this whole thing, you and Miguel, with so much courage," and that nothing people could say "would make us feel anything but proud of you." That might well be our conclusion at the end of the movie, but to spell it out halfway through is a preëmptive strike on our conscience. Andrew's dad is played by Robert Castle, the bear-size Harlem priest who was the subject of Demme's documentary, "Cousin Bobby"—a good man and a difficult customer. If a little of his jutting, combative style had been allowed to rub off on these scenes, it would have been a big help.

"Philadelphia" feels like an apology for "The Silence of the Lambs," an on-screen settlement for damages inflicted by Hannibal Lecter and the homosexual Buffalo Bill. But the fascination of that movie grew out of a suspicion that Demme was horrifying not just the audience but himself; like any serious work, it cut deep against the grain of its own creator—Jodie Foster had to carry all the pain and perplexity for him, and she only just made it through. Demme has the most liberal intelligence of any current director; he's at once excited by traditional dramatic forms and worried by the cynicism that breeds within them. It's a useful worry: it kicks his movies into restlessness, lending a rough optimism to "Melvin and Howard" and a surreal license to "Something Wild" and "Stop Making Sense." (He just turned David Byrne on and let him go.) By these standards, "Philadelphia" is dangerously smooth: Demme's sympathies are clear and admirable, and they threaten to run away with the film. A world in which Mary Steenburgen plays a queen-bitch lawyer is not a very scary place to be.

Yet despite all this—the patches of preachiness and the deflation of suspense—"Philadelphia" will get to you, and stay there. This has nothing to do with novelty, with Demme breaking fresh ground; if anything, the movie feels pleasantly old-fashioned in its clean aim at our hearts, like a nineties update of "Intermezzo" or "Camille." Demme has reinvented the weepie; he probably thought it his duty to do so, having the misfortune to be working in an age that has given us so much to weep about. If so, he has fulfilled the duty with clear-eyed determination; you can see it in the extraordinary closeups, where the focus is kept shallow and allowed to fade away at the sides of the head—as if all that mattered were the human face, to be trapped in memory's amber and, if necessary, carried to the grave. As Andrew slips away, we share his last sight on earth, and it has to be said that, as dying requests go, you can't really do better: Bring me the smile of Antonio Banderas.

"Philadelphia" is, if you like, an Emersonian work; if at times it feels reluctant to handle the unpleasant grit of life, that only guarantees the practiced ease with which it contemplates transcendence. The climax comes, quite un-

Travel with Scholars

Summer 1994
3-week programs

Oxford
☐ 25th Annual Oxford/Berkeley Program
24 courses taught by English dons

Paris
☐ 5 courses: Impressionism, History of Paris, Literary Paris, The Belle Époque (all in English), Conversational French (in French)

Central Europe & Russia
☐ Hapsburgs & Romanovs

Florence & Tuscany
☐ Art, architecture, & history

London
☐ Inside the London theater scene

Rome
☐ Layers of civilization

Scotland
☐ Historical events & personalities

New Orleans
☐ History & culture (1 week)

For a free brochure call
(510) 642-3112, ext. 9
or send this coupon with name and address to:
Marketing Dept. 9T, University of California
Extension, 2223 Fulton St., Berkeley, CA 94720.

Educational & cultural programs for adults

UC Berkeley Extension

Now printed in New York for speedy delivery.

International Herald Tribune
Published With The New York Times and The Washington Post

No local bias, no national slant, no partisan viewpoint.

Simply a balanced edit of world news with an international perspective, including features on travel, fashion, the arts, and global investing.

To subscribe, call:

1-800-882-2884

Galley Bay
Antigua, West Indies

All Inclusive • Half-Mile Beach
Only 30 Rooms • Call 1-800-223-6510
"More a house party than a hotel"

Italian Rentals

Villas, farmhouses, apartments
...simple to luxurious.
ELAINE MUOIO
Fax: 202/362-0520
Telephone: 202/244-5345

expectedly, at the end of a party. Joe has stayed on to pick over some legal questions with Andrew, who doesn't really pay attention; he's much too busy listening to Maria Callas. Sadly, the lady can't be there in person, but such is the transfixing intensity that you almost believe she is. "It was during that sorrow that love came to me," she sings: turn it the other way round, and you have the story of AIDS. Andrew is transported, which means getting up from his seat and wheeling his I.V. bottle around the floor as if it were a dancing partner; the whole occasion is warmed by such suggestions of intimacy—it's a love scene without any lovers. There's a fire lit in one corner of the room, but the light on Andrew's face goes far beyond a gentle glow; Demme plucks up his courage and turns everything blood-red, and somehow the color speaks not of disease but of the wild desire that came before it. You watch it and think, What the hell? Why *not* treat cinema like opera, as a ridiculous ravishing of the eye and ear? Why not stop making sense?

Joe holds still and stares while Andrew spins slowly round and round, enjoying one more trip before the very last one of all; Demme perches the camera up above Hanks' shoulder, looking down at his head from an uncomfortable angle. It's a crazy, inspired shot: you can read his features, but you can barely keep up with the pace of his reveries, just as Joe can do almost anything for his client except understand him. Or so we believe; what happens next makes us think again. Joe says goodbye and goes home, and that should be the end of the matter, but we stay with him as he looks in on his child and lies down next to his wife. Callas is still singing, and there's a look of wondering devastation in his eyes. Washington may be the most unflustered actor in America, but when something gets to him the audience cracks, too. The entire sequence is the best and boldest thing that Demme has ever done, a mirror image of that cruel, compulsive head-to-head between Lecter and Clarice Starling, when light flickered under the madman's face like hellfire. That was a black parody of love; this is the real thing.

TOTEM

To ward it off (whatever it was) or attract it
You painted little hearts on everything.
You had no other logo.
This was your sacred object.
Sometimes you painted around it the wreath
Of an eight-year-old's flowers, green leaves, yellow petals.
Sometimes, off to the side, an eight-year-old's bluebird.
But mostly hearts. Or one red simple heart.

The frame of the big mirror you painted black—
Then, on the black, hearts.
And on your old black Singer sewing machine—
Hearts.
The crimson on the black, like little lamps.

And on the cradle I made for a doll you painted
Hearts.
And on the threshold, over which your son entered,
A heart—
Crimson on the black, like a blood-splash.

This heart was your talisman, your magic.
As Christians have their Cross you had your heart.
Constantine had his Cross—you, your heart.
Your Genie. Your Guardian Angel. Your Demon Slave.

But when you crept for safety
Into the bosom of your Guardian Angel
It was your Demon Slave. Like a possessive
Fish-mother, too eager to protect you,
It devoured you.

Now all that people find
Is this heart-colored book—the empty mask
Of your Genie.
The mask
Of one that opening arms as if to enfold you
Devoured you.

The little hearts you painted on everything
Remained, like the track of your panic.
The splashes of a wound.

The spoor
Of the one that caught and devoured you.

—TED HUGHES

TWO Supreme Court Justices, of radically different outlooks, are murdered on a single night. What could possibly link the two killings? Everyone is baffled, except a lovely young law student, Darby Shaw. After digging around in a filing cabinet where nobody else would think of looking, she sets forth her speculations in what comes to be known as the Pelican Brief.

Some months later: In a darkened room, a weary film critic sees a print of a film entitled "The Pelican Brief." It slays him. This is the worst thriller he has seen all year. Or is it? He thinks back to the summer and vaguely recalls another, even worse movie, called "The Firm." What could possibly link the two disasters? After digging around in the credit sequences, he arrives at what comes to be known as the Grisham Connection.

Why do people read John Grisham? They say that he forces you to keep on flipping the pages, but then so does a Rolodex. His prose is dead on arrival, although, to be fair, that needn't disqualify a thriller writer from going about his business: Tom Clancy is no Flaubert, either, but with all those submarines barging around the place you don't really mind. Grisham plots are something else, and I remember the awed shock that overcame me as I realized what the pivotal event of "The Firm" was going to be: *photocopying*. Oh, well, I thought, the screen version will change all that, beef things up a little, trade the copier for a pair of helicopter gunships. But no—the lure of office machinery proved too strong, and poor Holly Hunter had to stand there running off documents to prove that the firm was overbilling its clients. What a hook. "It's not sexy, but it's got teeth," said Tom Cruise. He should know.

"The Pelican Brief" continues this fine tradition. After about two hours, we get a superbly boring keynote speech about a man who finds a wrong sheet of paper at the bottom of his pile. Thanks to this filing glitch, democracy is saved and a dirty President brought low. The director is Alan J. Pakula, who bought the novel before it was written, which sounds like a wise move; I mean, nobody could read it and *then* want to buy it. The story is plainly cast as a companion piece to Pakula's "All the President's Men," but the only effect is to cheapen and dilute the earlier movie, as if Watergate were just another helping of pap. When the camera left Hoffman and Redford and rose high into the Library of Congress, we saw them not as men but as mice locked in a labyrinth, sniffing for clues; Pakula tries a comparable shot several times in "The Pelican Brief," both indoors and outdoors, and with every repeat it becomes more of a mannerism, a gesture drained of meaning.

There is good stuff here, nevertheless, including a beautifully paced mur-

$125,000 IN SCREENWRITING FELLOWSHIPS

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences invites applications for its 9th annual Nicholl Screenwriting Fellowship Awards. Up to five Fellowships of $25,000 each will be awarded to new screenwriters.

Deadline for application is May 1, 1994. For information and an entry form, send a self-addressed, stamped, business-size envelope to:

The Nicholl Fellowships
Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences
Dept. C
8949 Wishire Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90211-1972

THE WORLD'S BEST PEPPERMILLS

No peppermill outgrinds our **MAGNUM®**. Quick loading, large storage, extraordinary range of grind size, and very fast grinding. For the serious pepper lover. 6" high, in black only. Salt grinder available in white. $29

Our famous **PEPPERGUN®**. Fast grinding, easy loading, large storage chamber, adjustable grind, and one hand use. It's the world's most efficient. 6" high. Black, white, or red. Salt grinder available in white. $23

Discreet, powerful, our new 3" travel size **MINIMILL®** will keep even the most intrusive wait staff at bay. Black, white or red. Adjustable, packed in a velvet travel pouch $17

Prices include postage.

unicorn®
Box 541-N
Nantucket MA 02554

Call Toll Free 1-800-634-8881 VISA/MC

PARIS NOTES

The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris

A fine way to stay in touch with the world's favorite city.

History, Culture, Art, Trends, Books, Current Events, People, Fun Facts, Travel and Language Tips, and More.

$36 per year (10 issues). Sample copy $4. Cheques only.
1142 Manhattan Ave, Box 134G, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266 • (310) 545-2735 • Full money back guarantee!

HATE TO SHAVE?

Try ABOUT-FACE™ shave cream. It's guaranteed to end your razor irritation.
(Aloe, 7 moisturizers, 5 emollients, 20,000 iu vitamin E.)
Non-aerosol 4.25 oz., $12.50 - lasts 2 months
Available: Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, 301 Park Avenue, NY
Tel. Order: 1-800-235-3200, VISA/MC (s/h $2.00)

TRY A LITTLE *Tenderness!®*

Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!
#469 6 (5 oz.) **FILET MIGNONS,**
each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just **$29.95!**
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

OFFER (valid in 48 mainland states) EXPIRES 1/31/94
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)

Omaha Steaks® International®
Dept. AD3124 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

Authentic New York City Transit Token Key Ring

Actual Token used 1970 - 1980 in Antique Brass Setting

$35 includes Shipping, Subway Map Gift Box & Authenticity Card
NYCTA ™
In NY add 8.25% tax

Tokens & Coins, Inc. PO Box 240 NY NY 10012
(800) 290-0046 • M-F • 9-6 EST • Visa, MC, Check

THE ANTIQUE WINE COMPANY

For the ultimate gift, a fine vintage wine from the year of the recipient's birth, with the original historical London 'Times' newspaper from the exact day of birth, in an engraved presentation case, delivered worldwide. Call us in CANADA and we'll suggest the best wines available.

TELEPHONE 1 514 934 5957
USA TOLL FREE PHONE 1 800 574 0141
WORLDWIDE FAX CAN. 514 934 2380

THE POKE BOAT®

IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.

It weighs only **28 pounds**. For **less than $800** you can buy more than a canoe.

Call toll-free **1-800-354-0190.**

THE
NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES

1.800.447.6553

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any U.S. touch-tone phone:

Remy Martin 1993 Holiday

Remy Martin brings you the cultural and culinary trimmings that make New York's holiday season sparkle. For information on Remy Martin Cognac's eventful *schedule, please call:*
30236

Tilley Endurables

Tilley Endurables. "The best travel and adventure clothing in the world": classically styled, long-lasting, comfortable clothes with secret pockets, security pockets and "Give 'em hell!" washing instructions. And, of course, the Tilley Hat. The 68-page catalogue is a hoot! For your free copy, please call:
30237

THE NEW YORKER
"At Large"

Receive the Fall 1993 issue of "At Large" – The New Yorker *Marketing Division's newsletter featuring New York City's Christmas Magic with a calendar of holiday events, and in-depth travel news from around the world. Call for your complimentary copy:*
30238

Malaysia and Singapore Sweepstakes!

Win a trip for two to Fascinating Malaysia and Surprising Singapore. Grand prize package includes: two round-trip economy class tickets to Malaysia and Singapore; four nights lodging in Singapore; four nights lodging in Malaysia. For entry form and official rules, please send a self-addressed, stamped, legal size envelope to: The New Yorker *Magazine, Singapore/Malaysia Sweepstakes, 20 West 43rd St., NY, NY 10036*

Loro Piana

Discover the timeless elegance of Loro Piana Italian fabrics. Our new store at 46 East 61st Street, New York, features everything for the finest wardrobes. Please call:
30248

Non-U.S. readers, write to: TNY Reader Services, 20 West 43rd St., NY, NY 10036

ADVERTISEMENT

der in a hotel room—just how slowly can you slide a closet door?—and yet another seductive performance from Denzel Washington. As an investigative reporter, he's impossibly slick at schmoozing with contacts over the phone, and he knows how to wear a suit, but no actor can do much with lines like "If this thing reaches as deep and goes as high as we think it does . . ." At one glorious moment, he tries to solve the mystery by writing down "[illegible]aw Firm" and "White House" on a piece of paper, joined by a series of arrows. Bingo! This may be an accurate representation of the way John Grisham sits down to draft a novel, but moviegoers expect a little more.

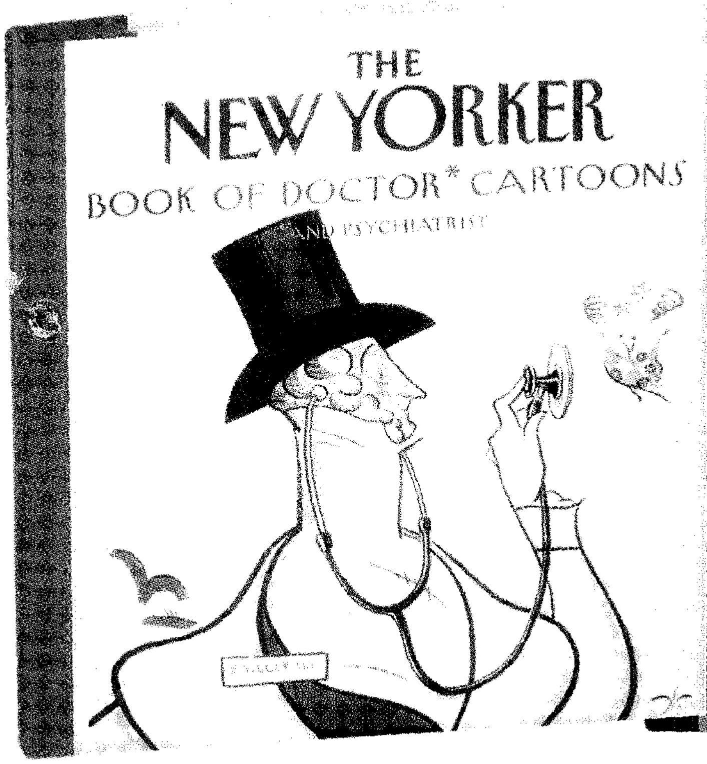
Most people will be drawn to this picture because it marks the return of Julia Roberts to the spotlight, as the hunted Darby Shaw. How does she look? In a word, scared, though it's hard to tell who spooks her more—the men with guns or the men with cameras and clapper boards. The scenes that require her to do Serious Acting—responding to a car bomb, for instance—are not a pretty sight. When will she admit to herself that she is essentially a comedienne, and that, far from being a handicap, this is the highest calling in cinema? Audrey Hepburn had a similar role in "Charade," sp[illegible]ding her time on the run from assorted heavies, but she let us know that it was all a bit of a spree—a matter of life and death, for sure, but also a chance to see Paris and gaze at Cary Grant. Julia Roberts merely bites her lip like a lost waif, reducing the movie to a sex-free zone; Denzel Washington looks less inclined to get her into bed than to buy her a hot meal and adopt her for Christmas. Only in the final shot does she unleash the full Roberts smile, as wide as a pelican's, and we see what we've been missing all along. ♦

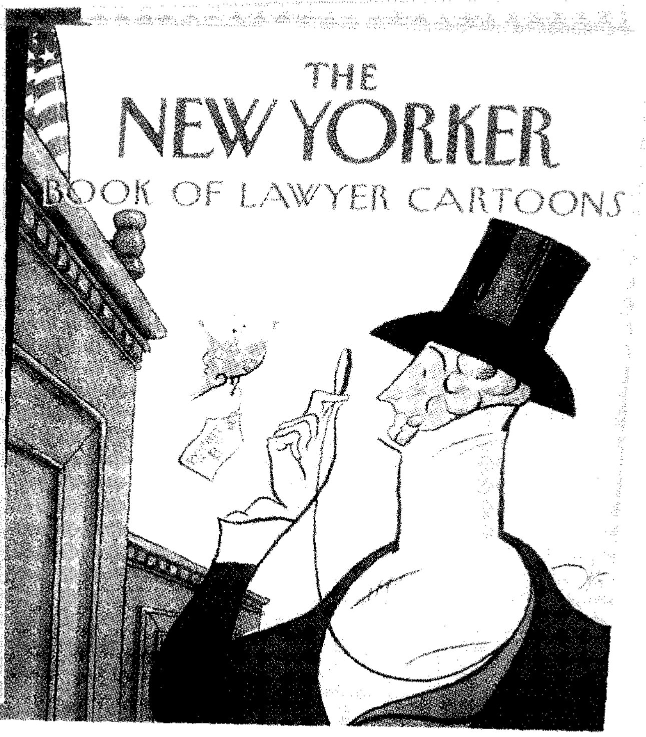
McClarney's Famous Restaurant prides itself in its home-cooked meals. Everything is prepared from scratch, McClarney proudly boasts.

Now the wheels of progress have run over this near-Southside institution.

"I have mixed emotions about it," McClarney said of his restaurant closing. "We are known all over this city. We've fed CEO's to the vagrants out back."—*Indianapolis News.*

The blue-chip special.





There's something funny about DOCTORS and LAWYERS!

WHAT'S FUNNY about doctors is **THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF DOCTOR CARTOONS.** In 85 uproarious cartoons, here are analysts analyzing, doctors prescribing, operating, referring ("I'd like you to see a botanist. You exhibit many of the symptoms of Dutch elm disease"); doctors being sensitive ("The doctor will see you now, Mrs. Perkins. Please try not to upset him."); doctors being confrontational ("The doctor's lawyer will see you now."). From internists to acupuncturists, here are doctors of every stripe deftly dissected by great *New Yorker* cartoonists from James Thurber and Peter Arno, to Shanahan and Chast.

AND WHAT'S FUNNY about lawyers is **THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF LAWYER CARTOONS.** Here, in 85 hilarious cartoons, are lawyers in the courtroom, in their offices, ambulance chasing, winning — but mostly losing — cases ("I've just about resigned myself to your getting twenty years."); lawyers specializing, suing negligent children, negotiating a "pre-victual agreement" before ordering a Chinese lunch. Lawyers observed, teased, and immortalized by some of our most brilliant cartoonists, from Charles Addams and George Price and William Steig to William Hamilton, Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin, Jack Ziegler and Charles Barsotti.

At all bookstores • Just published by Knopf

And don't forget

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF CAT CARTOONS

The kitten-size NEW YORKER BOOK OF CAT CARTOONS

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF DOG CARTOONS

Get...
Intimate
with Paris!
at a "Boutique" hotel
From only $40 per person
Whether historic landmark or converted grand residence, each provides a rare degree of personalized service and modern comfort. Jet Vacations offers a tempting selection of "Boutiques" with breakfast and many extras included in the affordable price.
For FREE Brochure, call:
1-800-JET-BROCHURE
USTOA $1 MILLION CONSUMER PROTECTION
Jet Vacations
The Experts in Independent Travel

RARE DALI PRINTS
If you own, or are considering purchase of a Salvador Dali print...
Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 400 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, *curator* of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we'll rush you a **free** copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter." ($10 an issue)
1-(800) 776-DALI
9 AM to 5 PM Pacific Time seven days a week

ADDICTIVE VOICE RECOGNITION TECHNIQUE
Take back your life from addiction — and from recovery! "AVRT," the heart of Rational Recovery, is explained on this 50-min. VHS format, high-quality video. Get stopped for good; *then* decide what other help you need.
$39.95 each, Visa/MstrCrd accepted.
Call Rational Recovery Systems, 916-621-2667

THE PELHAM HOTEL
London
In the Tradition of Excellence
15/16 Cromwell Place, London, SW7 2LA
Telephone: 071-589 8288, Fax: 071-584 8444
Telex: 8814714 Tudor G
USA Toll Free:- 1-800-553-6671

BOOKS

EROS REDUX

BY DAPHNE MERKIN

THE possibility that we are all fated to inhabit sexual islands of our own idiosyncratic making was brought home to me at a small dinner party I attended several months ago, when the hostess mentioned that two once prominent couples—no longer together, owing to death in one case and divorce in the other—had enjoyed sex lives that were notably "kinky." Of course, I understood the term, in some purely literal sense, as I assume did the other guests—but then my imagination wandered off, in directions peculiar to my history, and I felt the draft of separateness enter the room. What, I wondered, were the other guests conjuring up to go with the word "kinky"? Was it anything like the stuff I had called to mind? One thing that stands out in the haze of confusion that surrounds the subject of sex is that there is no real consensus about what constitutes erotic pleasure. As the *Village Voice* columnist Richard Goldstein once mused, "If there's no great porn film—not even 'Last Tango in Paris,' for all its value as dramatic tour de force—that's because there's no unity in people's fantasies; some of us will always think a stick of butter is for bread."

Clearly, erotic imaginations have always been as diverse as thumbprints. But sometime in the past three decades we seem to have lost our balance about things sexual. What is normal? What is off? Jeffrey Dahmer is surely everyone's idea of a sickie, and we are relieved to be able to identify him as such. What, however, is one to make of Prince Charles, longing to be Camilla Parker Bowles's tampon? Once you put the extremes aside, where do you draw the line? How, for that matter, do you locate the center? We know only that heterosexuality has ceded its automatic right-of-way; that the dark continent of sadomasochism has been domesticated into a household state of mind; and that the gender-true convention of the man on top and all it implies no longer holds sway even in Dubuque.

Annie Ernaux's "Simple Passion," a controversial best-seller in France, comes to America.

Indeed, many of us prefer, perversely, the anticipation of sex to the thing itself. Or we have the opposite wish—which is to prolong the *aftermath* of lovemaking, avidly seeking out its physical aspect in lingering smells and rumpled sheets. There's a whole literature of erotic longing, with overtones of bliss and undertones of *pain-in-pleasure*, that has sprung up to accommodate this predilection. It's a genre written by women for women—and for men intrigued by the inner life of women. (There's also a small cadre of male authors mining this territory: James Salter, Robert Coover, and, more recently, Nicholson Baker.) French writers—perhaps because they're schooled to appreciate the theoretical, perhaps because they're not burdened by a Puritan legacy—are particularly adept at evoking these blasted-out landscapes, less romance than romantic desperation. If Marguerite Duras's "The Lover" is the purest and most literarily gifted example, Pauline Réage's "Story of O" runs a close second, although the latter's reputation as a soft-core masterpiece has tended to obscure its psychological underpinnings.

Beneath their erotic feinting, these books—and the work of other (non-French) writers, such as Edna O'Brien

FRENCH ART NOUVEAU JEWELRY
18K GOLD. C.1900

GRIFFIN BROOCH. $2750

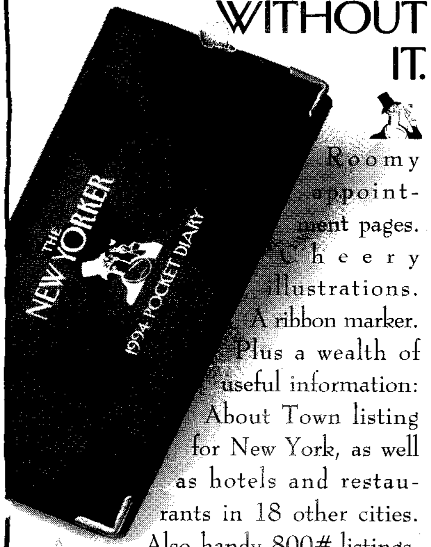
BRACELET. $5500

BROOCH. SIGNED "FLEURET." $1375

ROSE DIAMOND DRAGONFLY BROOCH. $4250

SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, BOSTON, MA 02117
(617) 266-1858



DON'T FACE 1994 WITHOUT IT.

Roomy appointment pages. Cheery illustrations. A ribbon marker. Plus a wealth of useful information: About Town listing for New York, as well as hotels and restaurants in 18 other cities. Also handy 800# listings. Six major-city maps, all in color. Very New Yorker. Yours by calling:

800-336-5510

for credit card orders, or send check or money order for $14.95*, plus $2 shipping and handling to:
The New Yorker, Dept. 021022
Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336.

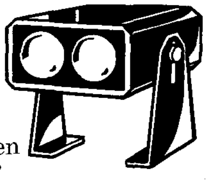
*Please add sales tax for CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH; Canada, 7% G.S.T. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

© The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

and Jean Rhys—are about the embattled border where I leave off and you begin: the primal lure of symbiosis versus the rigorous claims of autonomy, set to a sexual beat. How much merging with the Other can one sustain without giving up the Self? The literature of longing exists on a continuum that seems to mirror the broad-ranging dynamics of this predicament: at one end is the lost-in-the-funhouse escapade, from which the two lovers emerge bruised but essentially intact; at the other the consigned-to-the-nuthouse drama, in which one of the players (usually the woman) is destroyed. Although Madame Bovarys have always existed in one form or another, the past decade or so has witnessed a florescence of interest in this self-immolating romantic type, both in literature and on film; "9½ Weeks," "Damage," "Fatal Attraction," and "Camille Claudel" come to mind. The prevalence of the genre suggests, among other things, that as traditional means of defining ourselves—through gender, class, and geographical origins—become more fluid, our chances of resolving our anxieties about who we are decrease.

ANNIE ERNAUX describes the condition of obsessive erotic longing with a lighter touch than most authors: she calls it "craving through absence." Ernaux, who is French, and has previously written short, grave, and deeply affecting memoirs about her mother ("A Woman's Story") and her father ("A Man's Place"), has now written a memoir of a sexual paradise lost. (If the true paradises are lost paradises—as Proust wrote—can one further infer that every paradise is essentially erotic?) Ernaux demonstrates with an almost abjectly self-revealing candor (in contrast to the self-protective "confessional" writing of someone like Duras) that the elusiveness of the love object—the circumstantial and emotional hurdles that separate us from it—is its most powerful draw:

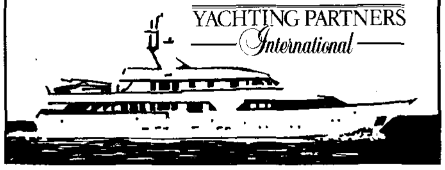
> As he always called me from telephone boxes, whose functioning could prove erratic, quite often when I picked up the receiver there was no one on the line. After some time I realized that this 'fake' phone call would be followed by the real one, fifteen minutes later at the most, the time it took to find a phone booth in working order. That first silent call was a prelude to his voice, a (rare) promise of happiness, and the



Winter days and Mondays always get me down.

Science has the answer to the winter blues. It's bright light -- light that's 10 to 50 times brighter than room light. Light you're deprived of when the days are short or cloudy, you can't get outdoors, you work without windows. Lose your energy when winter days hit? The desktop *Light Light* can give you the bright light you're missing (up to 12,000 lux) with just a few minutes' use. Safer than the sun. Easier, too.

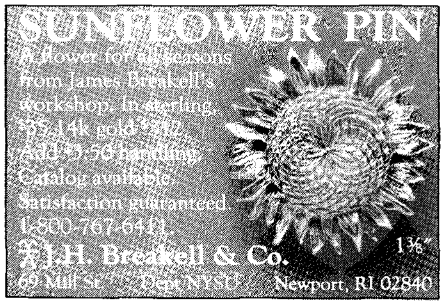
The Light Light
For the light deprived
1-800-963-9634 Ext. 12
$199 plus shipping and applicable tax



Sales & Purchase. Yacht Charter. Management.
The experts–Worldwide.
CALL 1-800-626-0019 FOR FULL COLOUR CHARTER BROCHURE AND COMPANY PROFILE.

Yachting Partners International
28/29 Richmond Place, Brighton BN2 2NA, England
Telephone: (0273) 571722 Fax: (0273) 571720

YACHTING PARTNERS International



SUNFLOWER PIN
A flower for all seasons from James Breakell's workshop. In sterling, $55; 14k gold $[illegible]. Add $5.50 handling. Catalog available. Satisfaction guaranteed. 1-800-767-6411.
J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill St. Dept [illegible] Newport, RI 02840

RESTORED HACIENDA
— in the bottom of the Canyon —

HIDDEN IN THE MISTY REACHES OF THE MEXICAN SIERRA MADRES - At the end of an 8 hour rugged cliff-hanging dirt road, the Hacienda's shady courtyard fountains invite relaxation in another era. **You are invited.** American managed. Call Judy at our U.S. Office. 800-776-3942

CAMERON MACKINTOSH and THE MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB
present
JULIE ANDREWS
STEPHEN COLLINS
CHRISTOPHER DURANG
MICHAEL RUPERT
RACHEL YORK
PUTTING IT TOGETHER
RCA VICTOR
ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING
2 CD SET

"Smart & Sexy!"
-The New York Times

09026-61729

Julie Andrews
Stephen Collins
Christopher Durang
Michael Rupert
Rachel York

RCA VICTOR
IS BROADWAY

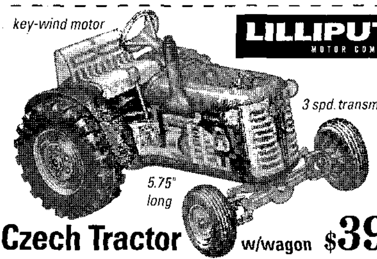
Tmk(s) Registered. Marca(s) Registrada(s) General Electric Company, USA, except BMG logo ® BMG Music. © 1993 BMG Music

The Autry
RESORT HOTEL

The Legendary Glamour of Palm Springs is here at the Autry. Thirteen beautifully landscaped acres, golf, swimming pools, hot spas, 185 rooms and bungalows, award-winning cuisine, celebrity entertainment, and superb service.

Special for *New Yorker* readers — $95 per night, Sunday through Thursday.

The Autry Resort Hotel, 4200 East Palm Canyon Drive, Palm Springs, CA 92264.
Call (619) 328-1171 or (800) 443-6328.



LILLIPUT
MOTOR COMPANY

Czech Tractor w/wagon $39⁵⁰

Lilliput P.O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447 **Pay by** Visa, MC, Am Ex, check
Call 800-TIN-TOYS Fax 702-463-5581 **Shipping** $6 ea. In NV add 6% tax.

interval separating it from the second call—when he would say my name and 'can we meet?'—one of the most glorious moments ever.

Ernaux's book is called, with a graceful bow in the direction of irony, "Simple Passion" (Four Walls Eight Windows; $15). It is tiny, only sixty-four wide-margined pages long, and contains the first-person account of one woman's love affair with a married man—she a divorced schoolteacher and writer, he an Eastern European stationed in Paris. The story is told in immediate flashback, several months after the affair has ended, in a habitual past tense: "I would be overcome," "He would dress slowly," "It would only last . . ." It's as if Ernaux had managed to wring a humane responsiveness out of the neutral conjugations of grammar.

The protagonist has "gotten over" the situation sufficiently to be able to recollect it in artistic tranquillity, but not enough so that we don't feel the sizzle, and the hurt. The affair, which lasted less than two years, has presumably ended because the man—A—has gone back to his native country. (Left unspoken is the fact that he doesn't feel strongly enough to pursue her from across the globe.) On a deeper level, the affair has ended because the protagonist has willed her "age of passion" to come to a close, out of psychological exhaustion, but also out of a need to rage—on paper rather than in her life—against the inevitable dying of sexual fixation. "So the world is beginning to mean something again outside A? The cat trainer from the Moscow Circus, the towelling bathrobe, Barbizon, the entire text assembled in my head day after day since the first night with words, images and gestures, all the signs forming the unwritten novel of a passion are beginning to fall apart."

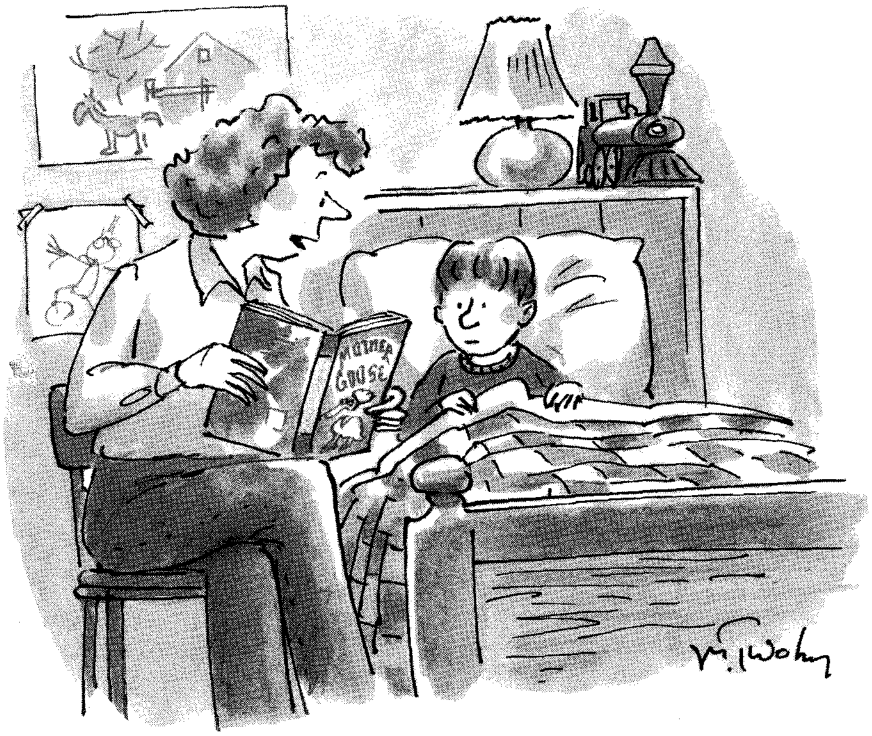
There is perhaps in all such literature a Swinburnian wish—implied rather than expressed—for the easeful cessation of consciousness that is the peace beyond longing, in which the disturbing vividness of carnal attraction is extinguished in the vast impersonality of time. And curled silently behind this is yet another recognition: that we are, writers and readers alike, temporary dwellers in the country of speech, of squawkings on the page, on our way to permanent residence in the universe of speechlessness—the "infinite emptiness," as Ernaux calls it, after passion.

What this slim, elliptical narrative captures better than anything else I've read regarding the nature of erotic reverie is its encased, nothing-further-to-be-said quality. "I would have liked," Ernaux writes, "to have done nothing else but wait for him." (So, too, Duras in "The Lover": "I've . . . never loved, never done anything but wait outside the closed door.") The book's power lies in the microscopic intensity of its focus, a remembrance of desire past in which everything remotely associated with the loved one—all of life outside the obsession, that is—becomes a way back into the obsession, Proust's madeleine rendered into a whole lineup of madeleines, each more thoroughly steeped in erotic nostalgia than the next:

> As soon as he left, I would be overcome by a wave of fatigue. I wouldn't tidy up straight away: I would sit staring at the glasses, the plates and their leftovers, the overflowing ashtray, the clothes, the lingerie strewn all over the bedroom and the hallway, the sheets spilling over on to the carpet. I would have liked to keep that mess the way it was—a mess in which every object evoked a caress or a particular moment, forming a still-life whose intensity and pain could never, for me, be captured by any painting in a museum. Naturally, I would never wash until the next day, to keep his sperm inside me.

"Simple Passion" is transparently autobiographical. But it refuses, or gives the impression of refusing, to take advantage of the fictional scrim that most autobiography, from Rousseau's "Confessions" onward, has helped itself to: the self-portraitist's crucial touchups, bespeaking artistic intention or, more likely, personal vanity. This memoir falls into the reader's lap like a steaming lump of truth, smelling of sexual hunger, indifferent to the shamelessness or the pathos of its cause. "Having to answer questions such as 'Is it an autobiography?,' " Ernaux muses parenthetically, "and having to justify this or that may have stopped many books from seeing the light of day, except in the form of a novel, which succeeds in saving appearances."

"SIMPLE PASSION" can be read in under an hour, which may help explain why it achieved best-seller status in France—just as the brevity of Robert James Waller's "The Bridges of Madison County" has been adduced to explain its spectacular performance in this country. Although very different, the two books are not unrelated literary animals. Another factor that may help explain the



"So, when he says, 'What a good boy am I,' Jack is really reinforcing his self-esteem."

• •

impact of Ernaux's book is that—though it aches on the page like an exposed nerve—it is clearly the rumination of someone who has imbibed the work of Barthes, Blanchot, and the rest of the semiotic whiz kids. Her account abounds with references to absence and presence ("I experienced pleasure like a future pain"); to the limited province of authorship versus the unbounded terrain of the text ("Once I start typing out the text . . . I shall be through with innocence"); and to the ontological anxiety, so beloved of deconstructionists, that besets disparate but related activities, such as sex and writing ("Living in passion or writing: in each case one's perception of time is fundamentally different"). The lack of emotional sprawl here is entirely un-American, very much the product of a Gallic sensibility—wreathed in booze and cigarette smoke, more literate and world-weary than our Yankee one.

More shockable, too, evidently, for otherwise it is hard to figure out why this highly cerebral book caused a national controversy in France—the country of preëminent sophistication concerning affairs of the heart. Or so we've been led to believe: France, after all, is where Roman Polanski fled after romping with a girl barely old enough to babysit, and France is where the marriage of convenience and the ménage à trois were virtually invented. It is we Americans who are reputedly naïve when it comes to the realm of the senses—we who expect our Presidents to be faithful husbands as well as faithful citizens, with any evidence to the contrary likely to ignite a major contretemps. National tastes in reading are apparently as opaque as individual sexual preferences—once again the old conundrum of what your brain sees when it is shown a stick of butter. This is not to suggest that "Simple Passion" isn't memorable—it is, in fact, a work of lyrical precision and diamond-hard clarity—only that it would be inconceivable for such a contained, literarily self-conscious work to achieve a wide readership in America.

The French, on the evidence of their embrace of this book, have an admirably high tolerance for postmodern complexities, which make it difficult to tell a story—even as elemental a story as this—without an acute awareness on the storyteller's part of the creaky contraption of storytelling. That "Simple Passion" is a book—a "text"—about an affair is part and parcel of its self-perception; we are not for a moment to be fooled

"MARVELOUS. AS MUCH FUN TO READ AS IT IS TO SHOP AT BLOOMINGDALE'S."
— Stanley Marcus

LIKE NO OTHER STORE...
THE BLOOMINGDALE'S LEGEND AND THE REVOLUTION IN AMERICAN MARKETING
MARVIN TRAUB
FORMER CHAIRMAN OF BLOOMINGDALE'S
AND TOM TEICHOLZ

From the genius who forever changed the face of marketing: the classic, witty, gossipy – and highly instructive – saga of what it took to turn a bargain basement into an international legend.

"The definitive inside story."
— Ralph Lauren

TIMES BOOKS

Design at Harvard
Architecture
Landscape Architecture
Urban Design

CAREER DISCOVERY PROGRAM
June 27-August 5, 1994

For people of all ages considering career choices or changes

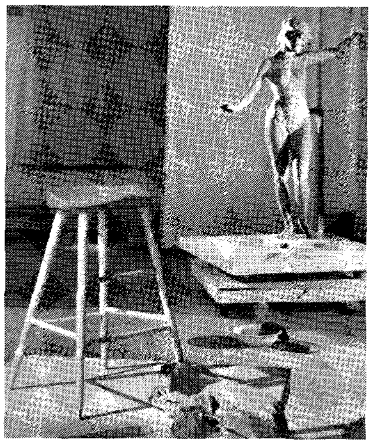
Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
Career Discovery Box N
48 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
617-495-5453

Recorded Books™
NEW The Road from Coorain
by Jill Ker Conway

Narrated by Barbara Caruso
Unabridged on cassette
Call now for a free catalog:
1-(800)-638-1304
Ask about quick and easy rentals by mail.

Recorded Books, Inc.
Prince Frederick, MD 20678

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS



At Thos. Moser, we design and build elegant hardwood furnishings. Each piece is created by hand, and captures the comfort and beauty of classic American styling. Designed for both traditional and contemporary homes, Thos. Moser furniture will endure gracefully for generations to come.

CATALOG $10

ALEXANDRIA 703-548-3447
PHILADELPHIA 215-922-6440
SAN FRANCISCO 415-931-8131

415R CUMBERLAND AVE., PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791

INN ON THE ALAMEDA
"That Enchanting Small Hotel in Old Santa Fe"

- Between Canyon Road and the historic Plaza
- Complimentary Gourmet Breakfast
- Southwestern Hospitality
- Charming Rooms and Suites

800-289-2122

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK NOW

Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, juvenile and religious works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for free 32-page illustrated booklet E-108 Vantage Press, 516 W 34 St., New York, NY 10001

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too. History, literature, fiction, military, 80 other subjects. Send two dollars for listings of 25,000 titles & prices to EDITIONS, Desk Y, Boiceville, NY 12412...

We also have two associated bookshops (with large stocks of books not in our lists) that are open seven days, 10-5.

In Ashokan NY on Rt 28, 9 mi W. of NYS T'way Exit 19.

In Lebanon, NJ, Rt 22E at Gristmill just off I-78; Exit 20A or 18.

EDITIONS, Desk Y, Boiceville, NY 12412

into thinking that this modest, hedged-in artifact is the *Ding an sich*, the affair in itself. A contemporary sensibility such as Ernaux's is defined in part by a refusal to treat her readers as unsophisticated latecomers to the literary dance: the illusion of verisimilitude that was once art's finest offering has been disavowed, and in its place is a general tentativeness about the larger reality that art is supposed to be imitating. Whether you like this kind of writing or not, it certainly isn't trying to give you the rush of immersion, the "you are there" feeling that much of American fiction still aims for. In other words, it certainly isn't "The Bridges of Madison County," written to entertain the late-twentieth-century descendants of those cave dwellers who were lulled by the first storyteller into forgetting the howling wolves in the darkness outside.

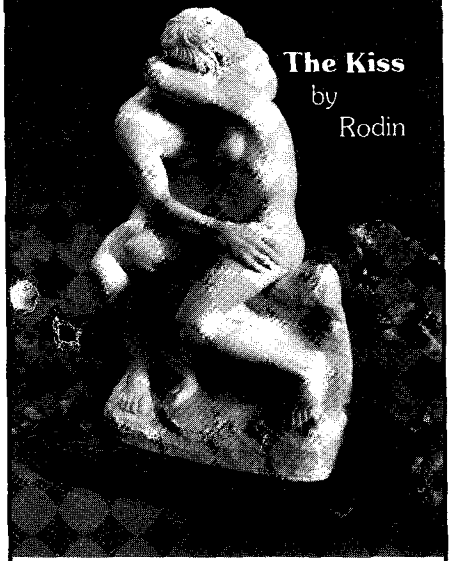
And yet, curiously, the shock value of the woman's predicament in Ernaux's book—its readerly seduction, if you will—is not, at its core, very different from the appeal of "The Bridges of Madison County." "Bridges," of course, was the publishing surprise of last year, catching even marketing-savvy Warner Books off guard. Waller writes like a mediocre balladeer—although when he tried to make like Willie Nelson, and issued a recording of songs, he struck out. Now he has written a second novel, "Slow Waltz in Cedar Bend," with a print run of a million and a half copies. It is very nearly a clone of the first, and, given the sales record of "Bridges"—more than half a year as No. 1 on the New York *Times* best-seller list—who can blame him? It is a chestnut of the book business that romance sells, that mass-market paperbacks of a specific sort—featuring a woman in décolletage, an Alec Baldwinish male, and prose that manages to convey tumescence while at the same time primly veiling any intrusion of the phallic—do well. But "literary" fiction has never sold on the basis of love triumphant. When "Bridges" performed spectacularly, the surprise was not that a romantic story sold at this stratospheric level but that a small-size, *hardcover* love story—packaged by its publishers to look serious in its intentions, the jacket done up in smudgy, greige colors—found so many readers. ("Bridges" has dropped to No. 2 on the list, edged out by—what else?—"Slow Waltz in Cedar Bend.")

What both Waller's books have in common with Ernaux's book is that they reassert—in the face of AIDS, and the revival of the concept of marital fidelity, and even of premarital chastity—the perception that the heartland of eroticism lies outside the confines of marriage. In their puffed-up, clumsy, yet somehow canny way, Waller's novels sniff out the great valley of discontent between the sexes; his randy, unattached protagonists smugly observe the slow drip of calcification that occurs in even the best of domestic arrangements. Their author has figured out that at the heart of every long-suffering wife is an underappreciated wench, whose submerged glory is just waiting to be rediscovered. Here is Robert Kincaid, the peripatetic photographer in "Bridges," on first spotting Francesca, the Iowa farm wife whose husband pays more attention to his prize steer than to her: "She came off the porch toward him. He stepped from the truck and looked at her, looked closer, and then closer still. She was lovely, or had been at one time, or could be again."

Waller's depiction of self-regarding loners with amatory talents (narcissists, if only they and he knew it) who pine for women already claimed by stalwart but unworthy spouses depends for its effect on the reader's tacit agreement—and there seem to be a lot of willing readers out there—that marriage is not good for your sex life. Possession, it seems, is nine-tenths of boredom, and the daily grind will do the rest. Just as the imperatives of domesticity are not conducive to passion, so the imperatives of passion are not conducive to domesticity. Affairs, by their very nature, preclude taking out the garbage. Most of us know this instinctively, and yet many of us spend our adult lives making an end run around this incontestable fact, trying to have it both ways. We marry for—among other things—the simple certitude of it; we have affairs because we crave the unexpected. No one has ever titled a movie "A Marriage to Remember," and for good reason: it would bomb at the box office. Marriages endure, but they're not, generally speaking, memorable except to the parties involved.

At the opening of "Slow Waltz in Cedar Bend," the leather-jacketed, motorcycle-gunning professor who is the novel's hero spots his married prey, the gray-eyed Jellie Braden, and spends "a

A Gift for Lovers!



THE KISS. One of the most romantically appealing statues ever created. With perfect balance Rodin combined spiritual and physical love in a lover's embrace. Handcrafted in bonded marble or bonded bronze. 10″ bonded marble on marble base..$183 ppd; 14″ bonded marble without base..$298 ppd; 14″ bonded bronze..$686 ppd. Check, VISA, MC. Unconditional guarantee. **120 page artbook color catalog of 350 items $6.**

ELEGANZA LTD.
Importers of Fine Statuary
Magnolia Village • 3217 W. Smith #1412
Seattle, WA 98199 • 206/283-0609

the ITALIAN *traveler*

An extraordinary monthly newsletter offering up-to-the-minute restaurant and hotel critiques, travel itineraries and more. The New York Times calls us "sophisticated." Our readers call us "indispensable." Now in our 5th year.

$54 (U.S. funds) for 11 issues ($66 outside North America). Sample $10. Send checks, VISA/MC or Amex number (with expiration date) to **The Italian Traveler, P.O. Box 32, Livingston, NJ 07039**. We accept fax and phone orders. Gift announcements sent promptly. Full satisfaction or full refund. NY12

☎ (201) 535-6572 Fax (201) 994-3847

KIAWAH SEABROOK WILD DUNES
RESORT GUIDES & RESERVATIONS
1-800-247-5050 Ext. 357
NEAR HISTORIC CHARLESTON • SITE OF RYDER CUP
RAVENEL ASSOCIATES, TWO BEACHWALKER, KIAWAH, SC 29455

HAPPY NEW YEAR...BOOKS
For children who travel:
Brown Bear Goes to Washington $5.95
For adults: Hiram Walker Remembered $21.95
Ziegfeld: Man & Myth (*prepublication price*) $50.00
COMMUNICATIONS UNLIMITED FAX: (519) 945-1524
Add $4.00 S&H; Make cheques payable to: Wendy Fraser

restless night" agitating about "primal things versus rectitude." The conflict could apply just as well to the woman writing her way out of sexual obsession in "Simple Passion." Ernaux's narrator would willingly drop everything and light out for amorous territory, if only her man would stay in her field of vision long enough: "I knew that nothing in my life (having children, passing exams, travelling to faraway countries) had ever meant as much to me as lying in bed with that man in the middle of the afternoon."

It's odd that Ernaux, who so scrupulously records the impact of an extramarital relationship, says almost nothing about marriage. One can take this as an indictment—or, more simply, as a reflection of the postmodern view of connubial love. To live with a man or a woman on an ongoing, intimate basis is to grow jaded, weary of the imaginative possibilities; at some point, our husbands and wives fail to live up to a long-ago sensed potential. They become to us who they have become to themselves, and it is hard to envision them as promising more than they currently yield. An affair brings with it a reclaiming of one's own dimmed hope for oneself. Men look for the erect stalk of their youth, women for something more amorphous, something close to that moment when they first glimpsed sensual bliss.

The very form of Ernaux's book—the narrative as a revisiting of a passion eclipsed—suggests that all eros is redux: a magical reading backward against the inscribed flow of history, a temporary reversal of that infinite regress, of that long unfolding wherein the flesh softens, the teeth decay, and passion wanes. If paradise is but a memory of paradise, then perhaps we are wiser to stay in our own beds and leave it to other people—writers, that is—to have their messy or bittersweet affairs and come back and report on them to us. On the last page of her memoir, Ernaux presents us directly with the purpose of "Simple Passion": "an offering of a sort, bequeathed to others." We should be grateful for the small, comforting indiscretions of her prose—even for Robert James Waller's ungainly, strutting croonings. They relieve us for a while of our unmet curiosity, articulate for us—in neatly packaged narrative—erotic byways we have thought about while feeding the cat or reading a bedtime story to one of our children. When they're over, we can close the book, turn off the light, and dream. ♦

LOSE WEIGHT ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND

It's not often that you can enjoy a premier vacation resort while at the same time lose weight, improve metabolism, reduce cholesterol and develop a healthier lifestyle. But that's exactly what Hilton Head Health Institute® enables you to do.

Since 1976 thousands of men and women have achieved long-term positive changes with our Health and Weight Control Programs. Rather than providing a short-term diet and exercise regimen the Institute offers a comprehensive mind/body approach as outlined in our bestselling books which include:

The Hilton Head Metabolism Diet
If I'm So Smart, Why Do I Eat Like This?
The Hilton Head Over-35 Diet

You can also participate in our stop smoking clinic and begin a new, smoke-free life.

For a healthy vacation that will change your life for years to come, call **Toll free: 800 292-2440; in Canada: 800 348-2039 (Fax: 803 686-5659)** or mail in the coupon below.

Hilton Head Health Institute®
Valencia Road, Shipyard Plantation
P.O. Box 7138 NYR
Hilton Head Island, SC 29938

Name ____________
Address ____________
____
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________
Daytime Phone (____) ____________

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHY

RICHARD AVEDON

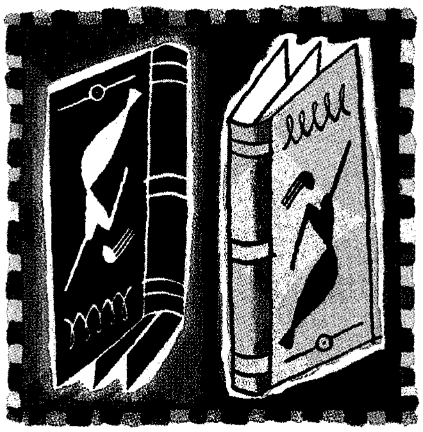
"Visually stunning." — *The New York Times Book Review*

Also available: an edition of 250 copies, signed with a limited edition print
At bookstores now or call 1-800-456-5303 Dept. # 450239
A Selection of the Book of-the-Month Club

RANDOM HOUSE

Kodak
PROFESSIONAL
IMAGING

BOOKS FROM OUR PAGES



A year-end roundup of books that originally appeared, in whole or in part, in The New Yorker.

Lenin's Tomb: The Last Days of the Soviet Empire

by David Remnick (*Random House, $25*)

In 1987, Gorbachev publicly acknowledged that perhaps Stalin had made a few mistakes; only five years later, the Communist Party's right to exist was being challenged in the Russian courts. David Remnick was a Moscow correspondent for the Washington *Post* during this time of national reckoning, and he seems to have been everywhere: in Siberia during the miners' strike; in Prague for the demonstrations in Wenceslas Square; beside the tanks in Moscow during the attempted coup. Wherever he went, he interviewed the inhabitants of a dizzying world in which the past was being rewritten almost as quickly as the future. Remnick's Russia is like a magic lamp that, once touched by glasnost, released the long-silenced voices of its citizens, from Andrei Sakharov and Yelena Bonner to the Mafia thugs in St. Petersburg and the heroic rescue workers of Chernobyl.

Collected Poems, 1953-1993

by John Updike (*Knopf, $27.50*)

As a poet, Updike is Hardyesque: prolific, and pleasingly out of step with his time. Few contemporary poets can divide their work into serious poems and the much neglected category "Light Verse," as he has here. His subjects are wildly varied; "Klimt and Schiele Confront the Cunt" lands, in the chronological arrangement, next to a poem about the "genial pulpiness" of Pennsylvania, his native state. It's clear that Updike has written poetry as much for himself as for his audience—has gone to the typewriter to give form to his most private thoughts and jokes—and the book becomes both a record of a writer's development and a portrait of the multifaceted man behind the writer.

Genie: An Abused Child's Flight from Silence

by Russ Rymer (*HarperCollins, $20*)

The thirteen-year-old heroine of this book was considered a contemporary "wild child" when she was discovered, first by the Los Angeles welfare office and then by the scientific community, in 1970. Tied up in the back room of her family's house, deprived of nearly all stimuli, Genie had learned almost nothing. In human terms, she was a casualty; in linguistic terms, she was a gold mine. Rymer explores the moral significance of Genie's life both before and after her "rescue," and, in his hands, her case history reads like a nineteenth-century novel.

Curriculum Vitae

by Muriel Spark (*Houghton Mifflin, $22.95*)

"Truth by itself is neutral and has its own dear beauty," Spark writes in the introduction to this memoir of her beginnings as a writer. She recalls her education, under the formidable Miss Christina Kay, at James Gillespie's High School for Girls, in Edinburgh; her disastrous early marriage and sojourn in Africa; her years of near-starvation in postwar London. Readers of Spark's fiction will recognize many of the details here; what's surprising is her tone of benevolent acceptance, and her way of making what was in many respects a difficult life seem a charmed one.

The Pugilist at Rest

by Thom Jones (*Little, Brown, $18.95*)

These manic and meditative stories are about fighters: a woman dying of cancer, Vietnam vets wrestling with the horrors. The ex-boxer of the title story can still see how his lieutenant, one arm blown off, "stayed up on one knee with his remaining arm extended out to the enemy, palm upward in the soulful, heartrending gesture of Al Jolson doing a rendition of 'Mammy.'" There's something exuberantly American about these characters; in their need to explain how they ended up where they are, they quote Hendrix lyrics and lines from Schopenhauer with equal conviction.

Assembling California

by John McPhee

(*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $21*)

In the early sixties, the theory of plate tectonics hit the study of geology like an earthquake, and the aftershocks are still being felt. The author—not a geologist but a layman with a passion—wanders with Eldridge Moores, an engaging tectonicist, from the high Troodos of Cyprus to the Napa Valley, attempting to grasp how island arcs and other chunks of land collided with North America to form California as we know it. This is a mind-boggling journey, through bounteous metaphorical terrain: stretch marks, cement mixers, toboggans sliding to rest, and even slippery banana peels come to McPhee's rhetorical aid as he conveys to the reader, in human terms, the lumbering mysteries of continents on the move.

Life For Me Ain't Been No Crystal Stair

by Susan Sheehan (*Pantheon, $21*)

When Crystal Taylor gives birth to her son, Daquan, she has been living with her drug-dealing boyfriend and his parents. She has no intention of putting Daquan in foster care, let alone ending up there herself. But Crystal is only fourteen; her boyfriend is twenty-three; her mother is a heroin addict. Both she and her son are made temporary wards of the state, as her mother had been before her. Sheehan's matter-of-fact account suggests that the foster-care system is both this family's salvation and its downfall, and she implicitly raises hard questions about our responsibilities as parents and as citizens.

The Elephant Vanishes

by Haruki Murakami,

translated from the Japanese by Alfred Birnbaum and Jay Rubin (*Knopf, $21*)

Reading these stories, set in and around middle-class Tokyo, is like staring too long into the mirror and confronting the strangeness of your own face—which is just the kind of thing Murakami's characters spend time doing. A housewife goes seventeen days without sleep; an ad executive for an appliance company sees miniature men march into his living room and install a TV. Murakami takes us deep into the maze of everyday life, where alienation from the routine may be the first turn toward enlightenment.

The Great Power-Line Cover-Up

by Paul Brodeur (*Little, Brown, $21.95*)

In the past two decades, Brodeur recounts, the people living on Meadow Street in Guilford, Connecticut, suffered from a bewildering array of health problems: brain tumors, excruciating headaches, birth defects, disabling cysts. They knew that the power substation on their street, which had exploded several times, blew out their light bulbs and emitted a constant humming sound. Could it have anything to do with their statistically improbable medical histories? To say that the official response to their concerns was inadequate doesn't begin to tell the story.

Fire Lyric

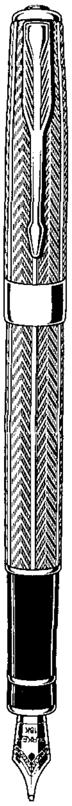
by Cynthia Zarin (*Knopf, $19*)

A box turtle, a large Burmese ruby at auction, the Umbrian landscape: the subjects of these poems seem to dissolve into the author's intelligence even as she describes them. In fact, Zarin's dense, challenging verses suggest that intelligence is itself a kind of language—one that carries a distinct emotional charge. In her lexicon, the inverse of beauty "is not ugliness but shame"; a poem about learning German in childhood recalls a strangely tender obsession with the "barbed letters" through which the Holocaust was first glimpsed.

A Violent Act

by Alec Wilkinson (*Knopf, $22*)

This is the story of the 1986 manhunt for Mike Jackson, who shot his probation officer in Indianapolis and then went on an eleven-day spree across the Midwest, stealing cars and killing people as he ran from the law. Wilkinson weaves the details of the criminal's disturbed mental life into the drama of the chase, examines the climate in the communities touched by his deadly run, and concludes with a section on the haunted, patched-over existence of the murdered probation officer's widow and sons. The author suggests that the American fixation on the psychology of kill-



PARKER
SONNET
THE WRITER'S PEN

You'll notice the difference the first time you hold the new Parker Sonnet in your hand. There's something about its beauty, perfect balance & smooth ink flow that inspires brilliant thoughts. To ensure your fountain pen suits your writing style perfectly, Parker offers several 18K gold nib grades. Rediscover the art of writing with the Parker Sonnet fountain pens, ball pens, roller balls and pencils in a range of precious metal and laque finishes, priced for every budget. All Parker Sonnets now specially priced at Fahrney's. Worldwide Full Lifetime Warranty.

Fahrney's Pens, Inc.

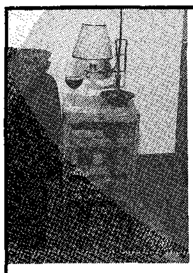
Visit our store:
1430 G St., NW
Wash., DC (near
the White House)

The Writing Instrument Specialists
Phone orders & Catalog Requests
Call Toll Free 1-800-624-PENS
M-F 9:00 - 6:00, Sat. 10-5, EST

SPECIAL OFFER
Twelve extraordinary hand-pulled photogravure prints from the works of
Edward Steichen:
The Early Years
1900-1927

It was Edward Steichen's hope that his finest photographs would one day be printed as hand-pulled photogravures. Aperture has made Steichen's wish possible by producing 500 portfolios of twelve hand-pulled photogravure prints. *Only 50 portfolios remain. Originally $2,500. They are now offered at $1,250.* You can order these masterpieces today.
Call toll-free **1-800-929-2323**
for a catalogue of limited editions. Or to view the prints, call (212) 505-5555, ext. 326 • All photogravures in the portfolio measure 16 x 20. Images vary in size.

APERTURE
PUBLISHER OF FINE PHOTOGRAPHY
20 East 23rd St., New York, NY 10010



The Country Cottage

THE WEEKEND RETREAT
The perfect companion to that easy chair . . . Crafted in New England of oak and holding 8 bottles of wine, this versatile rack also provides ample space for your reading lamp and wine glass.
Other models available.

Free Brochure . . .
M.E. WILLIAMS LTD.
P.O. Box 517
Chelmsford, MA 01824-0517
800-331-RACK

ers ought to be balanced by a concern for the devastated families they leave in their wake.

The Thing Happens: Ten Years of Writing About the Movies

by Terrence Rafferty (*Grove, $24.95*)

This critical omnibus includes a long and subtle consideration of the author's touchstone film, Renoir's "The Rules of the Game"; a dozen essays on directors, from Huston and the Taviani brothers to De Palma and the Brothers Quay; and reviews of fifty-four films. Most of these appeared in our pages between 1988 and 1992, a period during which Rafferty offered lucid assessments of, among others, "Do the Right Thing," "The Silence of the Lambs," "Thelma & Louise," "JFK," and "The Player."

Alice in Bed

by Susan Sontag
(*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10*)

What happens, in Western culture, to the "top girls"? This play explores the question asked, decades earlier, by Virginia Woolf; here, however, the brilliant sister invoked is not Shakespeare's but Henry and William's, that beloved and spectacularly unproductive invalid Alice James. Sontag's Alice can neither escape the surrealistic wonderland of her life nor make sense of it. In one scene, the ghosts of Emily Dickinson and Margaret Fuller come for a tea party and dispense friendly advice; in another, Alice remembers asking her father for permission to kill herself.

Up at Oxford

by Ved Mehta (*Norton, $25*)

This is the seventh installment of Mehta's autobiography, "Continents of Exile," and the first to be set in England, the educational promised land of his Indian youth. The twenty-two-year-old Ved, who has been blind since childhood, arrives at Balliol in 1956. He is desperate to become a real Oxford man, even to the point of keeping quiet when a tutor blithely advises him to "just look at the books and read what catches your interest." As he attempts to master the rituals of Oxford life, Ved is aided and abetted by an assortment of eccentric comrades. This memoir is also punctuated by reminders of the world he is rushing away from, as in the scene in which his father bursts into mournful Urdu couplets on the Oxford train platform.

Mourning Doves

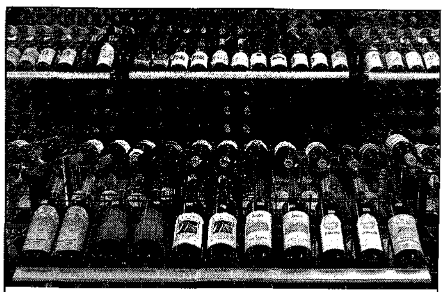
by Judy Troy (*Scribners, $20*)

Troy's stories are set in the trailer parks and roadside restaurants of small-town America. Nearly everyone is looking for love, or for a clue to his or her own identity, which often comes to the same thing: a teen-ager papers his bedroom walls with black felt in an attempt to make himself irresistible; a divorcée marries her pen pal in the Wyoming State Penitentiary. As one mother, contemplating an affair with a state trooper, admits, "I need some different troubles from the ones I have."

The Lands of Charm and Cruelty: Travels in Southeast Asia

by Stan Sesser (*Knopf, $23*)

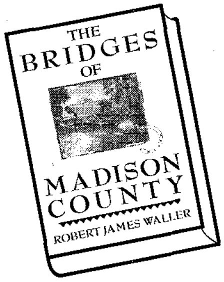
The author brings five sometimes shadowy countries into focus, and the surprise is how



250 Cabernets
200 Chardonnays
500 Bourdeaux
500 Burgundies
200 Italians
100 Champagnes
100 Single Malts
No Tax
Shipping and Delivery
Free Storage

Big Y Wines
Where wine is still a pleasure...

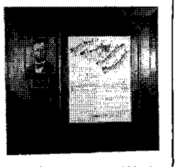
Big Y wines & liquors
North King Street
Northampton, MA 01060
1-800-474-BIG Y
Shipping & Storage Available



BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
(800) 626-3333



RARE HISTORIC AUTOGRAPHS & DOCUMENTS
You can own original letters, documents, or photographs signed by famous figures from history...
Our catalog features U.S. Presidents, Civil War figures, entertainers, scientists, sports legends, aviators, business leaders and more. Framed to museum standards; authenticity guaranteed. Acquire a valuable piece of history; astute collectors enjoy remarkable rewards. Call for more information, or to order the American Legacy catalog.
1-800-929-5974 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. P.S.T. Seven Days a Week

distant from one another these geographical neighbors are in political terms. In Singapore, where government officials are well paid and almost creepily efficient, even workers own their homes; in Burma, government offices gather dust, while everyone relies on the black market in order to survive. Sesser negotiates his way through interviews in nations that have no freedom of speech, and in his pursuit of unforced, honest testimony he turns up a number of paradoxes—for example, the resentment the Cambodian people feel for the regime that liberated them from the murderous Khmer Rouge.

The Book of Guys

by Garrison Keillor (*Viking, $22*)

Males, Keillor suggests in this collection of humor pieces, are a kind of endangered species, threatened, on the one hand, by their own guyness—their dumbness, their horniness, their need to hang out with others similarly afflicted—and, on the other, by the new culture of caring and sharing. "Years ago, manhood was an opportunity for achievement," he writes, "and now it is a problem to be overcome." Among the specimens on display here are Dionysus, cutting down on the *vino* and undergoing a midlife crisis; Lonesome Shorty, a cowpoke with a yen to settle down and collect china; and Don Giovanni, still randy but working as a piano player at the Sportsman's Bar in Fargo, North Dakota.

Across the Bridge

by Mavis Gallant (*Random House, $19*)

The Carettes of Montreal often remind themselves that "they are related to families for whom bridges were named." Mme. Castelli is fond of drawing attention to her parlor's marble floor, while M. Brouet dislikes surprises at lunch. The [illegible] petit bourgeois of Gallant's stories are bound by the dictates of money and manners almost to the point of stupefaction. Their creator, on the other hand, is wide awake and telling their tales with a canny mischievousness that they would find incomprehensible.

The Twelve Terrors of Christmas

by John Updike, with drawings
by Edward Gorey (*Gotham Book Mart,
500 signed copies at $35, in wrappers;
100 signed, at $85, in boards*)

In this limited edition, published by the imprint of the bookstore on Forty-seventh Street, Updike indulges his Scrooge-ish side. He finds terror in Santa himself, in Santa's helpers ("Why do these purported elves submit to sweatshop conditions?"), in the carols blasting in the supermarkets, in the winter dark through which we scurry home. Gorey's drawings are cheerfully sinister: the weary shoppers have raccoonlike, sunken eyes, and revellers lurk behind the tree like characters in a murder mystery.

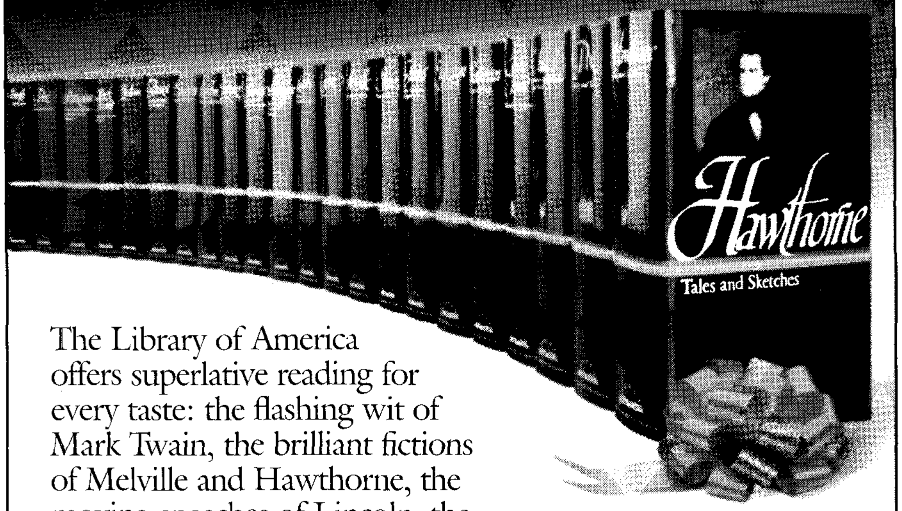
The New Yorker Book of Doctor Cartoons

(*Knopf, $18*)

The New Yorker Book of Lawyer Cartoons

(*Knopf, $18*)

Give America's best.

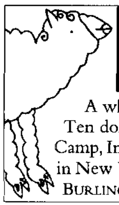


The Library of America offers superlative reading for every taste: the flashing wit of Mark Twain, the brilliant fictions of Melville and Hawthorne, the moving speeches of Lincoln, the stirring adventures of James Fenimore Cooper, the haunting power of Poe, the lapidary eloquence of Henry James. You can give the pleasure of discovering—or re-discovering—the mindstretching essays of Thoreau, the social comedy of Edith Wharton, and so much more.

Each volume is a joy to give and an honor to receive: elegantly designed, printed on the finest paper, bound in durable cloth with a permanent ribbon marker, truly delightful to hold and to read. For the connoisseur, for the student, for anyone who loves great books, there can be no better choice than America's best. Look for Library of America volumes at your bookseller, or write for our free catalog.

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
America's best writers deserve America's best editions

More than 65 volumes now available at better bookstores. To order, or for more information, call (212) 308-3360. Distributed by Penguin USA. Write for a free catalog: The Library of America, 14 E. 60th St., NY, NY 10022



SALLY WOOLIE
and the Crunchy Kohlrabi

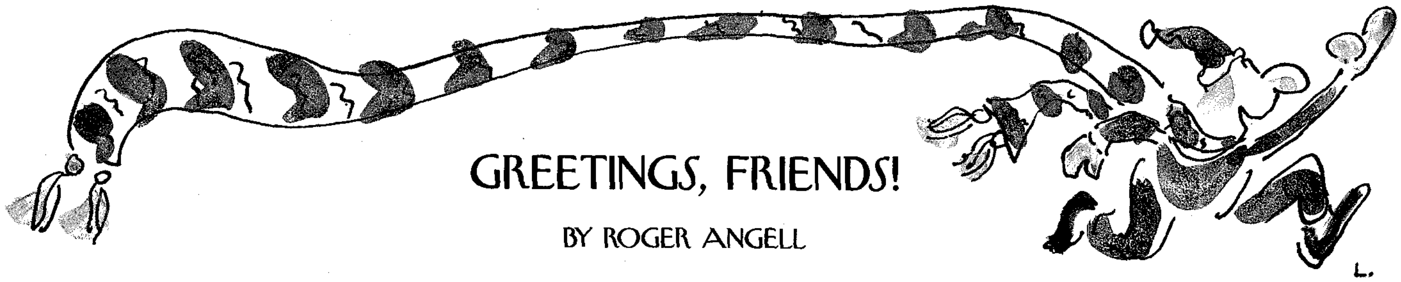
A whimsical tale for vegetable lovers, ages 3-6. Ten dollars. Entire price benefits The Summer Camp, Inc., a non-profit operator of camps for girls in New York, Washington DC and New England.
BURLINGTON BOOK SHOP 1082 MADISON AVE NYC

ROMANTIC FRANCE

Recently modernised 18th-century millhouse in heart of Burgundy for sale. Luxurious 4 double bedrooms, 3 baths/shower, large country kitchen & recep, oil c.h. loft, barn & gdn, 5400 habitable sq. ft. 2 hours Paris. $195,000.
Tel/Fax: White 011 44 71 792 9419 or write for brochure 40 Westbourne Grove, London W2 5SH, U.K.

San Francisco's
Cartwright Hotel
Just a block from Union Square

Our little hotel is like a friendly home. Antiques, fresh flowers, robes, triple sheets, reading pillows, complimentary afternoon tea and cakes.
$99 – $119
800-227-3844
A Kimco Hotel

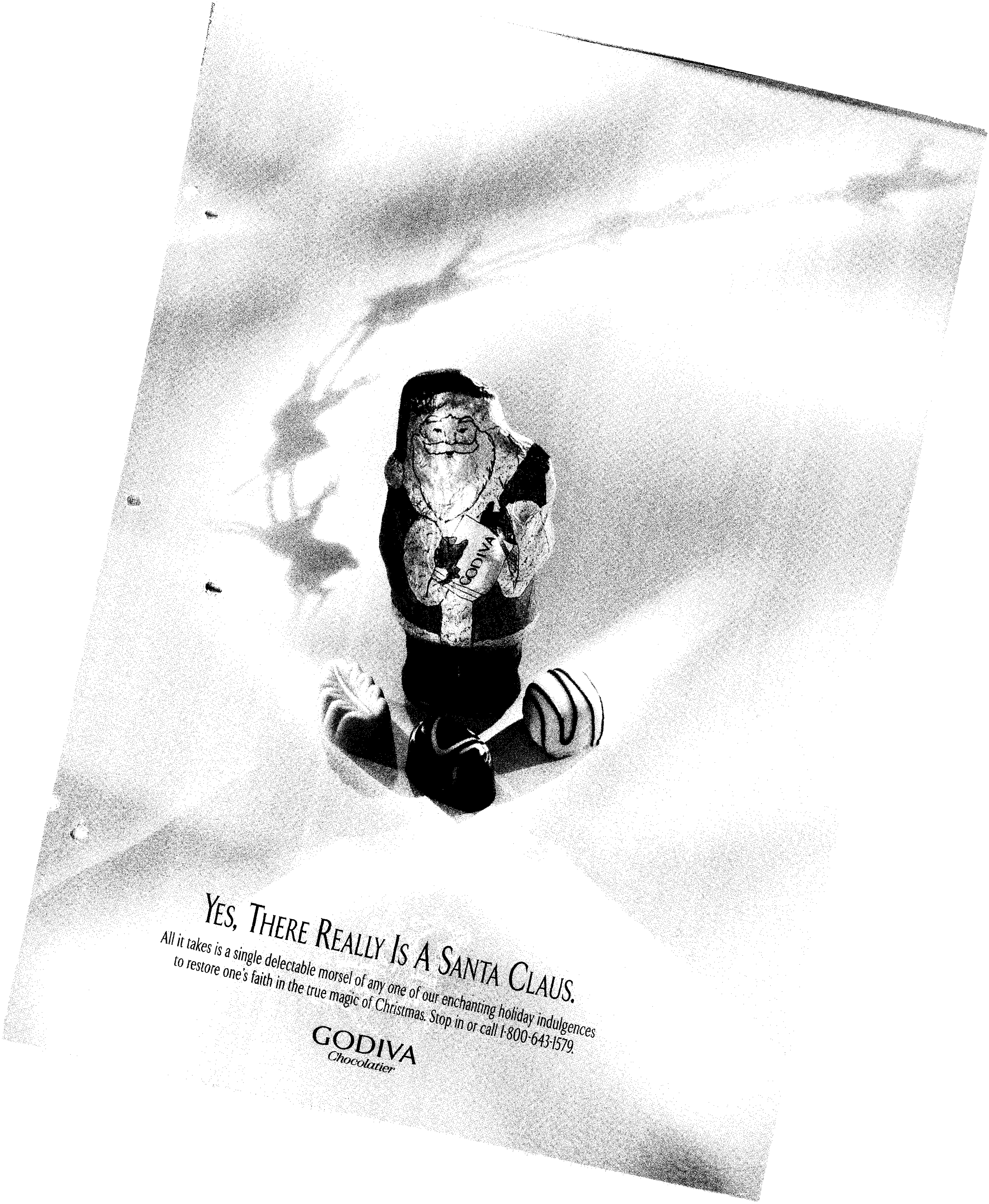


GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

BY ROGER ANGELL

Fair readers, hail! May we beseech
Wass'l or 'sail upon you each.
God bless you, guys, and find you hearty
And eager for our Eiger party—
Here, that is, though nearly frozen
In festive gear and lederhosen
As, roped and ready, side by side,
You stand before your hoary guide
To mount another daring climb
Straight up these airy cols of rhyme,
And, breathless, from their peaks declare,
God Jul, good neighbors, everywhere!
So cheers, old pals, both far and near,
Like Leah Starr and Richard Gere;
Peace to Jim and Sarah Brady,
P. D. James, and Marshall Frady.
How sweet to gather in the presence
Of the élite—like Donald Pleasence,
Leon Botstein, Jay Parini,
Cathy Schine, and Charles S. Feeney—
And raise a Yuley loud hooray
For Nathan Lane and Julie Gray,
Harris Wofford, Kirkpatrick Sale,
Harrison Ford, and Pauline Kael.
Benevolence is all I feel
For Molly and bro Paul O'Neill,
Along with Quentin Tarantino,
Kiki Smith, and Janet Reno.
Poinsettias, please, to Leon Panetta!
Kisses, Mrs. Ken Auletta!
Lisa Silverman (for good reason),
Have a bang-up Christmas season!
Katie Couric, Kathryn Zaremba—
Joy to you, luvs, in late Decemba!
Cass Canfield, God rest you merry;
The same thought to Chazz Palminteri,
Scottie Pippen, Wilfrid Sheed,
Uta Pippig, and Piers Paul Read.
Here's good will aimed (or overnighted)
To folks we've so far somehow slighted,
And (with speed of light or laser)
Gifts to lift Antonia Fraser,
Plus late faxes to propel a
Blessing on Nelson Mandela,
And mistletoe nailed o'er the sill
Of Hillary and President Bill;
And *here's* our CD-ROM good wish
For Joe Pesci, Hamilton Fish,
And golfers ever near the cup, like
Freddy Couples and Johnny Updike.
Bang the taber and twang the viol
For Sarah Chang and Frank J. Prial
While the brasses peal in honor
Of Danielle Steel and Mark O'Connor.
Now, choirboys, come and ululate
For Nora Ephron and her mate,
And hum R. Crumb some stuff in German
From us to him and Leo Lerman;
Then hitch on tunes a bit more catchy
For Little Richard and Versace,
While heav'nly choirs shout down upon
M. Le Général Morillon,
Lyle Lovett, Joanna Gleason,
Lawton Chiles, and Liam Neeson.
This New Year's, dears, I think we can
Go heavy on the Evian,
And have our bacchanal take wing
On Perrier or Poland Spring.
So, all aglow with H_2O,
We'll share a Slice with Riddick Bowe,
Or kill a glass of orange soda
With Dolly Haas and Ben Yagoda.
But what if friendly Steffi Graf
Has brought along a small carafe
Of vintage port to test with me
And Blue Man Group and Ruby Dee;
Or Tom Hanks wants to say hello
With friendly cups of Clos Vougeot,
Or crack a Nierstein '89
With William Nack or James Levine;
Or if Charlie Rose and Spalding Gray
Propose a winsome cabernet
Before I've tried this Barbancourt
Here at the side of Demi Moore?
Well, Mumm's the word—and all we'll need
Is a case or two with Ed Said,
Katie Roiphe, Robert Creeley,
And General John Shalikashvili.
Happy days and a rootie-tootie:
To Justice Ruth and truth and beauty!
As midnight nears, we'll grow in kinship
With Stephen Frears and Liebe Winship,
Then wait for daybreak, home alone
With Hannah Storm and Julie Krone,
The Pet Shop Boys and Tansu Ciller,
Barney, Arnie, Barry Diller,
And Rita Dove, with love and kisses
For Lenny Dykstra and the missus!

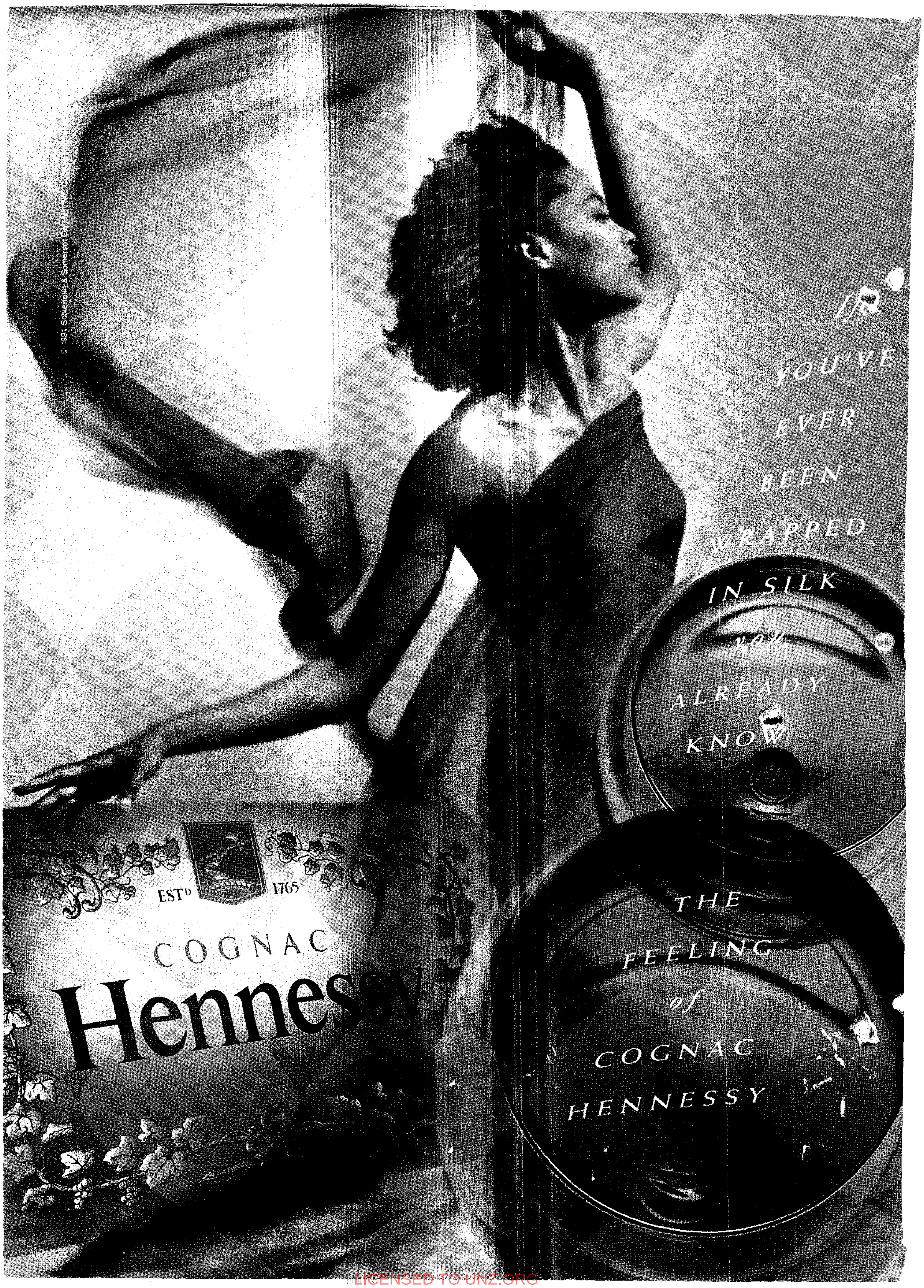
Our end impends, and, as before,
We hug you, friends, in metaphor:
May winter's mopes lie on you lightly,
And hopes improve, if only slightly;
And may Christmas Day recall some
Passing sense of calm and balsam—
Let peace befall us, that's to say,
Upon this well-worn holiday.



YES, THERE REALLY IS A SANTA CLAUS.

All it takes is a single delectable morsel of any one of our enchanting holiday indulgences to restore one's faith in the true magic of Christmas. Stop in or call 1-800-643-1579.

GODIVA
Chocolatier


If you've ever been wrapped in silk you already know the feeling of Cognac Hennessy
ESTD 1765
COGNAC
Hennessy

© 1991 Schieffelin & Somerset Co.